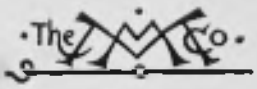
GERMANY AND THE GERMANS

EUGEN DIESEL

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GERMANY AND THE GERMANS

BY

EUGEN DIESEL

TRANSLATED BY

W. D. ROBSON-SCOTT

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FOREWORD

THE peculiar quality of a particular nation is the result of the interplay of land, people, and individual. This peculiar quality, this German aroma, pervades everything German: the faces of the people, the clouds in the sky, the flowers and fields, the farm cart and the engine, the food and drink, the towns and the villages; it informs our language, our professional and official life; it can be detected in our way of thinking, in our science and in the course of our history. This book is an attempt to seize hold of this subtle essence and to subject it to the hard discipline of words.

But owing to the difficulty of depicting the German scene with the requisite amount of detachment, the task I had undertaken was, I found, no easy one. For it was not my intention to describe Germany from any particular angle or point of view, whether political, historical, philosophical or racial; I merely wanted to show how Germany appears to one who approaches it entirely objectively, with the help only of his eyes and ears.

Nor has this book been written from the standpoint of any particular science. It attempts to go beyond both politics and science, and is thus perhaps most readily to be labelled philosophical. However, the sciences, and in particular the science of geography, have been freely drawn upon. One might indeed describe the book as a philosophical or artistic geography; in a word, as 'Geo-philosophy.'

But no sooner had I begun the work than I realized that before I could penetrate to what was distinctively German I must first work through the stratum of modern conditions which covers Germany as it covers the whole planet—a

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stratum which affects all nations equally and which presents the most critical problem of our age. In this way I was moved to write another book first: ' Der Weg durch das Wirrsal. Das Erlebnis unserer Zeit.'

This interest in Germany and its problems is no doubt primarily due to my father's influence. Many were the journeys we took together on which he would teach me to observe the characteristics of the different nations; the problem of Germany was a continual source of both interest and anxiety to him, and many of his ideas and opinions may well have found their way into this work.

It is to Karl Rosner that I owe the original impetus to write this book, and I am indebted to three other friends, Friedrich Kottje, Hugo Niederastroth, and Hans Rosenfeld, for their help and encouragement during the course of the work.

E. DIESEL.

POTSDAM,
August, 1929.

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INTRODUCTION

I

The Fleeting Background

We Germans are imbedded in our own history as a tree or insect is imbedded in nature. Just as their destiny may be bound up in a gust of wind, a flower, or a raindrop, so are we determined by the swords and playthings, by the quality and passions, of our ancestors. From them come the actions, the way of thought, and the mistakes of those around us today.

But the qualities of nature are constant and eternal: not so the nations. Visit a nation a second time, and it will not in all respects be the same nation that one visited before. Every day the peoples are changing through the influences of birth and death, intermarriage and emigration, through altering ideas and fate. In fact, it is not easy to decide whether the changing or the permanent is the stronger. The language alters, the race alters. Foreign races speak and feel 'German,' 'German'-looking peoples speak a strange tongue, German-speaking peoples grow to hate Germany. Territories are won and lost. Feelings and faces, characteristics and manners, which seem to be the very essence of the race, come and pass again.

Groups, numbering maybe millions, within a single nation are hostile to each other, whereas several groups from various nations will form a sort of common unity. In time of war allied races or nations turn suddenly from friends to foes; a fervid unity embraces for a period the squabbling groups of yesterday; and that mysterious concept, the state, has power of life and death—a state over which now this flag and now that may wave.

The history of civilization is for ever on the search for

what is characteristically German. We must realize that the essentially characteristic no longer exists, that these traits may apply equally well to other peoples also.

When the Germanic bronze age was on the wane, the iron age took its place. Buried under the 'Limes,' the Roman frontier wall, we frequently come upon non-Germanic weapons. Our German grape is really Roman, the armour of the medieval knight was derived from the Roman legionary. The apple and the cherry, now so German in taste and smell, hail from ancient gardens of Greece and Italy. A step further down the path of history and we find ourselves among Roman and Christian hybrids, sarcophagi, Roman cubiform capitals, altars. Stone seems to predominate, and not only because wood and other materials decay more readily: the solid saints and kings with their huge eyes and long hair and fat fingers raised in exhortation, the lavabos, the pillars, were all made of stone. The simple round arch was the norm with these Germans, who under the pressure of foreign influences first and gradually awoke to a state of self-consciousness. Even in those first German towns, which developed after the great migration out of the old Roman settlements, the Roman priest, the Jewish merchant, and the adventurer from every land of East and West plied their trade beside their broad-shouldered German neighbours.

Gradually in this museum of the ages the cool gleam of stone, of Byzantine gold and jewels, is enlivened by the warmer hues of thread-worn ecclesiastical garments, wooden crosses and gay carvings. As we pass down the stages of history, everything seems to become more familiar, whether it be that we are nearer by some centuries to the things in question, or that their quality is somehow more 'German.' Also more is rescued from the sands of time. We find ever more woven fabrics, clothes, wooden articles and coloured objects, weapons; forms become more intricate, the arches over door and window more pointed.

The spirit of man expresses its heavenward urge in its newly built habitations. With its crinkly Gothic script, its chess-boards, dice, its gloves and playing-cards, books and proverbs, the age comes ever nearer to our own familiar everyday life. Gay woodcuts tell of tourneys, of soldiery and weddings. What charm and piety, what loveliness and derring-do, this age vouchsafes to us in song and picture! What honest virtue it displays and yet how crude and brutal with its witches, its devils and 'iron maidens'! All this has grown out of that Roman-Christian-Germanic world, which becomes ever more and more what one means by 'German,' and which at the same time seems ever to be changing into something more and more un-German.

For on to this solid German world the clear skies of the Renaissance begin to shed their light, a light welcome to the pride of the rich burghers and the ever-growing hordes of German princes; a light welcome above all to German scholarship, which, originating with the scholastic monks, now begins to penetrate the ranks of the awakening bourgeoisie and creates with its fat printed folios an entirely new intellectual stratum. The wainscoting on the walls of the houses becomes richer and more elaborate. Greece and Rome curl and crinkle, a little gothically perhaps, in the service of the 'German Renaissance.' Pillars take on Corinthian and Ionic capitals. Presses enchant us with their fine inlaid work. We wander in huge ornamental gardens, observe Mars, Jupiter and Diana beside Adam and Eve, with their solid limbs and German faces. Hector and Achilles look down on us from tapestries of Brabant. But suddenly this still air of culture and scholarship and elegance is rent by a shout that seems to come from the depths of the Middle Ages, the battle-cry of Luther. Thus even in those days Germany was a tangle of conflicting forces, much more intricate than ever Greece or Rome.

Now we find ourselves in a mighty hall, crowded with

armour, the tents and brecch-loaders of the Swedish king, countless pikes, halberds, and pennants. The dogs of war break loose on German soil; and the German countenance, hitherto so firm and strong, begins to take on the less decided, heavier quality that it bears today. Through this scene of agony, the greatest ever suffered by any European people, pass the figures of a thousand petty princes; Germany becomes a sort of monstrous colony of France, French begins to be the spoken language. Richly robed princesses, courtly hunts and carnivals fill the foreground of the picture, rococo beauties murmur like amorous Cupids through the brilliant palace chambers.

But now these pastoral dallyings give place to a new element. The bourgeois spirit, lit as it were by classical inspirations, rises clear and strong over Germany and the world. The German seeks his bride in the Ideal; Poetry and Philosophy become his province. The Romantic Age dawns and passes, and step by step and yet with magic suddenness something peculiarly our own, the bourgeois, the industrial, appears and bears down upon us people of today, like an arrow making for its goal. Names appear, whose bearers our own grandparents revered in the flesh; music, which we ourselves strummed in our childhood; science, which is already the science of modern times.

Poetry, music, philosophy, till recently the essence of all that was German, begin to lose their magic. The new way of writing is so unlike the old that the thread of the ancient German national character would seem to be breaking in twain; the spiritual life of the nation is suddenly felt to be thin and dry. The car from the American factory has taken its place for the modern German youth—that youth whose forebear some hundred and fifty years ago wept tears with Werther, and whose own father himself discovered the automobile.

Even the land and soil, even the climate, are subject to change. The earth slowly alters its face: the sea-coast fluctuates, the annual mean temperature rises or falls, the

cliff crumbles away. Time never stands still! Each attempt of ours to try and reduce to an artificial order the features of an age collapses in the end. It must make way for new concepts and attitudes, which in their turn form the starting-point for further stages in the everlasting process of rise and decline, of birth and death. Change is always gnawing away at those ideas, Nation, People, State, Fatherland, which we implant like artificial islands in the stream of human history.

II

The Land without Design

Most states have grown from small beginnings. The Roman Empire possessed in Rome an ideal nucleus, round which was grouped the rest of the then known world. England, with its unbroken sea-board, stood ready to fulfil its destiny, as soon as London became the seat of an Anglo-Saxon people. France established itself with its capital in the 'Bassin de Paris,' which was in its turn connected up with the rest of the country; and as though with a trumpet-call it takes its place in the European arena. Russia has ever tried to keep within the boundaries of its endless steppes.

But Germany, even as a geographical unit, has always lacked clear definition; it cannot be brought into the pattern of other nations. It has never had one *Reich*, one sea-coast to delineate it and mark it off from its neighbours, one great pre-eminent capital city, one mighty plain on which to settle its people, a clear central point. Rather, Germany in its entirety has served as the central point of Europe.

The history of Germany shows us that its moving forces have also been without a real focus. It has had countless aims, but never expended its strength for a really long period in the service of one great plan. The whole

German people has never been moved simultaneously by one harmonious historical current. There is something unsteady and restless about its development; its aims and tendencies keep changing. Particular goals have been reached, but there has been much frustration and failure. Many things have been begun, attained after fierce struggle, but without growing to maturity have survived only by the force of dogma. Germany has always been a sort of melting-pot. North and south have developed independently: on the one hand we have the north with its coast-line and Slav, Danish and English influences; and on the other the mountainous districts of the south. A structure formed from a thousand warring elements is what we are finally left with. We were tossed to and fro between kaiser and princes, Guelfs and Ghibellines, between Rome and the Reformation, the pride of the city states and the Habsburg Empire. Everything was done by halves: the colonization of the east, the defence of the west, our maritime explorations, our aristocracy, democracy and revolution. Thirty years long German fought with German on German soil, and the only result was to make confusion worse confounded. Never has Germany experienced a really unified leadership; the World War was its first all-embracing national experience, and that ended in disaster.

The structure and position of the country and the character of its inhabitants supply a partial explanation of the endless quarrels and dissensions to which it has been exposed. But in addition to this Germany is the pivot round which all European movements take place. Thus it resembles a conglomeration of larger and smaller ice-floes which, when they collide, sometimes split asunder and sometimes freeze together. In Germany they were split asunder by war, politics, religious strife, by arrogance and egoism; while they were frozen together by treaties, tariff unions, by imperial whim, and by small but insufficient centres of power, until finally Prussia with its greater

resources and statecraft spread its dominion south and westwards.

Germany has developed without a focal point either internally or externally; it has developed out of isolated units without the whole ever being under one firm leadership; out of peoples scattered on its confines or huddled together in its centre, without a capital town or leading state, without a ruling race or class to be an example to the whole people.

When particular episodes of German history have run their course, Germans have always found themselves confronted with chaos. Whereas with a stable people, like the English, revolutions and wars glide past with no more alarum than a ship on the ocean.

Germany is the land without design, for it seems to lack clear will or ordered measure. It cannot be compared with any other nation. Sweden has more in common with Norway and Finland, England with France or Holland, Italy with Spain, than Germany with any other land whatever.

BOOK I
THE COUNTRY

CHAPTER I

The Structure of the Land

Frontiers which are no Frontiers.

Former ages, to whom exact cartography was yet unknown, conceived of the frontier in quite a different way from us. The 'frontier' consisted in some generally accepted sense of direction, some formless plain indefinite in extent; it rested on contact with foreign peoples or with chiefs who dwelt beyond a particular river or range of mountains. Only Italy, perhaps, and certain islands could claim frontiers in our modern sense of the word. But nowadays we Germans naturally think of Germany as an exactly drawn, precisely demarcated map. We have grown up with this, as earlier races grew up with fasces or swastika. It pursues us wherever we go: on posters, on the cover of the railway-guide, in our Baedekers and newspapers, in exhibitions and tables of statistics; in the flat, in relief, or on the lecturer's lantern screen. There it is with the eastern boundaries long drawn out, with thin lines marking the seceded territories and dotted lines round Austria and the other German-speaking districts. As an expression of Fate and the play of forces this conglomeration of lines and contours is a more potent and more up-to-date symbol than is the flag with all its emotional significance. It drives one to think.

Only in the north does Germany possess a clearly defined frontier: the sea-coast. But it is broken into by Jutland and Poland. Without the Polish Corridor the Baltic coast would be Germany's most extended geographical line.

Between the German North Sea funnel and the sweep of the Baltic coast the stump of Schleswig-Holstein sticks

up northwards, cut short by the Danish frontier. The feeling of being wedged in between two worlds gradually ceases to have effect south of the line Hamburg-Lübeck. In Lübeck life converges on the Baltic, in Hamburg on the Atlantic. The Frisian islands Germany shares with Holland and Denmark.

The old unbroken north-eastern coast-line used to form a noble picture on the map: the coast of East Prussia sweeping in a series of bold curves north-eastwards with its two 'Haffs' and 'Nehrungs,'* bringing with it a certain measure of the German spirit to the Baltic provinces. Between the Haffs, the Samland peninsula, jutting squarely out to Brüster Ort, forms an effective transverse block facing both east and westwards.

To German eyes the frontier from the Haffs in the far north-east to the Sudetic mountains on the Bohemian border used to run in a series of curves like a piece of gelatine-paper curling in the heat. Here victorious Germany had room to move freely and unhindered. But now East Prussia and the Corridor are stranded in space like a half-deserted island and a fantastic note of interrogation respectively. Here and in Upper Silesia the roads go to rack and ruin in the middle of the fields, like dying branches cut from the main tree; the railways run paradoxically; canals, light and power communications are all cut asunder; on both sides friction and hostility are rife. It is as though a fence had been torn down and both sides had trampled over the ground; as though snipers were lurking in the thickets, ready to shoot down anyone who crossed the boundary line. The German feels that there is something undecided and unjustified, something lacking in clarity and definition about the eastern frontiers. Where Slav and German meet, the frontier cannot be considered satis-

* A 'Haff' is a lagoon, cut off from the sea by a narrow tongue of land, or 'Nehrung.' There are two of these, the Kurisches Haff and Nehrung and the Frisches Haff and Nehrung, on the coast of East Prussia.—TRANSLATOR'S NOTE.

factory from either the geographical or racial point of view.

From this crippled and confined frontier zone the boundary line runs from Upper Silesia to the Palatinate round South Germany, interrupted in the east by the projecting corner of Bohemia and Austria, and in the west by Alsace. There are really three southern frontier lines running from east to west: the Silesian-Saxon opposite Bohemia, the Bavarian-Swabian opposite the Tyrol and Switzerland, and the Saar-Palatinate opposite Alsace. These are adjoined by the two vertical lines running from north to south, the Rhine-Alsatian and the Bavarian-Bohemian-Austrian frontiers.

The entire South German frontier runs through German-speaking territory; from the linguistic point of view it is an internal frontier. But whereas the north-east frontier line is unnatural and indecisive, from Ratibor to Salzburg and from Lake Constance to the Palatinate we have admirable natural frontiers—running, however, between German-speaking districts—along mountain ridges or mighty rivers like the Inn, Salzach and Rhine. Thus we have bad natural frontiers with alien peoples, and good natural frontiers with our own kith and kin.

From Salzburg to Bregenz, on the other hand, the border runs through the homogeneous mass of the Alps. Now the characteristic of this landscape is both the number of its natural barriers and again the number of natural links provided by its valleys and passes. Hence the frontier has to pass over ridges, water-sheds, mountain tops, and diagonally across valleys. The Wetterstein range is one long-continued wall. But at Kufstein Bavaria and Tyrol have room to breathe again through the wide spaces of the Inn valley. The Berchtesgaden district seems to cut itself off both spiritually and geographically from Austria, and indeed a little from Bavaria; only towards Salzburg is the way open. Berchtesgaden is a truly German, and at the same time Alpine, province.

From the East Frisian islands in the far north to Basle in the south runs the long and fateful Frisian-Burgundian frontier region, dividing Western from Central Europe. Already by the Dutch border, where the North German plain begins to narrow, the state of feeling is more satisfactory than in East Germany. For while the Germans east of the Elbe settled in the broad Slav territories, the Netherlands are Germanic in origin and development. And even further south, opposite Belgium and France, in the hilly district along the Rhine, the state of things is not so confused and indecisive, in spite of all that has passed, as in the north-east. Here two highly developed civilizations confront each other with their labour, their people, their cities, churches, mines, canals; with a high cultural level and a long and complex history behind them. And all this in a region which has in German eyes a truly German quality, whereas the eastern districts seem to lose ever more and more their German character. The Vosges and Black Forest are in many respects the mirror of the other. French and German Gothic merge into each other; the sandstone of the minsters, the red stone the towns are built of, came partly from the Vosges and partly from the Odenwald. It is a species of fierce dovetailing of culture and landscape. In this hard school politics take on a cruel and yet a finely intellectual aspect. The flame of political ideals burns brightly over these regions, and large is the number of those on both sides who are engaged, professionally or otherwise, in lectures, in the press, in books and discussions, in unravelling the thousand vexed questions that concern them: the demilitarized zone, the occupied territory, the bridge-heads, what is permitted and what forbidden, and all the juridical matters pertaining thereto.

Germany is a land without frontiers. That is to say, its frontiers are not really definitive; it straddles out in all directions. At many points our enemies have designs on territories peculiarly our own. At others we march with

Germans whose lands are encircled by other peoples, as in Bohemia, or else seem to jut out into alien soil like bastions, from which, as in South Tyrol, waves the flag of the conqueror. It is not a ring of fortresses that surrounds us, but a rampart razed to the ground.

Wherever the solid German colonies in Poland, Bohemia, Austria, Hungary or Croatia cease, the main German constellation breaks up into a stream of meteors, scattered



Map I.—German Settlement Territory.

here and there in Rumania, in the Baltic, and as far as the Volga. Here the Germans dwell like Jews in a strange land; not, however, as traders, but on their own ground, where you may still hear Swabian and Franconian accents, preserved from the Middle Ages; where, as in Transylvania and the Zips district, you will still see German castles and German churches.

Great Britain, surrounded by its sea-coast, never juts

into alien territory; not one of its counties is subject to foreign influences; no part of the island is more than sixty miles from the sea. Whereas Germany is encircled by a broad margin on both sides of its frontier, peopled by the most various neighbours. Schleswig-Holstein resembles Denmark, its dialect recalls Danish. East Friesland reminds one of Holland, Lorraine of France, East Prussia of Russia, and the German of Königsberg suggests that spoken in Petersburg. Austria has affinities with Italy and the Balkans. A broad band of Polish admixture runs along the north-east frontier. Breslau has an air of Warsaw and Prague. All the hues of Europe are refracted in the German prism; but, on the other hand, wherever Germans settle outside the German borders, there the landscape seems to take on a peculiarly 'German' character.

These spheres of influence are so broad, and Germany is so cramped for room, that a really effective nucleus, which could decisively dominate the whole country with its essential 'Germanity,' simply does not exist. Even Prussia has been unable to supply Germany's real centre of gravity. True, the region from the Harz to Franconia and Swabia and from the Rhine to the Riesengebirge might be regarded as a German 'nucleus' (see Map II.). However, the structure of this region is such that it has never succeeded in forming a homogeneous geographical or national unit, capable of exercising a really decisive influence. On the contrary, even here the zones of foreign admixture contribute their quota in varying degree. Prussia has never really won this area; the only connection between Erfurt and Berlin is an official one. The Prussian plain ought to have been situated here, in the centre of the Reich, with the Alps and these upland districts surrounding it.

But after all the fact that we do not lie like a ship in the ocean, as England does, and that Poland, Bohemia, Hungary, Italy, Brabant and Denmark form a rampart

around us—this very fact is itself 'German.' If it were not so, we should not be the burning-glass of Europe, and in that case we should not be what we feel and experience, enjoy and suffer today.

The Boundaries of the States.

Würtemberg, the land of Swabians, is colonized by Franks in the north, though the latter belong chiefly to North Bavaria. South Bavaria has its Swabian admixture. In the middle of Würtemberg lies the little Prussian state of Hohenzollern. Thus Prussia, which rules over seventy-one 'exclaves,' reaches into the farthest south, while Hohenzollern aspires northwards. Mysterious bonds unite the twain. But in the middle of Hohenzollern there is a tiny speck which does not share these bonds, for it belongs to Würtemberg, and again one corner of Hohenzollern projects into Baden. In Baden, if we climb on to the Hohentwiel, we suddenly find ourselves in Würtemberg again, looking over a landscape of gently curving hill-tops, their ruined citadels now covered over with grassy sward. If we then wander on to the Hohenkrähen and call out the echo, behold it echoes back again, from Baden to Würtemberg and from Würtemberg to Baden.

Not one of the sturdy East Frisian inhabitants of the Free State of Oldenburg is so stout of lung that he can shout as far as Birkenfeld on the Nahe, its little satellite in the Saar neighbourhood. It is delicious to feel in Birkenfeld that one is in Oldenburg. While the Birkenfelders are grinding their agate, they are dreaming patriotically of Jade Bay and Wilhelmshaven. But German patriotism needs a Baedeker to itself; for since 1854 Wilhelmshaven, right in the middle of Oldenburg, has belonged to Prussia! And at the same time Oldenburg is a Baltic power. The beech woods of Eutin rustle and shiver hard by the Prussian province of Schleswig-Holstein, and by the Free Hansa City of Lübeck stretch Oldenburg meadows.

In the Harz mountains we traverse Brunswick, Anhalt, Prussia; not to mention the little land of Stolberg-Wernigerode, one of those principalities overlooked by the Revolution, which though not actually a ruling state, yet exercises a certain jurisdiction. One of Brunswick's twenty-seven exclaves is situated near Bremen, too far for the eye to reach even from the summit of the Brocken. Elsewhere there are 'administrative districts' controlled not by the nearest, but often by some quite distant municipality. Thuringia is at last happily united, except for the 'Prussian' districts, and yet it is still lord over fourteen exclaves, and Thuringians still lament over their beer mugs the loss of Coburg-Gotha and Weimar-Eisenach. The old quarrels are not forgotten; the patriot will maintain, for instance, that the Kyffhäuser mountain and its Grand-Ducal boars should still belong to Rudolstadt.

Thus we see that many thousand miles with all their countless curves and notches and angles go to make up the borders of Germany's seventeen states and their two hundred exclaves, the smallest of which boasts one-tenth of a square kilometre area and no inhabitants. A five-mile stretch of road in Thuringia changes its nationality, so to speak, no less than fourteen times.

In order to find a satisfactory explanation of this phenomenon, one must search the dusty archives of many a state, alive or dead, and at the same time possess some real knowledge of the German character. For it cannot be explained solely by the tenacity of petty governments and their bureaucracies. Every German has a respect for the administration of his own province, a reverence for anything that has ever had any sort of authority over him. Long-vanished principalities or counties, like Hohenlohe, still linger on as place-names. In the apparently nonsensical the German sees sense. Recently a handbook was issued for the dwarf state of Waldeck (whose inhabitants are divided into Lower Germans and Upper

Germans), which has since been absorbed into Prussia; the book was five hundred pages thick—one page, that is, to every hundred inhabitants! Germany has always abounded with all sorts of charming intricacies. For example, the taxation expert for the lignite mining industry has to know twelve Prussian laws and regulations, twenty-two Anhalt, thirteen Thuringian, five Saxon, and six Brunswick; he must be versed in sixty-one altogether.

It is easy to comprehend the dead straight line between Canada and the United States; it was drawn with a ruler, because a frontier of some sort was necessary. And one can understand the frontier between hostile nations; one accepts the boundaries of the various provinces. But the outlines of the German states are something unique, and the difference between America and Germany frequently resembles the difference between, say, the frontiers of Canada and Brunswick.

It is often difficult to know what is meant by North, South, West, and Central Germany respectively. What from one point of view is the real Central Germany, the central upland district, for which there is no popular generic name, forms from another point of view one of the chief ingredients of South Germany. Again, the inhabitant of Munich looks upon Cologne as Prussian and North German, while in the North it is sometimes said to be a South German town. Saxony is at the same time South German and Central German, and then again North German; Silesia hesitates between being North, East, and South; and the term 'Lower Saxony' can be interpreted in no less than thirteen different ways.

This overlapping into heterogeneous worlds is a peculiarly German process. Every corner of the land has a highly complex quality of its own; and the quality of one part differs from the quality of every other, for, both in reality and in the mind of the German, landscape, territory, administration, and feeling are inextricably interwoven.

The Tripartition of Germany.

Though the various regions overlap, we may nevertheless divide Germany into three main sections: the northern plain, the central uplands, and the Alps with their foothills in the south. All three formations run from east to west through Central Europe, and Germany, though it shares them with other lands, certainly absorbs a great part of them.

The North German plain is the continuation of the endless steppe country of Russia and Asia. It runs from the sea-coast southwards to the central uplands, and finally between the Ardennes and Antwerp narrows down to a breadth of a hundred kilometres or so. It represents a stupendous deposit of Ice Age and water débris, of rubble, sand, clay, loess and boulders, in which marsh, peat, lignite, swamps, moors and lakes—in fact, entire lake plateaus—lie imbedded. Here and there solid stone, like stranded outposts of the central uplands, presses out of the loose surface—limestone and gypsum round Lüneburg, shell limestone round Rüdersdorf—much as the sandstone of Heligoland rises up out of the North Sea, or chalky Rügen out of the Baltic. The enormous expanse of the North German plain is, in fact, the only approach to a really noble geographical formation to be found in Central or Western Europe.

In some respects the central upland area, in the words of Tacitus the 'land of a hundred provinces,' is the real Germany. This was where the medieval baron built his castle. It stretches south-westwards, narrowing like a wedge, into France. It is composed of mountain ridges and hills, terraced hollows, woods, plateaus; boulders of every size and shape abound; there are extinct volcanoes in Hesse and Hegau, ancient craters and little lakes in the Eifel mountains, basins and declivities in Thuringia; rolling hills and meadow-land, ravines and winding valleys—all are to be found in this richly varied landscape.

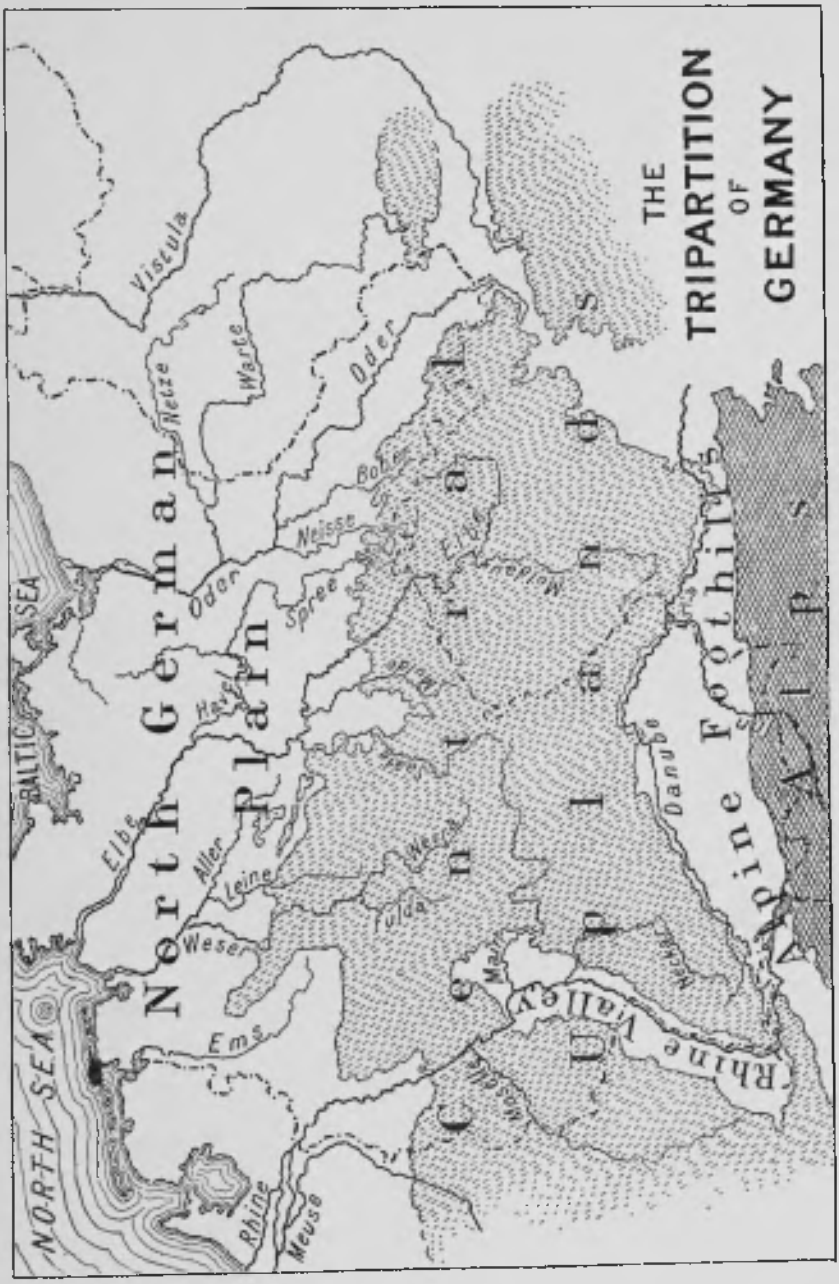
Here we have far-flung mountain ranges like the sandy Hainleite and the white and brown limestone Teutoburger Wald, granite blocks like the Harz, wide hilly plateaus as in Thuringia, primeval rock-masses like the Black Forest, and Alp-like chains like the Riesengebirge. Every species of rock occurs: variegated, white, grey, black, rough and smooth, soft and hard, loose and firm. In a single plot of ground the soil will vary between iron red, violet, black, yellow, and ruddy brown. Granite and basalt break through chalk. Even quite small rocks are divided up into a hundred different strata, and often the geological picture changes every hundred paces. Forest and plough-land disregard countless boundaries; homes and properties, parishes and states are all subject to their wandering will. The ploughman drives his team obliquely athwart the sloping ground. One-third of the total area of the Reich, with all its charm of wood and meadow, nevertheless acts as a barrier to communication between north and south. Here a thousand little worlds have evolved on their own, quite unlike the comparative homogeneity of the north. The geographical formation here has nothing really great and massive about it, but the rich variety of its hills and woods has a compelling charm of its own.

In the mass the central uplands of Germany were not buried under the glaciers of the Ice Age. Hence, generally speaking, they lack the huge screes, the polished rock-surfaces, the wide moors, round pools and lakes of glacial regions. We find merely the deposit of small individual glaciers. The Black Forest, the Riesengebirge and Böhmer Wald, unlike the Thüringer Wald and the Harz, have their little lakes shining like eyes in the middle of the dark forest. This region has no common denominator of natural phenomena. It is the untidy playground of pre-glacial ages, the geologist's toy-shop. It was the nursery of that mysterious heterogeneity of the German, part peasant of the soil, part man of the towns, which is felt

to be ' more German,' as it were, than Prussian stiffness or Bavarian exclusiveness. There is not a single German state, except Mecklenburg and the Hansa towns, which does not possess some territory in this central region.

Thus the German of this central district leads his life amidst an ever-changing landscape of softly rising hills and rolling plateaus, of narrow valleys and open spaces. It is a land of rich green fruitfulness. Compared with such a landscape, the Alps appear like some majestic script written diagonally across Europe, a gigantic perpendicular line; a sort of fortress wall, enclosing within the proud grasp of their peaks and vales the souls of those who live among them. Whereas the plain and the central uplands are now almost wholly cultivated or industrialized—even the heights of the uplands are covered with brick-clay and quarries, plough-land and afforestations—the Alps, on the other hand, rise in primeval majesty high above the cultivation line; rubble and forest are banished to the mountain sides, plough-land and factory to the valley floor, and all the heights allow is a little pasture-land here and there among the rocks. Thus in the higher parts of the Alps the German has a region of unspoilt nature, the only one into which he can still escape from the cramping orderliness of civilization. In America such ' wild ' areas can still be found in the plains, but in Central Europe they are only possible in the third dimension, the vertical; and this explains the peculiar significance we attach to mountain climbing and its invigorating effect upon us.

Although the Alps are so much more stupendous in their heights and depths than the central upland districts, they do not seem to divide and isolate their inhabitants like the latter. In the Alps the separating and uniting factors are quite different from those that prevail in the rest of Germany. The lines of communication are more clearly defined. People go to visit their neighbours or other communities along the valley beds, and live altogether



Map II.—The Tripartition of Germany.

more in one system of communication than those who dwell in the much-divided plateau or even in the open plain. In the Alps people meet each other in the course of their daily business in comparatively few directions; in the upland country they are much more often to be seen wandering off into woods and valleys, up hill and down dale. Mighty though the mountain faces of the Alps may be, the life along their winding valleys certainly shows a more uniform character.

Germany is divided into three, psychologically as well as geographically. The Alpine character is firm and solid; the upland character, on the other hand, is a little lacking in definition and enterprise—it is many-sided, gentle, and at the same time efficient; while the German of the plains has the gift for order and organization.

The ice of the glacial age met with a quite different fate in Prussia and in Upper Bavaria. In the north it found wide open spaces and encountered no obstacles. All it had to do was to lie there hundreds or thousands of metres thick, throwing up stupendous boulders, and forming the land after its own image. But in Bavaria the ice encountered great walls of rock, becoming itself an Alpine landscape and transforming the Alps into a glacial landscape. It was a lively process of hewing and moulding; there were ridges and corners and angles to surmount, valleys and declivities to model. And the rivers and waterfalls have not yet completed this levelling process. They plunge over precipices and tear their way along the valley beds. In the mountain bowls, hollowed out by the ice, or behind the ramparts of débris it heaped across the valleys, lie the countless lakes, like the Schliersee, the Königssee or the Achensee.

The Upper Bavarian plain has, like the rest, its own peculiar quality. The foreground of the Alps, a true child of this Alpine ice age, takes the form of a tableland stretching from west to east, composed chiefly of Alpine boulders and débris. It is a sort of flat highland region, large

enough to permit the Bavarian to form a more extensive political unit than the central German, but too small for him to create another Prussia. The lakes of this table-land retain some of the character of a mountain lake, the Alps are reflected in their shimmering depths; the rivers hasten green and foaming on their rocky way, swollen with melted snow; and the warm south wind sweeps down from the mountain tops on to the land beneath.

The Network of the Rivers.

Germany is rich in water. Wherever you go you meet it dripping from earth and stone, from leaf and pine needle; trickling through ditch and furrow; slowly draining away from swampy ground. Seldom is valley or hollow, however small, without its rill. The German loves the romance and mystery of the bubbling spring; nothing is more charming than those fountains you see in the south in front of the houses, either rising straight from the spring or else carried thence in wooden pipes. The source of the Danube and Elbe and other great rivers of Germany are places of pilgrimage, revered by every German.

The central uplands are the chief feeding ground of Germany's rivers. Here the network of waterways corresponds exactly to the extraordinarily intricate formation of the landscape. The waters in their entirety seem to obey no general law. They flow and ripple and hurry in every direction of the compass: in wide sunny curves like the lovely Moselle; in little loops like the winding Saale, a sort of baby Moselle, vineyard-fringed like its larger prototype; or bent back on itself in gigantic squares and triangles like the gentle Main. Flowing, as it does, from east to west right across Germany, the Main is often accused of forming a dangerous barrier between north and south. And yet, proudly denying this danger, it makes in one place a great sweep northwards and another southwards, as if to evade the question as to where North

Germany and where South Germany begin. Other streams in this central region come together from many valleys to form the Weser, or else flow in friendly parallel lines between Mainz and Wesel on both sides of the Rhine.

But when once the various streams and rivers reach the plain, they suddenly seem to come under the influence of one great law. Following the lie of the land, they flow northwards and north-westwards to the Baltic and the North Sea, receiving in their journey across the plain most of their chief tributaries, strangely enough, from the right side. The Prussian north is friendly to their passage, and does all it can to smooth their way. Their geographical orderliness and homogeneity, so rare in Germany, is only broken by the ring of moraine hills that crouch round the Baltic: the lake-plateaus of Mecklenburg, Prussia, and Pomerania and the Baltic downs. These wooded heights supply the rivers with numbers of tributaries, or even give rise to streams—such as the Pregel, the Persante, or the Peene—which take their own course independently to the sea. The rivers of the north flow a great part of their course in the wide dried-up beds of the gigantic streams of the Ice Age. Hence their valleys tend to be far too broad for their size; they wend their way in a series of loops, and engender an atmosphere of solemn great spaces and loneliness, very different in character from that of the central districts.

The Danube is a hybrid product of the German central uplands and the Alps, and differs in its easterly course as markedly from all the other northward-flowing main rivers as Bavaria does from the rest of Germany. Urged northwards at first by the Alpine foothills, it then turns under the southern edge of the central uplands on its eastward course, fed from north and south by a series of straight-flowing upland streams and Alpine torrents.

The Rhine is the only German river which in its course from the Alps through the central uplands to the plain

flows through every variety of German scenery—though it flows, not through Germany's centre, but along the tragic western border of the Reich. Nevertheless it is Germania's greatest river and her symbol. It passes on its course everything which in one way or other is most significantly German. But it could never have succeeded in breaking through the complex and stupendous obstacle of the central uplands, had not immense masses of rock



Map III.—The Rivers of Germany.

subsided between the Vosges and Black Forest and created a passage for it (cp. Map II.). It is to this irregular formation that we owe the marvel of a really all-embracing German river.

But though the greater part of the Rhine is German, it rises and debouches in foreign territory. And, indeed, all our great main waterways either originate on alien soil or, like the Danube, leave us for other lands. Only

the Weser and the little Ems belong to us throughout, and since 1919 they, like all the other navigable streams of Germany, have been open to international shipping.

In fact, not one of the geographical features of which Germany is made up, be it plain or upland, Alp or river, is an exclusive German possession. We have to share everything with our neighbours. And thus in this most beneighboured of countries a continual process of exchange goes on, in the realm of trade and commerce, of action and ideas.

How great, indeed, would Germany's destiny have been if German civilization had ascended along, say, the Danube from source to mouth, instead of being sharply interrupted at Vienna, the point of its highest expression. The tragic journey of the Nibelungs from the Rhine eastwards along the Danube seems like a mighty geographical symbol, and the Great War in south-eastern Europe and its extension over the Dardanelles into Asia formed a kind of stupendous re-enactment of this tragic journey. It is pleasant to think that secret links unite the Danube and the Rhine, for it is a fact that much water must percolate through to the latter from the stripling Danube.

Complicated though the system of German rivers is, they show a marked tendency to flow in either a northerly or a southerly direction, and this gives a certain coherence to the intricate complexity of the geographical formation between Rhine and Vistula. Only Upper Bavaria is an exception to this rule; no boat or raft, however small, could penetrate there from the north except by way of an artificially constructed canal. Exactly the opposite holds good of France: it is a coherently centralized land, but its rivers flow outwards in every direction.

The distinction of the German rivers is the splendid variety of their 'personalities.' There are the rushing

Alpine torrents, hurrying on their way to the Danube, cold and green, between chalk and gravel banks. Then the Rhine, majestic in its swift and solemn flow, and the broad, rolling streams of North Germany, with their tributaries often gliding on their way through chains of lakes. Lazily and gently the waters of the central uplands wind in idyllic curves through green meadows and the forest rim. We have epic, lyrical, and dramatic rivers, commercial and uncommercial, romantic and matter-of-fact, warm and cold, rivers swollen in spring—or in the case of the Rhine in summer—by melting snow, and shrinking again in the summer heat, rivers clear and rivers turbid, and rivers of every shade of grey, blue, and green.

The rivers of other countries often seem to have less variety than the German streams. The mighty Swedish rivers rush over impermeable gneiss through endless forests; England's rivers glide on their short journey to the harbour mouth, as if flowing through a park; even the somewhat meagre rivers of France are, on the whole, less different from each other in colour, pace, and course than the German rivers.

And here again, with our rivers, that mysterious something, which broods over the multiplicity of German phenomena and which is felt to be peculiarly 'German,' is difficult to put into words, though it is clear enough to the eye and heart. It is a certain warm and intimate relationship between the various towns and the rivers that 'reflect' their image. One does not feel this 'reflection' to the same degree in other countries as in Germany, where every town is a world to itself, using the water as a means of strengthening its defences, and hence building in its vicinity high roofs and bridges, towers and portals. In addition the German river often has a busy bourgeois quality, a close connection with the life of town and village. Thus it too is, so to speak, alive, uniting with these towns and districts to give the landscape its

essential quality. One has only to think of the Pegnitz and the Meistersinger meadow in relation to Nuremberg, the Isar meadows at Munich, the bridges over the Main at Frankfort, the Neckar at Heidelberg, the Inn at Passau, or the Saxon reaches of the Elbe and the Thuringian reaches of the Saale.

CHAPTER II

Climate, Flora, and Fauna

The Climate.

In Italy the cypress soars up to a sky that is for ever blue. Broadly speaking, France gives the impression of a summer garden; while England with its struggle between sun and fog is typically maritime. The leaden gloom of the Swedish winter is relieved by occasional gleams of sunshine; the spring is short, the summer long, and winter is there again, with hardly any autumn intervening.

Germany's climate is on the average a moderately cold one. It seems to be a sort of transitional region, over which swift air currents are always passing to and fro. There is continual fluctuation between wind and calm, snow and rain, frost and thaw, drought and moisture, sun and cloud. The German year has something of the incalculability of one long April about it, something which exercises a moderating influence and brings about relapses, like, for instance, the *Schafskälte* in June. The sky is often overcast; it is a damp country, but not a wet one. Between the not very violent rain showers there are bursts of sunshine or rising mists. Should drought threaten, the all-night dew will bring moisture to the earth and fresh life to the green leaves.

Perhaps the climate inclines to be a little raw and unfriendly, but not enough to be positively melancholy. And then there is much to compensate the prevailing sadness; the climate is rich in delicate shades and contrasts. Thus the country has great variety of lights and colours; but they must be looked for; their subtlety does not strike one immediately. Then, too, the land is rich

in beauty of cloud formation: feathery, fleecy clouds, billowy masses and delicate strips, rain and thunder clouds. We see them hovering in piled layers over the upland valleys, stretching stupendously between the blue of heaven and the Alpine heights, or floating majestically in gigantic planes over the dark sea.

The year is fairly equally divided into the four seasons. The summer with its sultry heat, its thunder-storms and midges; the winter with its gleaming snow quilt, its icicles and snow-men and Christmas atmosphere; the fresh and tender spring with its life-giving force for man, beast and nature; and the ever-brilliant autumn, lending to church and castle its golden glory.

The climate is kindly and sensible; good for work, and discouraging to laziness. There is nothing rigid or inflexible about it; it makes the mind pliant and active, though at the same time it encourages a certain interplay between resolution and irresolution. It drives people to the fireside and the open air with equal force. It prescribes a happy reciprocation between out-of-doors and indoors.

North Germany is the battle-ground of the winds that blow from England and from Russia, and in the east the Baltic winds join in the fray. In the west the mild, damp sea air holds sway, and makes Hamburg seem almost 'tropical' after the continental climate of East Prussia. The prevailing wind is an ocean wind, blowing from the west, but in its passage over the higher levels of the plain it rids itself increasingly of its moisture. When the wind changes, it blows, warm or cold, from the Russian steppes to far westwards of Berlin. For some distance south of the coast the Baltic prevents any violent alternation between heat and cold.

In the central uplands, too, moist winds blow from the west, and cause much rain when they meet the westerly slopes of the hills. In this much-divided landscape the atmosphere is infinitely varied; there is every degree of moisture and aridity, warmth and cold. Particular valleys

have their own winds, known to the inhabitants by their special names, such as the Höllental wind at Freiburg, the Mühltal wind at Jena, and innumerable others. In certain seasons there is still greater variation in the rich mosaic of climatic effects. On one slope flowers will bloom earlier than on another slope in one and the same valley. One valley has apple blossom before its neighbour; one yields wheat, another oats or rye.

Mist in every form and shape sweeps round the heights and slopes, swirling round the Brocken, waving like a flag round the Schneekoppe, winding thick and dripping about the tree trunks of the woody Rhön mountains. Rainy west winds prevail, too, over the Alps. And here the atmosphere varies to a still greater degree, for the land formation traverses still more climatic stages on its way from mild valley to eternal snow. And yet the height of the mountains does not by any means have the effect of transforming the climate into a northern one. For the sun streams down more steeply over the Alps than over, say, Norway. It shines more brightly and burns more strongly, browning the skin and making the wanderer thirsty. Warm, dry air currents play over height and hollow. When the sea of air north of the Alps sucks up the warm air from the south and then descends again on to valley and plain, it is called the Föhn wind, making man and beast languid and feverish with its heat.

If one compares the extreme points of the Reich, the contrasts are very great. The climate of East Prussia is a mixture of Russian, Swedish, and German elements. The summer nights are bright and light, the winter long, and from time to time the Northern Lights are visible. Earth and forest brood in solemn tones. Over Lake Constance the breeze is soft and mild. Round Munich, whose southern position is counterbalanced by the height at which it lies, the high chalky air often has a snowy bite. But in the southern reaches of the Rhine valley, where the land is low, the sun burns with an intensity that is almost

French; and we know that the French find something native about Alsace. Northwards, in the neighbourhood of Cologne, this 'French' air blends with the wind from Flanders and the ocean, and indeed such mixtures are common enough in Germany. The atmosphere of Hanover hesitates somewhat between the Low German oceanic and the continental East German influence. Austria's warm and gentle winds are rudely crossed by the Alpine blast.

The climate of every civilized land is a synthesis of natural and artificial factors. And in this sense even climates are 'national.' Germany has preserved its forests, and this has given us something specifically Germanic; faint, it is true, but still perceptible in the air of the country and the volume of our rivers. These rivers, however, are almost all artificially regulated, so that their journey from source to mouth is more rapid than once; hence the soil is not so liberally watered as formerly, and the springs and subsoil water are shifting and changing. In Latin countries, on the other hand, the forests have disappeared, and the rivers are small in volume and their beds wilder.

The Flora.

The plant world of Germany is fresh, as a huntsman's coat or a merry water-wheel is fresh. It is a treasure house of gay meadows, green moss and shadow-loving ferns. It cannot give the impression of grand uniformity that Scandinavia makes with its endless rock and forest, but there is nothing meagre about it. It forms a clear and individual picture with its trees and flowers and shrubs, without the 'hardness' of outline that we associate with Italy. Apart from our ancient limes and oaks and certain varieties of pine, we have nothing excessively large, and except for some harmless weeds by the water's edge and in the valley hollows nothing that really grows rank. Grasses half the height of a man, such as we find

in the luxuriant flowery meadows of Upper Bavaria, are something unusual, and, we feel, a little out-of-place. The solid virtue of moderation is the rule, veering every now and then towards a more romantically moving type of beauty.

Every year with unfailing loyalty the flowers appear at their due season in the shady and sunny spots of meadow, rock, and wood. There is nothing violent or sensational about their coming; rather they come like a series of gentle reminders, each an inspiration in itself, beginning with the snowdrops and ending with the lilac meadow saffron. In the interval the land is rich with colour, pink, yellow, sky-blue, nothing exotic, and nothing turning yellow from dust and sun, beyond some stray bluebells or marguerites on the railway embankment or among the nettles by the ditch. There is something solid and peasant-like about our grasses, about all the thirty species that are to be found in our meadows; not even in the grounds of a park do they take on the aristocratic quality of an English lawn. The Christmas tree, too, grows up beside his brothers in the tree 'nursery' like a well-behaved peasant child. In spite of the thick population there is something peculiarly delicate about Germany's plant world, something 'herbaceous' and charming; yet it is not like the terraces and gardens of Italy, nor the enclosed hedge landscape of England. It has a force of its own, by virtue of which it brings into its fold things so diverse as the vine, the gentian, the edelweiss, the marsh marigold, and the Scotch rose. And in certain specially warm places such as Baden-Baden the vegetation is such as to remind one of the Riviera, or even, as on the island of Mainau in Lake Constance, of the Isola Bella, while the Taunus district allows the Spanish chestnut to ripen.

From spring to autumn all manner of flowers are to be seen in the gardens, window boxes, verandas, and plots of the flower-loving Germans: pansies, geraniums, carnations, roses, Alpine violets, fuchsias; a product of honest

toil and favourable climate which decorates the land far more richly than is the case in Italy or Scandinavia, or even in France.

Meadow and wood are never far apart in Germany, and this allows the alternation of the seasons a series of peculiarly happy and poetical effects. Now the fresh green of the meadows shows up against the dark background of the pine forest or against the pale grey stems of the leafless beech wood; at another time the meadow is a glistening white carpet spread before the dark green of the conifers and the brown of the other trees.

The Woods and Forests.

The forest is the really characteristic element of Germany's plant world. When the German left his fields it was to go to the forest, and he is still to be found often enough wandering in its solemn shades, under its whispering branches, among the sparse undergrowth and moss and bilberry beds with which its floor is spread. Forest still covers one-quarter of Germany's total area, so that it is hard to say whether the fields are surrounded by forest or the forest by fields. Countless places are now ploughland and meadow which once were wood, and in other parts millions of fir trees now cover what once were sandy plains. One source of profit has been exchanged for the other, but on the whole the forest seems to have been the loser by the process, especially in the higher districts, where it frowns from far above on the fields and villages nestling below.

Central Europe is the only region of Europe, and perhaps of the world, in which extensive forests are to be found in the midst of thickly populated countries. Beyond the Brenner and the Vosges the forests never reach really large dimensions. On the immense gneiss plateau of Scandinavia the pine forests stretch over the entire country like a mighty waste of wood left to grow as it likes. But in Germany a closer bond exists between us

and the individual tree. The forester watches over every tree; glades are cut through the woods; tracks and foot-paths lead in every direction; many of the trunks are coated over with lime to ward off destructive caterpillars; parasite growths like ivy, hops, and clematis are rare. Foresters' huts bring an element of warm humanity into the forest depths. Sometimes the trees have been planted in rows and the undergrowth rooted out. Nowadays they are left much more to their own natural development, and the undergrowth is allowed to grow wild. Everywhere one sees the heaps of cut planks, arranged in neat piles and carefully marked and labelled. The smell of wood and the screeching of the saw-mills belong to Germany in a way that they do not belong to Italy or England or even France.

For the German the word 'forest' has gradually come to have primarily the meaning of pine forest. And yet the spread of the fir and pine at the expense of the deciduous varieties has been an artificial process. The latter grow too slowly for profit, and the desire for profit is covering the country ever more and more with the kinds of timber that reach maturity in the shortest possible time.

It is true that ancient tradition gives the oak the place of honour among the leaf-bearing trees. Oak leaf and acorn are used for garlands and other embellishments, for the signal of victory, and of late for the trade mark of a make of German car. The Bismarck legend of Germany's destiny is surrounded, as it were, by a wreath of oak leaves. And yet there must be many Germans who have never entered an oak wood, though it is lighter and subtler and at the same time grander and more gnarled than the pine forest. Moreover, it has at times something peculiarly and distinctively German about it, especially, say, some enclosed oak forest of prince or nobleman, in which the wild boar is still preserved.

The beech is a profitable tree, and hence much commoner than the oak. And as it is above all others the tree of

Central Europe, it has managed to retain amid the manifold transformations of the German plant world its position as something distinctively German. Beech wood and pine forest are often next-door neighbours, the former standing on clay soil, the latter on sand or rock. The atmosphere of the beech wood is noble, but at the same time friendly, less solemn and earnest than that of pines and firs; for everything is fresh and green, and golden circles of sunlight fall through rustling leaves onto stems and ground. In autumn the brown leaves litter the floor and turn into leaf mould, and as one walks the little fallen twigs crackle under one's feet.

On the Alpine foothills pine, beech, and maple all grow together in the woods. Above the snow carpet in winter the pine stands out in his solemn green mantle against the naked beech, and one's footsteps turn up beech leaves imbedded in the snow.

The sombre moors and purple brown heaths of North-West Germany are enlivened by the delicate silver of the birch trees, and by the alder rustling its glistening dark leaves by the water-side. The much-loved lime tree is solitary by preference, and is mostly to be found near human habitations, in what were once Slav villages, or at cross-roads. For all its gentle air it has a serious and historic stamp about it: witness the Hohenstaufen lime at Kloster Lorch, or the Bittschriften lime in Potsdam, which are both supported by an iron frame and filled up with cement in the hollow parts.

One meets far-travelled people who say that there is a beauty about the strong, gnarled quality of many German trees which is not to be found in those of other lands, that the German oaks and pines, limes and beeches are the finest in the world. And certainly in Scandinavia, for instance, there is often something untidy, in England something too parklike, and in America something wild and aloof about the individual trees.

Germany as Hunting Ground.

The red deer and the roe, whose original habitat was the steppes, are now denizens of the German woods. During the hunting season they never venture far from the edge of the forest. Animals seem to possess an uncanny knowledge of the ways of men, and indeed their whole existence depends on the alternation of hunting and close seasons and the tillage of the fields. The old and experienced deer will send one of its young across the road before it will go itself. The red deer travel long distances, often traversing in a single day the domains of as many as six different hunting tenants. Stags are somewhat rare, and it is something to be proud of to have shot one. Roes, on the other hand, are quite common, and often to be seen browsing in the fields and thickets or crossing the roads and railway-lines.

It is only in Germany that one finds the true art of the chase. Many a German loves to dwell on the thoughts the word calls up: on forest and field and swamp, peopled with stag and roe, with hare and fox, with snipe and mountain cock and partridge; on all the furred and feathered tribe of every size and shape and colour; on guns and butts and beaters and all the paraphernalia of the chase. And what is of importance in this huntsman's paradise is not only questions of gun calibre and so forth, but all manner of huntsman's law and huntsman's jargon, both so ancient and racy that they seem to carry one back through centuries of German life and history. For in his hunting the German has style. France and Italy know only the shot-gun. In England hunting is a sport. The art of venery is dead; there is no word for it in modern English. It has only the terms 'hunt' and 'chase.' Nowhere but in Germany will you find so many antlers and boar's heads decorating the walls, and every third room seems to be hung with a picture of a stag breathing clouds of steam into the autumn air. The most popular

regiment in the army has always been the 'Jäger' (hunters).

For many people Germany is one huge intricate hunting map. When a wounded hare limps over the boundary on to the neighbouring estate and dies there it becomes the neighbour's property. Sport is subject to much restriction and limitation, and much annoyance from neighbours, stray dogs, poachers, and so on. It leads its devotees down every sort of path and track, for there is not an acre of German ground without its path or glade. The paths are often bespattered with game droppings, and tracks of bird and beast can often be seen in the mud and leaf mould by the side of the road. As one walks through the fields, flocks of crows circle above one's head and frightened hares dart away over the stubble. The dog barking from the neighbouring village and the church tower in the distance only serve to increase the sense of loneliness which the landscape for all its crowded population manages to convey. In this sportsman's landscape many a German experiences the greatest moments of his life.

The Fauna.

Germany is beginning to resemble one enormous city. The landscape is being transformed into a conglomeration of canals, building plots, railway embankments, tarred roads, aerodromes, and market gardens. Everything that succeeds in crawling or flying or sprouting in the midst of all this is subject to endless rules and regulations, is duly noted down in reference books, must conform to the requirements of industry and density of population, and becomes in general an object of scientific interest.

The age of the natural sciences is giving way with remarkable rapidity to that of the applied sciences. Beside the motor bicycle and the aeroplane, the plant box and geologist's hammer seem things of the past, and our

knowledge of the animal world has always something literary about it.

It is calculated that there must be between thirty-seven and a hundred and fifty beavers in Germany, of which the smaller half are to be found in Prussia and the larger in Anhalt. Every few years a lynx strays into Germany from over the Lithuanian border. The story goes that mud turtles still exist in Germany, and eccentric old gentlemen keep writing to the papers about it. People are afraid of adders, but no one ever sees them. Ringed snakes, on the other hand, one does actually see twisting and turning in the water, and Æsculapius adders are said to have existed in Schlangenbad since Roman times. Lizards there are, as we know from our childhood, and even the black and yellow salamander is not unknown. Frogs croak by their tens of thousands in swamp and thicket, but the tree frog does not take kindly to the prickly pine needle, and suffers in consequence through the spread of pine wood. And the water frog, too, is threatened by the concrete edges to the canals and the polluted waters of industrialized rivers.

Every badger's hole is carefully noted by the local forester, and we never see the buzzard circling above our heads but we ask ourselves whether it does more harm than good. Even the hedgehog is a none too common sight. Starlings have nesting boxes provided for them, and song birds are everywhere protected and preserved, so that sometimes the air is shrill with the sound of their voices. Rewards are offered in the effort to preserve the eagle owl from extinction; yet in the North Sea islands hundreds of thousands of wild duck are slaughtered. But at night in the North German plain the water fowl on the lakes and swamps make such a squalling and chattering that one would think the land was still teeming with bird and animal life.

And yet it is growing more and more scarce, as all the older generation of farmers and sportsmen agree. The

soil of Germany is being increasingly permeated by lime and potash and phosphorus, and these kill the eggs and larvæ and pupæ. And this in its turn affects the higher forms of animal life.

The stag beetle and swallow-tail butterfly, so familiar to us from the picture books of our childhood, have become almost legendary. The blue-gleaming dor is not so common as once, and even the cockchafer does not appear in the myriads it once did. True, we still have plenty of the cabbage, brimstone, and peacock butterfly, and dragon-flies too. The neighbourhood of the Havel river is still infested by swarms of midges, and in Upper Bavaria in sultry weather one is still persecuted by horse-flies. Here and there curiosities are to be met with, like the cross between the common house-fly and the horse-fly, with red or bright green eyes and steel-blue wings.

There are, too, certain noblemen's estates in which fallow-deer, so delicately dappled brown and white, graze as if in paradise.

There is no lack of fish life in Germany's waters. Trout, for instance, flourish in the artificial fish ponds of Upper Bavaria, and carp can be seen in Silesian ponds as well as in bowls behind the shop windows of the towns.

CHAPTER III

The Changing Landscape

The Agricultural Landscape.

In the eastern section of the Central Uplands the steam or motor plough is seldom to be seen. In many places strip cultivation still prevails. The farmer drives his plough team up the tree-crowned slope and sows the seed with his own hands. The meadows re-echo with the sound of the scythe, and the dusty threshing-floors with the beat of the flail; and cow and horse dung have not yet been ousted by potash or phosphate. Pigs grunt round their sties and fowls flutter and fuss round the farmyard. Here and there in the barer parts of the country droves of sheep wander over the downs.

If one looks down from a church tower on to a typical stretch of German agricultural landscape, one sees a network of waving cornfields studded with poppies and cornflowers, divided only by ridges from each other, so that the farm in their midst has uninterrupted access to wood and meadow and stream. Whereas in England park and farm and field are all enclosed between hedges like a garden, thus losing their individuality and blending imperceptibly into the general landscape. In France the peasants frequently live in poor stone cottages with the merest apology for a garden, while the Poles have no gardens whatever and have even had to borrow their word for garden from the German; nor do they plant trees in their village streets. The German gardens are bright with country flowers, blooming beside the carrots and beans, the currant and gooseberry bushes, and strawberry beds. They have all the charming ingredients which have flourished in monastery gardens since the times of

Saint Boniface. Cabbage grows by rose and lily in the shadow of pear and apple tree. Often, too, fruit trees are planted in the meadows and by the side of the roads, affording welcome refreshment to the tired traveller. In Upper Bavaria the peasants stick coloured glass balls on poles between their asters and sunflowers, and if one looks into the rain-water barrels, one sees their gay blues and greens and reds reflected among the swarms of little insects swimming about.

The peasants are up by four in the morning, ploughing or gathering litter. The women and children work in the garden or search for twigs and branches for fuel; or else they wander along the roads of their district, pack on back, trying to sell the fruits of their labour. Every nook and cranny of these parts of Germany is utilized to the utmost. Goats are tethered by the railway embankment, rabbits scurry about in farmyard and stable. Beech-nuts, hazel-nuts, and acorns are gathered, as well as all sorts of berries.

To the American especially, the German countryside gives this impression of the most intensive cultivation. And yet at the same time it is a romantic landscape, as the traveller must feel as he sits in his express train, winding its way through the changing scene of hill and hollow, meadow and stream, where now a factory chimney smokes against the chalky slope and now a castle-crowned cliff throws its shadow across the line.

Yet in spite of this intensive cultivation there are wilder regions in which the land still lies fallow, where the heaths and moors and stony soil will need decades of careful tillage before they are fit for colonization; and being thus destined to develop in this age of machinery, they will assume from the beginning the character of industrial landscape.

In Upper Bavaria both arable and stock farming are carried on in a state of primitive simplicity. In the East End of Munich you can detect the smell of dung drifting

in from the neighbouring country-side. The plaster work on the houses is as rough and racy as the local dialect. The very towers of the churches are knobbly and bulbous. Oxen are still used to draw the carts, even those of the Munich breweries. This oxen labour serves as a link between the Alps and their foothills. In autumn to this day the oxen on the Alpine meadows are garlanded with wreaths and gay ribbons before being driven down to the lowland farmsteads. The Leonhardi Ride in Tölz is an ancient rite, celebrating the intimate bond between man and beast.

There is more affinity between the central uplands and Upper Bavaria than between either of these and the landscape of North Germany. The latter is not a naturally intricate and varied, but a, so to speak, mathematical landscape, divided into two parts: the region west of the Elbe and Schleswig-Holstein, and the region east of the Elbe. In the west the country is dignified by many fine individual farms, which remind one of the proud isolated farmsteads of Bavaria; and the marshes of Schleswig are like a chess-board with their criss-cross quickset hedges. In the east, in colonized Germany, the estates are on a very large scale; the farm or manor consists of long buildings in the shape of a square, round which the little villages and churches are gathered in a sort of vassalage. The farmsteads in North-west Germany are protected by a girdle of oak trees; they have heavy thatched roofs, and are well and decoratively furnished. But east of the Elbe they are poorly furnished; there are no gables and charming decoration, and in the Eastern Marches long, dreary village streets are the rule. The further east one goes, the less chance is there of the fields being able to yield a second crop before the winter sets in; and east of the Elbe man, beast, and field lie sunk in a long winter sleep after the manner of Slav peoples. Machine ploughs are common to the whole of North Germany.

The northern plain is the home of the wind-mill. The

nearer the sea-coast, where the winds are regular and strong, the more numerous they are. In the south the winds are less dependable, and so the mill wheels there are driven by water, falling down the slopes and terraces, or flowing through long boarded channels. To the children of North Germany the mill is associated with dust and wind and the great swishing strokes of the sails; to the children of the south it is something dank and mysterious, surrounded by thick water-weeds. In the northern tale of 'Max und Moritz' the wind-mill is the theme, whereas the songs of South Germany are always of the water-mill.

If one seeks to discover what it is that gives the villages in the more typical districts, where the houses are arranged in clusters or in the shadow of a wood, their 'German' flavour, the answer is to be found in the emphasis on the roof: the varied outline of the intricate groupings of the houses and the alternation not only of different coloured tiles, but of thatch and shingles laden down with stones, as in the Alps, or slates, as in Thuringia and the hilly districts. The whole is usually crowned by a slender tower or spire, though in Pomerania, for instance, these are broad and massive. The further we get from Central Europe the less vital and charming is the part played by the roof.

In the more varied landscape of the centre and south of Germany one often sees a little town nestling on the bend of a river, surrounded by a ring of near and distant villages. Shadowed by mountains and rustling woods, it lies among the meadows at their foot. Its architecture will be chiefly gothic, but partly, also, romanesque and baroque, and with its town hall and towering citadel, its castles and churches, it forms a noble outline against the sky. The river flows gently through the still weir, and then plunges fiercely over the edge, or else is diverted sideways into channels to drive the water-mill in some ancient medieval building or the turbine engine mounted

on concrete and steel. Flakes of wood-pulp from the paper-mill swirl in the stream, and chemical residue from the paper-sizing process gives the water a coat of foam, the salmon and trout suffering in consequence. The thin metal chimney of the engine brought there to help the water in its work coughs out its smoke over the saw-mill. A piece of ivy-clad masonry dating from the fifteenth century adjoins the railway sheds, under whose cobwebbed vaults rest empty beer and vinegar barrels, hens peck and cackle, and a waggon with greasy black axle or even a small motor-car reposes. In the ancient castle yard the dog warms himself in the sun and clothes are put out to dry after being washed in the soft water of some old tank, while above between look-out and banisters the electrician installs a cable under the medieval tiles. The sandstone portal of 1560 is a noble piece of work, decorated with pillars, shells, and masks, the lower portions of the yellow columns polished smooth by centuries of rubbing clothes and playing children. On the other side of the street the ancient arsenal towers over the town, once the repository of the local halberds and cannon. And there are still noblemen's castles in the neighbourhood where one sits to meals on the ancestral bench, and the linen is stored in ancient presses and old pewter mugs gleam on the walls, where firearms of 1600 hang between the heads of boar and stag.

In the north the look of the towns gradually varies from Lower Saxony eastwards. At first they show an obvious pride in their appearance, glazed bricks predominate, and the atmosphere is damp and heavy. Further east, the land of wide horizons and loose sandy soil, they take on a certain sallowness and air of Prussian sobriety. Chimney-pots, a brick church, post office and hotel, a Bismarck tower on a sandy rise, and perhaps a barracks on the outskirts—these are the ingredients of the towns of the plains. The newer the town, the less varied its outline, owing to the lack of churches and castles. The station

lies at some distance from the centre of the town, not being forced into it by formation of valley or hill, and is reached by streets which lead straight down to the dead-straight railway line.

Along the Baltic coast, however, stretches an isolated line of towns which are Hanseatic in character, through Wismar, Anklam, and Kolberg to picturesque Danzig and Königsberg in the far east.

The Industrial Landscape.

When about 990 a vein of silver ore was discovered near Goslar and princesses' wedding rings were fashioned from the gold of Thuringian streams, when charcoal was brought from the forest kilns to help weld iron into sword and key and armour, when rock salt began to be hewn, and at the same time crops and cattle flourished, then indeed Germany seemed a fairyland of gold and silver, uniting with corn and salt and ore to form a really noble treasure house of riches.

In modern Germany gold and silver mining is no longer an economic proposition. The basis of our industrial life is metal, coal, and potash. The nutritive value of German cereals derives as much from the potash mine as from the soil.

The coal, salt, and metal mines of Germany are a gigantic underground world of feverish labour, mechanical and human. Cutting-machines vibrate in the mile-long shafts and galleries; legions of trolleys rattle by from floor to floor; tens of thousands of men hack away at the walls, as many in a single pit as Alexander the Great had warriors or as the total population of old Nuremberg. They are like seething states; whole peoples are banished to the subterranean world of coal and metal; stupendous is the mesh of machinery under the earth. In the Ruhr and round Beuthen in Silesia men swarm like ants; incredible is the amount of iron that is rolled and cast; millions of tons of coal are brought to the surface. Every-

where is molten metal, smouldering slack, heaving cranes, and mighty hydraulic presses; everywhere the network of railway lines; everywhere gigantic cities. Had it not been for the war, the Ruhr would have been the largest city in the world. The trains roar in and out of this city of coke and iron, of gas and steel, rattling over the myriad points, whistling past each other in endless sequence. It is one huge confusion of scaffolding and blinking lights, and wires and signals, of railway waggons of every kind and blue-coated railwaymen.

As a sort of counterpart to the temerity of the aeroplane in scorning the element of earth and making free of the air, men have fettered the air itself to earth, and covered the land with stupendous nitrogen factories. Round Leuna there are six square kilometres of such factories, a regular city of nitrogen, dominated by thirteen chimneys, each one a hundred and twenty-seven metres in height. From near at hand and from as far as Leipzig countless numbers of workers stream thither daily.

But laboratory and machine have discovered something still more delicate than air for their purposes. Motion in itself is transformed into electric power and industry. See from the train window how the telegraph wires cross the high-tension cables, how they hasten past the control house on the goose meadow and hover over the peasant's plot, stretching far away to the towns and factories, where they are destined to end in marble switch-boards and buzzing electric motors. From time to time the world of Gothic mingles with this world of dynamics, and the hills and valleys with the world of machinery. In Upper Bavaria the toiling draught-oxen look up to the cables of the Walchensee factory, sweeping down to Munich and northwards, over hill and forest along the great water-ways to the rest of the Reich. All the little pieces of this mysterious mosaic go to form a picture whose final outlines are not yet clear, a centre whence this skein of cables radiates to every quarter of Europe.

In the northern plain the factory walls are lapped by the waters of the canal. These links between one river and another are sometimes hundreds of years old. Nowadays they flow between concrete embankments, and reflect in their depths the smoke of passing funnels and the trellis-work of overhanging cranes. Electric wires and lines for towing engines accompany the scarcely flowing dead-straight line of water out into the green country-side, where the concrete embankments give way to green banks, and artificially planted fir trees break the loneliness of the scene. No less than nineteen thousand barges, tugs, and steamers of six hundred tons and under ply their trade on the inland waters of Germany. Almost every ship has its dog. From Hamburg to Breslau and from Stettin to Magdeburg one sees the funnels gliding mysteriously over the meadows. The stillness is broken by the sound of the tow-path engine and the ship motors, and bluish smoke hangs over the land. The iron bridges, signals, levers, watch-houses, sluices and so on are like the valves and tubes of a piece of monstrous machinery spread over the North German plain from the Rhine to the Vistula, uniting in its grip all the rivers that lie between. Smaller boats actually do travel from the North Sea to the Danube. This network of waterways enters into competition with the railways for carrying coal, stone, iron, wood, oil, and goods of all kinds where speed is not a factor. And just as the huge railway junctions send out their mesh of railway lines in every direction, so the inland ports spread their network of waterways over the landscape. Duisburg is the largest inland port in Europe.

But of course Germany's largest mechanical unit is her railway system. The form of this system is determined partly by geographical factors and by the density of population, and partly politically, by the structure of the various states. This system has affected the face of the land not only by making railway embankments, signal boxes, railway stations elements of the landscape, as

characteristic as the Doric temple in ancient Greece; it has also profoundly affected the towns at which the express trains stop, increasing their population and attractiveness. To have a row of dots against your name in the time-table is an oracle as fatal as any that proceeded from Delphi in antiquity. The dynamics of the machine, the time-table, has a direct effect upon the size and occupation of the population. The present state of the German town system runs parallel with that of the railways, though lately the motor-car and aeroplane have added their own modifications. But we can still speak of many of our towns as railway towns. Whole colonies have sprung up under the pressure of this railway system; a system which carries annually two thousand million people and four hundred and eighty-nine million tons of goods. Huge railway junctions at little villages, like Lehrte, Corbetha, or Rietschenhausen, are pivotal points of German life. Bebra, the junction for Frankfort, Cassel Göttingon, and Eisenach, is populated entirely by railway employees of one sort or another, apart from a few peasants who cultivate the little wedges of land between the sets of lines. With these lines stretching out in every direction, and its population of 4,051 inhabitants, it is wholly a creation of the railway system. In the course of the nineteenth century it has grown from a mere patch of land with a cock crowing on top of the dung-heap into the world of locomotives, water tanks, engine houses, and platforms that it is today.

Wherever one looks one sees the red goods waggons with their destinations written on them in white letters; Czech, Hungarian, Italian, French, and Scandinavian, as well as German. Germany is the nodal point of Europe's railway system. Her seven hundred thousand goods waggons—one to every ninety Germans—are sorted out and formed into trains in gigantic goods stations, complete landscapes of railway lines, round Wustermark, in Breslau, and in the Ruhr district.

The railway system of the Reich with its embankments, permanent way, its administration, and railway stations would occupy the area of a small German state. It has six hundred and seventy thousand officials, and hundreds of thousands more employed in manufacturing its waggons, lines, houses, and other requirements. Thus if one includes the families of all these people, one-tenth of Germany's total population is employed on the railways; far more than the total population of Greece in its heyday. Countless numbers of people live in and on engines, station halls, and offices, often in a state of perpetual movement, and always as a cog in this stupendous machine; a monster state in itself, confronting the real state, which is continually being transformed under the pressure of such subsidiary states, with all sorts of problems that have not yet found solution.

But business instinct, infallible as ever, has understood the significance of the situation. Industry no longer destroys Corinth, as the Romans did; on the contrary, it takes over itself the entities that in these days are more important than the state, that themselves transform the state ever more and more into their own likeness. Thus the capital of the Reichsbahn, the German state railway system, is made up of thirteen thousand million original shares, two thousand million preference shares, and also of eleven thousand million Reparation Bonds. The Reichsbahn is the largest business concern in Europe.

The motor-car has also done its part in modifying the geography of the land. Eight hundred and fifteen million square metres of road have to be resurfaced and kept in repair, if they are not to go to rack and ruin under the strain of modern traffic conditions. It has not yet been decided whether stone, wood, asphalt, or concrete is the more serviceable—which material, that is to say, is the most lasting and at the same time the most skid-proof. In any case, three thousand million marks will have to be spent on improving their condition.

Where air traffic has taken the place of road or railway line, large open spaces, old fair or drill grounds, have been made to serve the new requirements and the new sources of profit. The aerodromes have been well planned and well run from the beginning, for their designers had the example of the sea port and the motor garage to guide them. They started straight away with their automatic indicators, etc., and their architecture has been designed in the modern style by architects who were at the same time engineers.

The industrial landscape has not been without its effect on the climate. Twenty thousand hundredweight or fifty huge goods waggons full of soot fall daily over Berlin; every day the cars and buses emit a hundred and fifty million cubic metres of exhaust fumes. The sunlight is weakened; hard stone dust, churned up by the cart wheels, permeates the air. The new landscape has given rise to new odours!

In Berlin one is conscious of a faint sweet odour of stale burnt coal. In Munich the air is heavy with smoke and the smell of malt. The Hamburg air blows fresh and damp and tarry from the harbour and marshes into the great station hall, and in Essen the bitter dusty smell of the foundries mingles with that of the railway.

The Holiday Landscape.

Those patches of country that are still left between the seas of houses of that single monstrous city that Germany is becoming are gradually changing in value and significance. To a generation to whom the world of business and factories and offices means so much more than the world of agriculture and craftsmanship, the country-side is a source of recreation, just as much as it is the source of food and timber. Moreover, meadow, field, and forest are something very different to the modern business man from what they were to Schwind or Werther, to the mercenaries of the seventeenth century or to the Nibe-

lungs. Strange effects are produced by the mixture of old and new, by the combination of homeliness and romanticism and modernity.

By the development of artificial lighting modern science has done much to destroy the old contrast between summer and winter. Formerly the country-side only woke up to work and life during the summer months, and even the cities seemed to sink into a sort of winter sleep after the strain of the summer. Nowadays, however, the winter is the city's real work time, and, equally, the time of its most frenzied efforts at enjoyment and recreation. Even the country farmer is semi-urbanized in these days, spends his winter evenings reading the paper and listening to the wireless, and takes his holiday like the city worker; only, unlike the latter, he does it in winter or the late autumn.

This alteration, which has been going on for the last seven or eight decades, in the natural unconscious rhythm of work and play, and which has brought health resort and bathing place, motor road and walking track, into ever greater prominence, has been accompanied by that enormous increase in the population, and especially of the urban population, which drives into the country at certain seasons of the year such vast swarms of human beings.

But it is not only the density of the population that makes the holiday rush in Germany more obvious to the eye than in, say, France or Scandinavia; the reason also lies in certain qualities of the Germans themselves. Thus their passion for going expeditions with clubs and societies, on foot, bicycle, or in squads of cars; thus their longing for nature and exercise. But over and above this, they have a sort of obsession for the thing in itself. The Saxons are the most afflicted with it.

In the Mark of Brandenburg the week-end is like the ebb and flow of the tide. It floods over the districts round Berlin in every direction, from Glindow with its sandy dune 'Alps' to the Brandenburg 'Switzerland,'

leaving behind it geological strata of paper bags, sausage skins, and pools of motor oil. The swans swimming on the gently flowing Havel are rudely disturbed by fleets of white pleasure steamers. Potsdam with its palaces and barracks is no longer the symbol, as it were, of Prussianism, but a source of profit to the railway company and to the guides who conduct one over the palace of Sans Souci. Sometimes in hot summers whole lakes foam with masses of bathers, like a Sicilian bay when tunny fish are being caught. The landscape itself becomes restless in the restless relaxation of the city worker; paddle boats churn up the water in the glaring sunlight, steamers toot their sirens, the very bridges quiver with excitement.

The Spree empties its meagre waters into the Havel at Spandau between rows of colossal factories; a hundred and fifty kilometres above this point there is a flat wooded swamp where it splits up into a thousand separate creeks. Here every Sunday a long line of boats filled with Berlin holiday-makers follow each other in an unbroken queue some hundred kilometres in length, slowly winding its way through the otherwise lonely woods. Enormous quantities of eels are consumed here with the famous Spreewald sauce.

There is hardly a village in the whole of Prussia exempt from these visitations; hardly a patch of ground that does not boast its health resort for week-enders and holiday-makers; there is not a single hilly region that does not make capital out of its fame as a ' Switzerland ' in the middle of the plain. There is not a wood where you might not find advertisements for finest sausages or ' rooms to let ' nailed to the trunks of the trees.

The Harz mountains, so noble and gentle at the same time, are the part of the central uplands that project furthest into the plain in the direction of the great cities, and hence they are the most subject to the holiday crowds. The Brocken is embellished with a railway station and a monster hotel, complete with automatic machines and

Bavarian zither players—who are felt to be appropriate, for after all the Brocken is a mountain. When mist swirls round the so-called summit, one just pulls one's coat over one's ears, puffs one's cigar, and politely regrets the loss of a good view. Nothing is now left of the old relationship between peasant and forest inspector, the pastor and the ruling Count of Stolberg-Wernigerode; gone is the magic of the red deer which only prince or noble was allowed to shoot, gone the magic of the lonely oat fields and the Andreasberg breed of canaries. True, these ancient things are valued in so far as they contribute to the 'atmosphere' of the place, but otherwise it is merely an inn, an hotel, a bus route, and a place for good ozone air and a population which dwells in enchanting little townships and lives apparently entirely on tourist traffic, wood cutting, and the export of cheese.

Endless signposts tell one exactly how to get to stream, forest, cliff, or inn. Maps for walkers mark every path and track; the seats provided by the rural preservation societies meet one at every turn. The herds of brown cows tinkle their bells hidden from sight in the valley, while two or three minutes away the trippers wonder where the sound comes from, and in the evening when they meet the herd, on their way back through the village, exclaim with delight at having the problem solved before their eyes. Between these two or three minutes' distance from each other a certain sense of seclusion is still to be found, which is not entirely destroyed even by the bits of paper left behind among the pine needles. The forest mill supplies coffee and cakes and ices; the forester's lodge with its dachshund and roebuck only the homely coffee and bread and butter. Here even the cup one drinks out of is of that very thick earthenware which comes as a shock to the more thin-blooded drinkers of the towns.

Wherever it be, in the Harz, in the Riesengebirge, or in Berchtesgaden, the tripper is always out for his souvenir. In the Harz he buys little witches riding on broomsticks,

or else glass balls which shed miraculous snowflakes on the image of the Brocken. Specially popular are carved wood or clay figures of stags and monuments, dwarfs and pines, etc. All these things are allied to those other mythical-political fetishes of the German citizen: his Bismarck dog, cuirassier boots, his pipe, bronze figures of Germania, and old German tankards. Even the German love of picture postcards belongs to this same romantic sphere of feeling.

The German gardens, especially in Thuringia, are often adorned with gaily painted statues of roebucks, dwarfs, and Little Red Riding Hoods. They go well with the timber-work of the houses, the turrets, and slate roofs, and the charming gentle landscape of this border district of Saxony and Franconia, nor are they out of keeping with the Wartburg neighbourhood. Through every glade and clearing and from the top of every hill the beech-clad Wartburg rises up romantically before one, and the rocky surface of these apparently so gentle hills is cleft into equally romantic gorges and ravines, at the bottom of which the little streams bicker over mossy stones and ferny undergrowth.

Many of the hilltops in this central upland district are covered with thick woods, and in order to enable one to see the view, towers or platforms are erected in a little clearing, where one will find a chart marking the chief points of interest in the panorama. Hamlets, towns, and villages, hills and ravines lie at our feet, each with its particular name. Every little hilltop, every overhanging rock, has its tale to tell. There is the crooked 'camel pine' and the 'sentinel fir.' Goethe and Schiller have bequeathed their names to all the spots they visited. Kaiser Wilhelm, Moltke, and Bismarck have christened half the German Empire between them, in addition to filling it with endless bronze tablets and statues and towers.

The Kyffhäuser mountain is crowned by a stupendous monument of the old emperor, the resurrected Barbarossa,

who has slept a thousand years in the cavern below. This cavern is illuminated with electric lights, and one mark is charged to enter this fairyland of dripping stalactites. The Bismarck towers have their own particular legend, which is displayed from time to time by means of fireworks to a solemn assemblage of burghers and students all in their best rig-out.

In Lippe-Detmold the bronze figure of Arminius points its menacing sword westwards over the dark pine trees of the Teutoburger Wald. Clearings are cut through the forest, so that the monument may be seen to advantage from many points. The whole atmosphere of the place is intensely German, and offers the tourist many delights. First, he can peep through Arminius's eye over the landscape, and then he can turn to the local inn with its open-air benches and mechanical organ in the saloon. Then there is the iron hen at the entrance which lays tin eggs and cackles into the bargain, and all for the price of a penny. But the greatest attraction, after all, is the beer and coffee and cakes the inn provides for its hungry visitors. Not even an invasion of holiday-making socialists with red flowers in their button-holes can disturb the solid jollity of the German bourgeoisie enjoying itself; rather, they actually serve to increase it.

The largest statue of Germania we possess is in the Niederwald. It is the German counterpart of Marianne or the statue of Liberty. Girt with sword and armour, she raises the imperial crown to the heavens and brings to mind the Iron Cross of 1813 and 1870 and Wagner's Valkyries. It has been shown that the cult of this cast-iron goddess owes its inception to the athletic clubs and choral societies.

This statue of Germania looks down upon the vineyards of the Rhine valley—the Rhine, which is the Germans' watery home. Every German, whether he has ever seen it or not, has a secret longing for the Rhine. As the steamer glides past the Lorelei, the cliffs re-echo with the

patriotic songs of Rhinelanders carousing on board, happily sentimental and yet saddened by the feeling of the German glory that is gone. One mourns for the past, and quickens this feeling by the thought of the equally sunken glamour of the new Germany of our own day. Things are not well with us Germans, and yet at the same time one rejoices at the unequalled charm of our country and its wine, its women and its songs. And the enjoyment is broad and hearty and sentimental; every castle ruin provokes feelings unanalyzable in their charm, while the hot Rhineland sun makes the cheeks of the holiday-makers glow redder than ever.

On the steamers that ply up and down the Havel near Berlin the bands frequently play the Prussian military marches, whereas the Königssee in Bavaria resounds with the native yodling. And this difference in rhythm and melody goes some way to explain the tension between Prussia and Bavaria.

In the Alps holiday-making seems to take on a more dignified air. The mountains have, so to speak, a refining effect on the bourgeois romanticism of certain Germans. The features and bearing of the true mountaineer have a firmness and distinction about them. Above two thousand metres the confused emotionalism of the Germans is rarified away.

Nowadays a shifting population of visitors is superimposed on the native population of these rocky heights, and between these two populations a certain intermingling, a process of give and take, has gradually developed. The Alpine atmosphere has permeated the whole country; wherever you go you find bars and cabarets with Bavarian singers, often with the Alps painted on the walls. The natives have become cosmopolitan, while the city-dweller is at home among the mountains. Advertisements and bars, motor-cars and aeroplanes, mingle with the old houses, appear by waterfall and ski-run; the peasant is familiar with motor-car and teashop; the

townsman takes a hand with the scythe and has a try at yodling, and philosophizes in the beautiful Hotel des Weisen von Elmau. The peasant girl realizes that the hat and shawl she wears so proudly is carefully observed and imitated by the women of the towns. This mingling of town dwellers and Alpine peasants has provided German literature, and more especially the comic papers, with much material of recent years.

The same state of things is to be found along the North Sea coast. There is the permanent native population with their sou'-westers and tar-lined boats—and even these seem to be there partly for show—and then there is the nomadic population of the towns, from which the former draw their sustenance much more than from their haddock and lobsters and goats. Amrum and Wangeroog are no longer the home of whalers and fishermen so much as popular health resorts, and the way they have been overgrown lately with hospices and children's homes and hotels is a clear instance of what happens when the two populations, native and holiday, intermingle.

Every summer vast masses of people throng the foam-girt North Sea islands. They swarm over the undulating sand amidst the beflagged deck-chairs and screaming gulls, crackling sea-shells under their feet as they walk. At certain seasons the tiny red sandstone rock of Heligoland, now robbed of its armour, is the most densely populated ' country ' in the world. To the German from the interior of the land there is something rare and strange about the ocean; most people feel that the district round the mouth of the Elbe is a little cold and alien; they are astonished to find that seal shooting actually occurs in German territory, and have to turn to the homely Hanseatic inhabitants to regain the sense of familiarity.

The Baltic coast has no tides; the water is scarcely salt, and there are many more villages than along the North Sea, and this makes it easier to spend a cheap holiday there. In fact, a certain order is discernible in the

fluctuating movements of the German population—an order determined by the state of the purse, the climate, and the desire to travel at home or abroad. The Baltic, with lack of tide and salt, is recommended by doctors for nervous people and infants, the salt foam of the North Sea more for the respiratory organs and for older children. Thus medical as well as many other factors of this complex age play their part in indirectly influencing the aspect of the country and the ways of its people.

Germany is particularly rich in medicinal springs, which are usually situated in forest country; and this combination of trees and water is typical of the German spa. These spas—Wiesbaden, Nauheim, Baden-Baden, and many more—often have an air of remarkable dignity and respectability. Their atmosphere is half town, half park. The life of the place is centred round the Kursaal; they possess a theatre and orchestra, and carefully tended gardens with gravel paths and playing fountains. Behind the promenade there are rows of shops, which always look exactly the same in every spa and do a roaring trade in souvenirs. Only this time it is not the Brocken we see inside the glass ball, but the local salt spring.

When we reflect on the ' holiday landscape,' the prospect of a vastly altered Germany of the future opens out before us. For the old strata of the population are more and more coalescing; fresh reasons for moving from one place to another, either temporarily or permanently, are always arising; and ever more varied and kaleidoscopic do the elements of German life become.

But in spite of this a certain peculiarly German basis is left us. North Sea, Baltic, Northern Plain, Central Uplands, the Rhine, Upper Bavaria, the Alps: this is our heritage, no more and no less. Whatever may change or pass, these things are ours and form together a perpetual German harmony, just as the Atlantic Ocean, the fjords and mountains and glaciers are Norway, and the Alps, Mediterranean, Apennines, and Po are Italy.

BOOK II
THE TOWNS

CHAPTER I

The Nature of the German Town

Where and how Germans Live.

Before we turn our attention to the towns themselves, it may be worth our while to say something of the German dwelling. Each generation strives to employ the style characteristic of its own age, and in our days that is the technical style of the 'new functionalism.' But the style of a particular generation affects, after all, only a comparatively small proportion of inhabited houses. The vast majority of the population live in the houses of past epochs. One has only to stroll through any average town to see how many people dwell in buildings that date from the Middle Ages, the Renaissance, the Baroque period, or the eighteenth century—often in old watch-towers, convents, granaries, or other queer habitations.

In Germany, especially, it is hard to make any generalization on the subject, for here again we see how lacking in homogeneity the German style of living has always been. It is easy enough to speak of a Lower Saxon, a Black Forest, or an Upper Bavarian type of house, but one cannot speak of a 'German type,' as one can of an English, Dutch, or Swedish.

One cannot say, for instance, whether the Germans prefer wood or stone in their buildings, for both seem peculiarly characteristic. This mingling of wood and stone is observable not only in the framework of the houses, but also in the flagstones, wooden railings, wainscoting, carved work, and huge tile stoves. It is this very combination which gives the German house its cool reserve on the one hand, and its engaging warmth on the other. It is a question of a certain homely, bourgeois quality, and also of the combination of cosy livable-

ness and accessibility to the open air and the rest of the community. The houses stand independent and sufficient to themselves; but at the same time they do not rebuff one at all, for they seem to invite one into their comfortable interiors with the same force as they point outwards to the charming gardens with their currant bushes and vegetables, their lime tree and garden seat. The English houses, on the other hand, in spite of all their charm, do not invite one in quite the same way.

There is something peculiarly delightful about the half-light that broods inside these houses, about the light that plays on chair and table, illuminating unexpected corners. The presses and cupboards and beds give an air of solidity to the whole, but there is often something quaint and rather crowded about the German interior that creates an impression of cosy homeliness.

The houses nestle under their romantic roofs, like fledglings under their mother's sheltering wings. Within these red-tiled or grey slate roofs is a beamed and raftered space, where the washing is hung up to dry and the children play their games. The roofs of the German towns and villages are like an ever-moving undulating sea.

But the modern industrial age has broken up the old German way of living. The blocks of flats in the Rione Vomero in Naples differ little from those at Östermalm in Stockholm, and the villa of the German profiteer is much the same as its English counterpart. And yet even here a specifically German quality breaks through from time to time. Witness the typical ingredients of the *petit bourgeois* household: the nick-nacks and lithographs, the Renaissance furniture, the beer-house atmosphere, the stuffed animals, the clay mugs and poker-work.

The Country Town.

Many small towns have kept their ancient kernel, only with the addition of some new element in the shape of a school or gasometer, a power-house or modern villa.

Narrow alleys lead through to courts behind, which give on to stables or gardens. Semi-medieval lanes open into the market-place with its inevitable fountain, town hall and church. These lanes are usually twisty and winding, but in the country east of the Elbe they form a sort of mathematical criss-cross, in which a rectangle is left for the church and town hall, beside which a statue of an armed warrior sometimes stands. In some Upper Bavarian and Austrian towns the market-place runs right through the place like one long-continued street. The fine old houses usually date from some time between 1500 and 1800; one seldom sees a really old Gothic dwelling house. In some places the old part of the town has been knocked down to make way for new thoroughfares, which usually follow the same directions as the old ones. Between these modern houses, which often make a praiseworthy but misguided attempt to imitate some old style, one will recognize with surprise a really ancient tower, a crooked old timbered house, or an age-old granary, whose mysterious gloom harbours the very latest thing in agricultural implements.

The local shops in these little provincial towns have an unforgettable flavour of their own. How well one knows the grocers' and general stores with their tin advertisements for oatmeal and washing powder and finest chocolate, etc.! And then the tiny bakers' shops, with their little flights of steps ascending from the narrow pavement, and the sticky sweets and lozenges in the window, and the door that rings a bell as it opens to summon the fat old baker's wife into the shop from the room behind!

The chemists' shops are most often to be found in houses of the Baroque or Eighteenth Century periods. With their coloured bottles and golden orbs and heraldic animals they lend an air of poetry to the place which even aspirin and sanatogen are powerless to destroy. Similarly the rushing mill stream, the smell of the tannery, the sound of the smithy, all bring back the atmosphere of

the ancient crafts. In certain old towns the past is still more vividly with us. In Nördlingen the town crier calls nightly from the church tower, and no motor traffic is allowed within the walls of Dinkelsbühl on Sundays.

The stationers' shops in these small towns often stock quite readable books among the medley of school note-books, pencils and pious texts in gaudy frames; good sound reading, which the Berlin tourist will dismiss as boring without more ado.

An air of ease and homeliness broods over these towns. You see the old women gossiping in the streets or out of the shop windows. Perched up on the high roofs you still sometimes find a stork's nest, though the bird is unfortunately fast dying out.

The road to the station usually consists mainly of modern houses. It leads past the war memorial, over the town bridge, affording views of the open country with its woods and waving cornfields. Beyond the station it continues its way between low hedges to some factory buildings, and then on to the edge of the wood and the shooting range, where the various rifle clubs practise their art.

Such are the country towns of Germany, straggling over the wide plains or huddled up in the narrow valleys, at the mouths of the rivers or along the sheltered bays of the sea. Each has its own peculiar history, for in the days when the old town walls really played their part in defending the life of the place, these towns counted for something. Walls and ramparts and fortifications tell their tale of war and strife, though now their only purpose is to provide a good view of the surrounding country-side This may be wide and uninterrupted, but beyond the horizon, never far away, hangs the smoke of the teeming cities. And the small town is nowadays merely an insignificant factor in the whole gigantic, invisible, economic system; merely statistical and commercial material for a few Berlin officials. True, the country town is part of the

country, but then the country itself is fast becoming urbanized.

The town that can boast over thirty thousand inhabitants usually runs to a tramway system. The main streets of such towns bear vivid testimony to the rapid progress made since 1871. The shop windows have a certain show of prosperity; they give one a view of Germany's industries in miniature. Carpets, gas stoves, boots and shoes, furniture for newly married couples, bicycles, hair tonics, coffee of every blend—here they all are, one after the other. America contributes her quota of soap, chewing gum, razor blades and Ford cars. Trade, industry, advertisement have transformed the appearance of these shops. The spirit of the business magnate is having its effect on the architecture, just as the spirit of Imperial Germany did in former days. In these days a town of this sort will have its large emporium, complete with illuminated signs and lifts to the third floor; enough to warm the heart of the provincial with the feeling that he is in a really large city.

Every town has its famous building or its famous man. In yonder town hall Berlichingen may have threatened the burghers with his mailed fist; Luther perhaps nailed up his dissertation on the walls of yonder church. There, next to the railway company's offices, stands the Luther Oak, where the Papal Bull was burnt to ashes. Picture postcards and lurid lithographs portray church and fountain, oak and famous man.

The residential quarters of these towns have a pleasant, good-humoured air about them. Usually they are the very picture of quiet respectability, but on national festivals and celebrations they spring to sudden life. Thousands of torch-bearing, music-blowing devotees—officials, professors, labourers, political and sporting organizations—stream through the streets in solemn procession on to the meadows outside the town. Here a great bonfire is made of the assembled torches. So

popular are these ceremonies that even the local communists consent at least to play the part of spectators.

Such a town as we have been describing is larger than the largest city of the Middle Ages. The whole complex mechanism of the modern world is to be found reflected in it: every intellectual tendency, every form of industry, every political party and club or organization. It is no longer a town with one faith, one aim, one emotion, one home; it is a centre of forces that are not confined to this town, nor even to Germany, but which move and affect the whole world. The communist cares more for the political success of his comrade in Hamburg than for the commendable patriotism of his own municipality in erecting a fountain in the market-place. The paper manufacturer is more disturbed by the state of the Berlin Bourse than by the disastrous fire at the town hall. The local inn, now raised to the dignity of an hotel, provides time-tables not only of the railways, but also of the air lines and ocean sailings. Every sort of German dialect can be heard in the streets.

The kernel of many of these towns was a walled city clustering round a citadel or cathedral, but there are others which grew up round palaces and parks of the Baroque or Rococo period. Thus Ludwigsburg, which was laid out in 1704 in a series of rectangles. At first it scarcely had room for aught but officials and pastors; within the first ninety years of its existence it gave birth to Mörike, Vischer, Kerner, and David Friedrich Strauss. Nowadays it houses no less than thirty thousand people in between its parks and palaces. Carlsruhe, again, five times its size, lies in the form of a fan between forest and plain. Potsdam, on the other hand, is a strange hybrid; for it was built partly round an old Slav village, and partly round its parks and palaces and barracks. It is entirely without any Gothic element. These towns with Rococo palaces nearly all have detached ornamental arches vaulted over the street. These are certainly

charming, but they serve no more purpose than the little coats of mail in which the reigning princes used to have themselves painted.

But if you would really understand these old towns, then you must pay a visit to the dingy local museum, the scientific hunting ground of professor and parson, forester and geologist. From primitive times to the inflation period you will find everything there—be it the deposit of dunes and mud-flats and sand-banks, or of mountain and rock and glacier. The tale begins with crystals, belemnites and ammonites, continues through mammoth's tusks, boxes of insects, fungi and mosses, eggs and stuffed animals, till we come to Teutonic skeletons and Roman sarcophagi; and already we are plunged into the confused tangle of German history, as revealed in old engravings, armour and ancient seals.

The history of these towns is usually a long tale of turbulence and war. Here the Catholic priest was hurled from the church tower by the Swedish invaders; his Protestant successor met with the same fate shortly afterwards at the hands of the Bavarians. Witches were burnt and thieves tortured. Rebellious peasants struck off the noses from the statues of their overlords. Six battles were fought here; ten times was the town beleaguered. The citizens united in defence against princes and nobles, against the neighbouring town, against invaders from abroad. Every sort of yoke has been theirs; they have had to submit to count and baron, bishop and kaiser, and finally to be incorporated in Prussia as though by a stroke of the pen. Perhaps they had their periods of prosperity from salt mines or bridge tolls. But for the most part they were miserably poor, taxed and levied almost out of existence. They called in the Jews to aid their finances, only to drive them out again in fury later. And in the midst of all this turmoil the guilds and corporations flourished, the mystic wrote, the unknown master painted. The town was famous for its weaving

and embroidery, its astronomical clocks, its escutcheons and tankards and chandeliers. The printing-press issued Bibles and broadsheets, and—to come down to a later day—placards for Napoleon and recruiting posters for the Great War. It is all a typically German medley of courage and industry, skill and craft, strife and turmoil, piety and prudence, subservience and independence.

The smaller university towns have a quite peculiar charm of their own. Here the academic spirit dominates the place, as it cannot do in the great centres like Berlin and Munich. It is wonderful to think of all that is thought and done within so small a space, in the laboratories and lecture rooms, in walks along the river bank and over the beer mug in the café. The old oak door to the dusty library is like a saga, and the cathedral chimes seem to take on an academic dignity from the presence of the theological faculty next door. Our rooms are reached through the thickest of stone walls or ancient wooden panelling. Each of the seasons has its own academic character: summer with its outdoor life, winter by the fireside, spring with walks in the fresh meadows, and autumn the beginning of the academic year. And we must not forget the river or lake with its skiffs and rowing boats.

Oxford and Cambridge are more dignified and athletic with their carefully tended lawns and tennis courts between the charming brick colleges and the river bank. In Parma or Bologna the fierce sun burns all day over the university buildings, and the pursuit of knowledge is conducted in cool semi-ecclesiastical cloisters. In Lund and Upsala winter broods over the scene; the friendly wood-stove is the best nourisher of academic thought; the students all wear white caps, unlike the many-coloured ones of our German universities, and the problems of life are less harsh and difficult than with us.

But there are other towns in Germany besides those we have been discussing, with their academic air, or

Gothic core, or princely residence. Towns like Hamborn, which from being a village in 1870 has grown, under the pressure of trade and industry, into a city of a hundred and ten thousand inhabitants. These cities entirely lack the charming irregularity of the older towns. For the most part they stretch out flat and rectangular, their monotony relieved only by the drabness of the municipal park. They have not got the unrestrained exuberance of the American industrial town. Their gigantic administrative and municipal buildings give them an air of orderly officialdom. The quarters of the rich and poor are kept severely apart.

These towns belong to the realm of statistics and economics, to the world of labour exchanges and unemployment insurance. From the historical and cultural point of view they are of no interest.

The Big Towns.

The large industrial towns of Germany account for one-third of the total population of the country. As we approach one of these towns in the train, and cut through the new housing areas with their partly capitalist and partly socialist-proletarian architecture, and observe how the town has pushed its way further and further out into the surrounding country, we seem to see a century of German history passing before our eyes. Here we have the industrial and social problem in a nutshell. Here we see the destruction of the balance between town and country at its clearest. It is true that a similar process has taken place in other countries too, but in Germany the problem is particularly acute. For, firstly, the number of towns round which the uprooted masses settled is especially great in Germany; and, secondly, the rural population has remained a healthy and sturdily independent one. In England, France and Italy, the circumstances are somewhat different, and also the tension between town and country is no longer as great as it

once was, whereas this tension is particularly characteristic of modern Germany, and that not only in economic, but also in political and intellectual matters.

The first signs of the town we see from our train window are the beer gardens with their hundreds of tables and chairs, and their advertisements for various brews of beer. Then after some time we come to the first block of slum houses, with a naked party wall sticking up in all its grotesque ugliness out of the untidy soil. On the ground floor is the bar and café; in the upper storeys live the miserable poor, the workers who have to be up at five every morning to get to the factories in time. This block is a symbol of the age of speculative building, when the builder marked out his square of land, on which it was intended to erect block after block of houses which would bring in a nice fat income for himself and the landlord. That the building scheme should be a stupendous success seemed as inevitable as a law of nature. The municipality christened the yet houseless streets and set up street signs and lamps. Pavements were laid down, the streets were paved, and water was laid on. But, alas! during the inflation period the capital melted into thin air, and the melancholy party wall now stands there lonely and deserted. Nowadays a new type of housing scheme has come into being. Groups of brightly painted houses are being put up in the outskirts; but charming though they be, they do not give the impression of durability. And these new housing schemes count for little amid the endless stretches of the modern city.

In between party wall, factory and railway line lies the vast network of allotment gardens. The dogs standing outside the little huts, the tar boards and old disused railway carriages all go to form a peculiar poetry of their own. Here the weary labourer finds consolation in the thriving of his potatoes and radishes and charming flowers. It is astonishing what manages to shoot up out of the sand or clay amongst all the litter of broken bricks

and glass and empty tins. The few square feet of allotment with the inevitable rabbit hutch seem so diminutive that one is reminded of the crowded areas of China.

From here one can see an army of flags waving over the house-tops; but not the old monarchist flag, which you will see decorating the sea-coast resorts of the North Sea islands. Here it is either the new Republican flag, or else the red flag of the Internationale.

As we continue our train journey through the outskirts of the town, the houses grow ever thicker and sootier, and the network of railway lines becomes ever more intricate. We pass endless rows of grimy little back gardens, with the family washing hung out to dry and screaming children running about. During the hunger years it was in districts such as these that despair and anguish reached their climax; here was the most fruitful breeding ground of revolution. This is where the nameless masses dwell—in this endless sea of three-storied houses, in long straight streets without view or charm of any sort that lie between the factories and warehouses that form the outermost circle of the city and the old town that forms the city's centre. Here they eke out the joyless, unromantic drudgery of their existence. Here they procure their daily wants from the countless little grocers and tobacconists, who often do so little trade and are so taxed out of existence, that no American, for instance, would ever open such a business at all.

And now at last we reach the station, which is usually situated in the district that lies between that part of the city we have just been describing and the old central quarter. The station buildings are not so Babylonian in their splendour as, say, those of New York, but they are massive and up-to-date with their large spaces and glass roof. The German spirit of officialdom is always very much in evidence. Notices hold out warnings on every side: 'Caution!' 'It is forbidden to . . .,' etc. The German railway station is a confusion of subways, stairs,

placards and barriers; more intricate and, so to speak, juridical than in other countries, and not, truth to tell, quite so efficient as it would like to appear.

But to counteract this stern display of efficiency and organization, there is always the homely friendly atmosphere of the station hairdresser and the refreshment rooms. The latter are divided into two classes, the chief difference between which is that in one table-cloths are provided and in the other they are not. Between the two is the buffet with its beer and sausages, and the railway posters of the Zugspitze and Cologne cathedral looking down from the walls.

The station neighbourhood has its own special character. The houses are large and somewhat gloomy, typical of the confusion of styles that reigned in the last century, but not without a certain grandeur. The 'Station Street' or, perhaps more frequently, the 'Kaiser Street' runs, as in Frankfort, right through the town to the ramparts. In the niches of the banks or insurance company offices are statues of Victory or Mercury or of German Emperors. It is a neighbourhood of cinemas and blinking electric signs and rattling trams. Typewriting firms and car manufacturers have their offices here, and the head post and telegraph offices are often situated in this quarter. The hotels are a generation younger than their French or English counterparts, and a generation older than the American. Their interiors still breathe the atmosphere, even though it is a little threadbare, of pre-war Imperial Germany.

The old moats and ramparts are often the most charming part of German towns. They lie between the station neighbourhood and the centre of the town, and the trim gardens and flower beds and ponds with their boats and swans combine with the chestnut trees and laurel bushes, the weeping willows and orange trees, to give a slightly international air to the place. In this quarter of the town we still meet with charming old-fashioned public build-

ings and private houses, and there is usually a sprinkling of statues of burgomasters and poets and philosophers in the neighbourhood. In the more conspicuous sites, say where one of the main streets crosses the ramparts, one will find statues of Bismarck and the old Kaiser, and here, too, the municipal theatre is often situated.

Between the station neighbourhood and these gardens there is frequently a district of fine old houses with walled gardens and covered entrances, built by the doctors and bankers and well-to-do citizens of a vanished epoch. But further in, towards the centre of the town, the development has been of quite a different character. For here the buildings have had to be superimposed on top of each other, unless, perhaps, an entirely new street has been cut through the ancient network. The older and larger the towns become, the more do the residential quarters move outwards, leaving the centre of the town to the 'City,' in the narrower sense of the word.

CHAPTER II

The Towns Themselves

Some of the More Remarkable Towns.

In no other country of the world do the cities so faithfully reflect the changing fortunes of the nation as in Germany. The relative importance of Marseilles, Lyons, Rouen and Paris is still much the same as it was before the war; and the same might be said of Manchester, Portsmouth and London. But the German cities pass and repass each other in the national chart like a squadron of boats bobbing up and down in the wake of some mighty liner. 'We have only to wander through the more remarkable of these German towns to have the splendour of this people and the beauty of their land displayed before our eyes' (Æneas Silvius, 1458).

Somewhere about the centre of Germany lies the charming city of Nuremberg, its citadel towering over the gently undulating wooded country that surrounds it. The Protestant atmosphere of Nuremberg, its mindfulness of its ancient dignity as a city of the Reich as well as of its allegiance to Bavaria, and at the same time its Central German characteristics, all serve to distinguish its quality vividly from that of Munich. This difference can be detected in the beer and sausages of the two towns, no less than in the distinction between the Protestant and slightly museum-like Sebalduskirche of Nuremberg and the Catholic Frauenkirche in Munich, which in spite of its more medieval quality seems somehow more actual and part of the present day. The Nuremberg 'Lebkuchen,' a kind of gingerbread cake, tastes of Hans Sachs and Dürer and the Meistersingers and of those Nuremberg

woods which were once the haunt of the famous bee-keepers. The Lebkuchen with its jolly sugar icing is a sort of edible Nuremberg toy.

From the castle rock one looks out over the two sections of the town, presided over by the Sebalduskirche and the Lorenzkirche respectively. The eye wanders over ancient ramparts and fortifications, over towers and posterns, roofs and gables, over lovely old brick walls and Renaissance oriels and the red chimney-pots of the present day. Sometimes one will see a rainbow stretching from the Hans Sachs house to the Siemens-Schuckert works, magically uniting the old Nuremberg to the new.

The railway station is situated hard by the ancient centre of the town, and thus these old streets are at the same time the busiest shopping neighbourhood. The little bronze goose-man with his two water-belching geese is always the centre of a throng of factory workers, commercial travellers and merchants. A huge industrial town has grown up around the original city. A mysterious bond seems to unite the old Nuremberg crafts to the spirit that built the first stretch of German railway line between Nuremberg and Fürth. The ancient town lends a charm and grace to the machine age in its midst. The place is full of good bars and beer-houses where the old German spirit lingers side by side with the modern efficiency of bankers and engineers. Nuremberg possesses two souls: that of the old core of the town and that of the stupendous sea of modern houses that surrounds it; but they are interwoven in a quite different way from that of, say, Frankfort or Breslau.

Why is Nuremberg—that 'noble spot,' which Luther felt to be the eye and ear of Germany—of no intellectual or spiritual significance in modern German life? The spiritual union of Albrecht Dürer and the modern factory, of Reich and Bavaria, has not as yet produced any offspring capable of making an effective contribution to the building up of modern Germany. True, one thinks of its

pencils and its charming toys, and the prosperity of the town is undeniable. But it lacks vital intellectual force. Medieval Nuremberg owed its greatness, partly to its position on the direct line between Venice and Flanders, but chiefly to the efficiency of its citizens: efficiency in that original German sense of a community of workers, employing their abilities in a definitely restricted field of activity. But its present tale of four hundred thousand inhabitants, its turnover, its, in comparison to Munich, increasing commercial importance, all this it owes to its connections with the rest of Germany, to the growth of mechanization, and to the ever greater extent to which it is losing its individual character. The conflicts between the various elements of which it is made up—its Gothic soul, its citizen spirit, Bavaria, the Reich, its industries, its communications—have found a solution that is essentially weak and unsatisfactory.

However, we do at least know how the Nurembergers earn their daily bread. What the inhabitants of Munich live off has always been a mystery. It is true that much beer is brewed here, but this cannot employ more than ten thousand men. Certainly they all do something: they are professors, inn-keepers, merchants, draymen, officials, porters, technicians, second-hand dealers, authors. And yet it is by no means clear where the money for their bread and butter or for the October Festival comes from. Munich seems to set all the laws of political economy at defiance. It has always been full of queer customers who do nothing except be Munich-like. Verily, the air of Munich itself must have a nutritive quality like the manna in the desert.

It does, however, make glass, painted beer jugs, cushions, furniture, miniature carvings, and in short every kind of art product. People also paint pictures here, but they usually fail to sell them.

Beer, in Munich, prides itself on being a regular industry. The manager of the brewery styles himself simply ' brewer.'

It has little commercial ambition, little inclination to be anything else but what it is: something that has always been there, something in which race and landscape as well as nourishment are blended. It is only really at home in the setting of the brewer's man in tall boots and thickly buttoned jacket rolling a heavy cask along the ground or setting to work to broach it, or of the gaily beribboned horses bringing the precious liquor to the thirsty harvesters. These familiar scenes help to compensate for the introduction of all the machinery of modern commerce into the age-old realm of malt and hops. Compared with this realm the modern 'Berliner-Kindl' brew is looked upon partly as a sort of blasphemy, partly as frankly ridiculous, partly as a lamentable mechanization of the sacred barley juice, going on up there in Berlin in the neighbourhood of all the other monstrous factories.

True, Munich has its heavy industries, but they are somehow quite different. It manufactures locomotives up to a hundred and eighty-six tons weight, and also the smaller kind for the charming stretch of line between Holzkirchen and Rosenheim. But Munich is not really in earnest about this age of statistics and machinery. It has, certainly, its Deutsches Museum, which is full of these things, but then, after all, it is a museum! It has failed to realize that these museum pieces are nothing more than a silent protest against the real achievements of the industrial age, that this latter is a far more serious and complex affair than these delightful working models would give one to suppose; that it is, in fact, the axis round which Berlin and the rest of the world move, and indeed the standard by which Berlin justifies its contempt for Munich's backwardness and declining powers. But Munich feels proud of its prophetic foresight in building its Deutsches Museum, a feat of which Berlin was quite incapable; proud of this noble link with the modern age, now that the war and the loss of the Royal House has brought confusion upon the old soul of the city and trans-

ported so many of its painters and sculptors and poets and old worthies into the beer gardens of Valhalla.

Until the beginning of the nineteenth century Munich was not really a cultured city, in spite of a certain intellectual distinction. True, it could boast a royal residence, dukes and Electors, and a solid middle class. But it never attained to the patrician dignity and commercial importance of, say, Augsburg, Cologne or Nuremberg. It had not produced a single man of real political or intellectual greatness. Even after 1800 the practice of torture did not wholly die out here. Munich was really of no significance, and Bavaria was a dark blot on Germany's so brilliant intellectual landscape. Here the mundane high-priestly side of Catholicism was entirely lacking.

And then through the agency of its kings it was transformed into a modern Hellas—a Hellas in the midst of its breweries and heavy German burghers!

Around the old town with its palace and town hall and cathedral arose the Grecian glories of the Propylæum, the Glyptothek, the Pinakothek and the Ludwigstrasse. Munich broke through its walls into the high southward plain, to be fanned by the snowy Alpine breezes of the Isar valley. It became that hybrid of Italian and Germanic elements that we know today.

Thither came settlers from North Bavaria, the Palatinate, from Swabia, Thuringia, the Rhineland, and even from Saxony and Prussia; each bringing with him the character of his own particular district, and blending it with the racy good humour of the native population. In this Alpine atmosphere the many-sidedness of the German soul was welded into a German unity; a unity which politics and militarism and mammonism hindered the rest of the Reich from attaining In this atmosphere the Protestants who had streamed here since 1806 lived on the friendliest terms with the native Catholics, and no one bothered about whether his neighbour was a Jew or not. For a century long Munich was the home of all that

was most brilliant and distinguished. Munich was the sacred sanctuary of the Germans. It was held in affection everywhere in the world, whereas Berlin and the rest of the Reich became an object of universal hatred.

Unsightly streets, which would be frightful in Berlin, become tolerable in Munich; they bear a charming relation to the whole. Why is it that the tram-stops, Giesing, Haidhausen, Sendlingerhöh', Ostbahnhof, sound so much more alive and friendly than their Berlin counterparts, Neukölln, Wedding, Kreuzberg, and Stralau-Rummelsberg? It is not only the greater significance of the landscape here. No; it is because the two poles of the Bavarian spirit, which we shall discuss in greater detail later, have their roots in the soil. The Auer Duld in Munich is living earth; the Berlin Hasenheide is an object for the speculator in real estate.

Munich no longer really counts in the world of commerce. It has played the fool. It has contemptuously rejected the seductions of Americanism or Berlinism, and so gratuitously insulted the Internationale of Business Efficiency. The Munich that prided itself on being a vital and effective counter-force to the power of Reich, kaiser and industrialism has sunk into decay. It has thus sunk, because the very forces against which it protested were those to which it owed its prosperity and its unique cultural position. Munich felt itself superior; it let the rest of the Reich, the stupid ones, do its work for it. It was important commercially and otherwise, because it fitted so appropriately into the artistic and bourgeois spirit of the old Germany.

Even before the war Munich's dislike of Berlin was based on a fear lest Berlin, without any spiritual justification whatever, should triumph over the unique Bavarian inheritance. Meanwhile, however, one was still a power to be reckoned with; one advanced; one had one's king just as Prussia had. At the moment this old worry has made way for the despairing, and yet not wholly admitted,

conviction that Munich has not survived the war, whereas Berlin has. In fact, in some respects Berlin has won the war. Munich fears more strongly than any other German city that all together are condemned to become merely a province of Berlin, which itself is a province of a nation whose outlines are still unsettled and confused. Munich feels that everything is being bungled on every side, and yet it has neither the money nor the trade facilities to set itself to rights. Nor, for that matter, has it the will to do so. It is all very well for Berlin journalists to cry hustle, hustle, and ever more hustle, but how in the devil is one suddenly to begin hustling on this shingly plateau five hundred metres above sea level? No, if any miraculous change is to come over Munich, it must come unawares, as the shower of gold came to Danaë.

The tension of the pre-war period had productive results, but its place has now been taken by a quite unproductive defiance. Munich has taken to politics; it sees in Pan-Germanism the saviour of its Bavarian essence. It holds up the image of Mother Germania to resentful Bavaria, and feels that in so doing it is displaying both strength and political acuteness. But the Bavarians were not born to rule. It makes one wonder, to look at them, how the Germans ever became a great sea power, and still more how they ever had a colonial empire. The Bavarians have never made history on the large scale; they have made local and cultural history. Perhaps this is why in Munich and Nuremberg they possess the two finest historical museums in Germany. They feel more at home among the splendours of the October Festival or at the opening of a new museum than in domestic or foreign politics; in fact, Bavaria's own most fervid politicians have a way of being non-Bavarians. Bavaria's domestic policy is one persistent effort to avoid being absorbed into Berlin and the Berlinized Reich, buoyed up by the faint hope that this policy of procrastination will somehow bring about its salvation. This Pan-German Bavaria

seems to be always on the point of abandoning Germany in order to save Bavaria, but it will certainly end by doing neither the one nor the other.

In its difficulties Munich has turned to the Church for aid. A new Catholicism is growing up on Bavarian soil; but not the old sort of Catholicism, which was permeated with so much of what was most free and charming in the Bavarian spirit. This new variety is a degenerate species, used to support and excuse reaction; for at present it does not suit the Bavarian to be progressive. Bavaria is more catholic than the Pope. But the process is not complete, nor is it likely to be completed, for Munich, as we have seen, is a town of many elements, and it is the prime preoccupation of the modern age to try and 'integrate' Germany.

It is difficult to prophesy Munich's future, but one must be on one's guard against taking its decline too much for granted. Since the war its population has increased by a hundred thousand. The peculiar energy and vitality of this age is not entirely lacking even on the banks of the Isar. The very fact that the whole of Germany is developing into one enormous city will prevent Berlin from becoming all and everything, and it is possible that one day Munich will once again become, in a way one cannot at present foresee, the intellectual and cultural force that it was.

In the meanwhile the question is: What city is to take its place? That all the cities should become provincial is a prospect no German can contemplate with equanimity. And to place one's hopes on Berlin is a solution that would occur to no one except the Berliners themselves. And in any case it is not so much their ambition to succeed to Munich's cultural hegemony as to become the capital of Central Europe. Besides, there is a general feeling that Berlin lacks understanding of many matters of the highest human importance, and that it would be tactless to expect it to be able to supply them. And so we ask: What now? Who will be able to give them to us? And we answer the question, now in this way, now in that.

After all we have so many lovely cities! There in Augsburg on the Bavarian-Swabian border the ancient fountains plash and play by the Perlach and the Fuggerei, as they have done for centuries; and between the racing mill waters stand the famous textile and engine factories. We have Elberfeld and Barmen on the phosphorescent waters of the river Wupper. We have Erfurt with its flower-decked plain and Gothic spires, and Brunswick with its charming timbered houses.

But none of these towns has the essential vital quality we are looking for. Nor shall we find this in Potsdam or in Weimar. It is true that they both symbolize, each in its own way, something peculiarly German. But neither is complete in itself; Potsdam needs Weimar, and Weimar Potsdam, to complement the other. And one could say the same of Berlin and Munich, Hamburg and Vienna, Rothenburg and Essen. Potsdam's discipline and military display are happily counterbalanced by the classical atmosphere of Goethe's home. What could, indeed, be more beautiful than these two towns? The first shedding its artistic and military brilliance on the shadow of Berlin, in which it rests; the second uniting the crampedness of the provincial German town with the spaciousness and freedom of its gardens, its princely buildings, and its memories.

But where is the spirit, where the vital flame? Is it to be found with the poets and artists and festival organizers, who wander amid old memories and think themselves back into the greatness of the past? or with the old excellencies and dignitaries of the place? No! The spirit that animates Potsdam and Weimar today is no longer that which made them a symbol and an inspiration; it is the spirit behind all modern German endeavour, a spirit compounded of restless energy, hope, and talent. Neither Potsdam nor Weimar can claim to be the centre of anything really vital or new.

With Stuttgart, however, the case is somewhat different.

It is free from the brooding resentment that besets Munich, and the busy man with his suit-case and papers will find himself taking a sleeper to Stuttgart or Frankfort or Cologne much more frequently than to Munich nowadays. With its population of three hundred and fifty thousand inhabitants it is not so very far off the half-million limit, and this is just the most desirable size for a German town to be. It is then not so large that it sacrifices its individuality, and yet it is large enough to have the importance of a great city, and to be able to further the cause of culture through the power of its municipality.

Stuttgart is not indeed so modern and up-to-date as Berlin, but it is certainly more so than Munich. The canny caution of the Swabian prevents him from throwing himself heart and soul into the modern movement. The relations between Swabia and Prussia are somewhat less strained than those between Bavaria and Prussia; the more nimble Swabian intelligence feels more at home in the atmosphere of Berlin. In fact, Stuttgart has altogether more affinity than Munich with the present tendency towards a greater spiritual unity between all parts of Germany.

Along the valley of the Neckar between Plochingen and Heilbronn stretches a regular network of railway lines and telegraph wires and factories. Everything here is electrified; chimney stacks and soot are little in evidence. In fact, the country round Feuerbach and Ludwigsburg is rapidly growing into one enormous town; more and more ground is covered with concrete, railway lines and power-houses. Yet the original character of the district, even the local dialect, still survives. We still find the little peasant farms and gardens, some of whose numerous sons are employed in the local factories for optical instruments, clocks or pianos. Stuttgart is far from all iron or coal. What it manufactures must be of fine quality and able to stand competition and high freights.

Hence, amid all the imposing modernity of Stuttgart's principal streets, the shop windows have much to show that has the charm of craftsmanship. And yet its motor-cars and magnets, its pistols and kneading machines have all the efficient finish of this mechanical age. In Stuttgart, in fact, the intimate relationship between man and his work seems still to persist. The first motor-cars appeared in Swabia, the first Zeppelins flew over Swabian ground. Why here, rather than Berlin, the home of modernity ?

Stuttgart is altogether a sort of cross between old-fashioned charm and enterprising modernity. On the one hand we have quaint and narrow alleys; on the other the beautiful Schlossplatz, the theatres in the park, and the Bosch and Daimler-Mercedes factories. Chestnut trees blossom between the tramway wires. From the seething centre of the town the tram-cars clatter up to the surrounding heights, which are still, right in the middle of Stuttgart, used as vineyards. From these heights one gets a charming view of the town below. At night the lights of Stuttgart are reminiscent of Zürich, and indeed the very dialect has something Swiss about it.

Stuttgart and Munich reacted to the war and revolution in curiously different ways. The war hit Munich particularly hard, and the King of Bavaria was the first to be driven from his throne; but afterwards Munich repented bitterly of what it had done, became sulky and defiant, and laid the blame for all its woes on Berlin and the Jews. Stuttgart, on the other hand, took leave of its king with sorrow and regret; but now it marches in the forefront of the modern age.

The Hansa towns and free cities of the Reich, although they are federal states in themselves, possess no real hinterland. All they have is a little surrounding territory with a few villages, which nevertheless has its uses. Hamburg, for instance, derives its flowers and vegetables from the Vierlande: a district of four parishes, a sort

of Little Holland with its dikes and ditches and picturesque peasant costumes. Bremen, the smallest state in Germany, practises both stock and arable farming, and Lübeck in its main territory and its nine exclaves does the same.

These three cities are all river ports, situated far inland at the point where the rivers widen into estuaries. Farther down towards the mouths lie Travemünde, Bremerhaven and Cuxhaven, the last-named a Hanseatic exclave lying between Prussia and the North Sea.

These Hansa towns have always been an example of what heights of fame and prosperity and power a city state can attain to. In many respects the Hansa towns, and especially Hamburg, stand at the summit of German civilization. One finds a certain quality of nobility here that is lacking elsewhere in Germany.

What is *Hanseatentum* ?

Like all German concepts ending in '*tum*' it is a fusion of many and varied elements. The Hansa town feels that it has all Prussia, and indeed all Germany, for its proud hinterland, and the ocean and the ocean trade for its ancient heritage. It loves the sea and the life of the sea for its own sake, no less than it loves trade and commerce for its own sake. The Hansa towns are like one stupendous warehouse, where all business is conducted with the sterling honesty of the Hanseatic character. The bourses of Hamburg and Bremen have a higher reputation than the Berlin Bourse, and a Hanseatic senator counts for more in German eyes than an ordinary town-councillor or even a Reichstag deputy.

The Hansa towns stand in relation to the rest of Germany like a string of trading companies in a foreign land: German towns that have never known subjection to the power of prince or general, bound to each other by common ties of business and friendship. Although they are separated from each other by wide stretches of Prussian territory, they have preserved a uniform

Hanseatic style of architecture from the ancient Gothic brick right down to the Hamburg Chilehaus and the Böttcherstrasse in modern Bremen. In the old parts of the town, where wainscoting and gable still show the Hansa spirit in its Gothic and Renaissance manifestations, the beer-houses and public buildings have old rigged ships hanging from the ceilings, and seascapes and townscapes and portraits of senators decorating the walls. In the cellar of the Bremen town hall the vintages of Rhine and Nahe and Moselle, and even of Bordeaux, seem to take on a Hanseatic flavour. The atmosphere here is pleasanter than in the coarser beer-houses of Munich, and a regular army of huge carved casks supplies proof, if proof were needed, both of the antiquity of the place and its continued popularity.

The streets are redolent, in all senses of the word, of the warehouse and the merchant company. Tar, steamers, anchor chains, tides, the Low German dialect, the splendid wharfs with their old traditions, all serve as a connecting link between the clamour of the riveting hammers in the dockyards and the romantic contents of the bales of merchandise. The counting-house clerk is surrounded by an air of commercial dignity very different from that of his colleagues in Frankfort or Berlin.

Rice, tobacco, cotton, coffee, bananas, grain, ore, oranges, wine, tea, petroleum pour in one continuous stream from the ships into the warehouses, goods waggons and barges. But no sooner are they landed on German soil than they are absorbed into the factories, to be converted into this or that, thus diminishing the freightage into the interior. A whole new industrial stratum has grown up around the harbour and old town, especially in Hamburg and Bremen, adding one new component to the Hanseatic landscape, which is a quadruple entity of commerce, harbour, industry and town. The warehouses store finished products as well as raw materials: polished rice, roasted and caffeine-free coffee, medicines and

chemicals, refined oils, soap, cigars, engines, Bremen silver, mohair, linoleum, beer, chocolate. In Bremen Swedish ore is smelted, and there are automobile and electromotor factories.

But this process of transformation from raw material to finished product has filled these Hansa towns with an enormous proletarian population, a proletariat of that peculiar type produced by the combination of ship and dockyard and factory. As the communists march in procession through the streets of Hamburg, their revolutionary songs seem to take on a more sinister quality than elsewhere. Nowhere else does the strike have such an uncanny and menacing effect as in this crowded industrial landscape, where wharfs and factories and harbour, goods station and canal all lie idle at the same moment. At such times the sea haze that broods over these silent cities seems charged with anxious foreboding for the future.

In the meantime, however, the ancient quality of these Hansa towns remains unimpaired. Hamburg and Bremen are Atlantic; Lübeck, where Danish and Swedish as well as German newspapers are supplied in the cafés, is Baltic. Hamburg and Bremen lie on a line between Copenhagen and Amsterdam; Hamburg is slightly Danish in atmosphere, Bremen slightly Dutch. At the same time the sea air seems to bring a certain Anglo-Saxon influence from over the waters. A Hamburg or Bremen merchant often has a decidedly English appearance, especially when the whiskey has had a chance to do its work! These, then, are the Hansa towns, with Holland to their left, Denmark to their right, England to the west, and the Reich at their back (it is farther from Bremen to Hanover than from Hanover to Bremen).

The Hamburgers are solid and dignified people. Their modern dwelling houses are large and imposing, and it is not for nothing that a giant statue of Bismarck looks out over harbour and Elbe. Hamburg, like London, has its

sinister neighbourhoods; for instance, in Sankt Pauli. But Sankt Pauli marches with Altona, where the Prussian police can be relied upon to keep law and order. The border-line between Hamburg and Prussia cuts right through the intricate network of streets, and the Hamburger loves to boast that one can tell at once from the dirt where Prussia begins and Hamburg ends. The people of Bremen are more solidly bourgeois than the Hamburgers, and incidentally more anti-Semitic. Their charming detached villas with their front gardens and scrupulously clean window-panes show the pride and independence typical of the Lower Saxon.

The three cities have strong traditions, which have profoundly influenced their life and culture. They are bound to each other by administrative and economic ties, regardless of the miles of Prussian territory that separate them. They have excellent schools and theatres, but they are somewhat lacking in intellectual charm; their solid business common sense makes them suspicious of such fripperies. Hence their culture is not so sensitive as that of Munich. It has a more reserved and practical quality.

The unique attraction of Hamburg is the Prussian village of Stellingen. Here the ostriches strut up and down their farm, lions stretch themselves in the sun, and chamois clamber on the rocks. In the space of a few thousand square feet one wanders through the five continents, and has to keep reminding oneself that one is still, after all, in Germany.

Hamburg and Bremen lost the war to England; Cologne lost it to France; Berlin, in so far as it did not win it, to Poland; and Munich lost it to Berlin.

Cologne's ramparts and fortifications have been of little profit to it in the past, and they are the reason why the inner town is so closely packed today. In this cribbed confinement the cathedral bells ring out over a score of churches huddling under its shadow—Herz Jesu Kirche,

Jesuitenkirche, Gereonskirche, Severinskirche, Kunibertikirche. Just as the lay-out of the city reminds one of its Roman origin, so the churches recall the early Christians and the ten thousand holy virgins. The bells ring out, too, over the old Gürzenich merchant house, over the post office and the rows of imposing buildings in its neighbourhood, and over the main station, so irreverently near, as it seems, to the sacred precincts of the cathedral. People are always talking about the sacred atmosphere of Cologne Cathedral, but the nimble wit of the inhabitants makes it difficult to take this too seriously. True, the people of Cologne are frequently pious Catholics, but they are Cologne Catholics. What really delights them is the splendour of ceremony and procession. They are a mixture of South-West German and Romance qualities and of true German efficiency. Every native of Cologne has a little devil of mischief lurking in him somewhere; a smile is ever ready to spring to his gossip-loving lips; there is something of the atmosphere of an old Flemish fair scene about him, and this is specially in evidence in the merry crowds that throng the space round the cathedral at night. He carries, one might say, a 'Burgundian' soul within him; he is like a part of the middle ages. And this combination of gentleness and coarseness, wit and lack of character, piety and debauchery, is not to everybody's taste. There is something unstable about him. Cologne and the Rhineland tend to show a half-serious, half-mocking affection for France, but as they incline in any case to everything charming or in any way amusing, there is no need to take this too seriously, even though it may sometimes be rather exasperating for Prussia.

Actually Cologne, along with certain other Rhineland towns, flourished almost more than anywhere else under the Wilhelminian régime. The native of Cologne loves to eat and drink well, to live in splendid houses, hear abundance of music, and walk about in brilliant uniforms.

And the prosperous days of the Wilhelminian epoch transformed the coal and mineral wealth of the Rhineland into an earthly paradise for the business man. (This contrast between the charm of the dialect and the merry lightheartedness of the people on the one hand, and the stern efficiency of big business on the other, is a characteristic note of the Rhineland.) All the excitements and processions and theatrical effects of this time were a source of continuous delight to Cologne and its people. It was the Rhineland above all on which the Wilhelminian epoch left its mark, for which the huge bridge that spans the Rhine with its colossal portals and imperial crown forms a fitting symbol. This was the setting for the feverish activity of the age; activity which comprehended the festival spirit of an Adriaen van Ostade or Jan Steen, and a passionate cult of music as well as the manufacture of chocolate and gas motors and eau-de-cologne.

The Cologne carnival is a time of laughter and carousal, but crude debauchery is not permitted. Munich takes its carnival in a coarser, less witty spirit. The most recent German carnival, the Berlin one, is a medley of everything conceivable. But the Berliner doesn't really enjoy himself; he merely pursues pleasure feverishly.

Cologne, unlike Munich, Stuttgart and Berlin, has neither won nor lost in intellectual and cultural status. It has suffered with the times, but fundamentally it has remained where it was: a medieval city amid a vast ocean of modern houses, Prussian against its will and independent as ever. It has thrown itself into the modern age of technical science with its exhibitions and complex organization, in the hope that by so doing it will recapture the glamour and brilliance of the past epoch.

Frankfort has such a universal German quality about it that it might well serve as a type of the larger German city. The Main, on which it lies, may be considered to be the boundary between North and South Germany.

The city is situated in the middle of Franconia, between the two parts of Hesse, in the neighbourhood both of the wide Rhine valley and of the Wetterau plain, on whose sunny levels the Taunus, Rhön and Odenwald mountains look down.

Thus Frankfort is at the same time open and shut in. It is German through and through; though Prussian it neighbours Bavaria, and looks for inspiration ever more toward the west. The life of this industrial city is full of vigour and charm; it is noted for gossip and good journalism. Behind the old town lie the factories and little market gardens, and in the distance are the famous spas of Wiesbaden and Homburg.

Frankfort seems to have come out well in the general shifting of German eultural eentres. As a result of the destruction of the old German frontiers the pivot of German life has moved rather nearer the centre, nearer Frankfort, whose associations with the Romans, with the old Empire, with Goethe, with 1848 and the Peace of Frankfort, make it a fitting symbol of German history. Its culture is both German and Jewish; the Protestant, Catholic and Jewish elements are fairly equally distributed. Frankfort has learnt to accommodate itself to all the bewildering contrasts of German life. Its influence on modern German thought is both moderating and stimulating, but not quite decisive enough to give it a position of intellectual hegemony.

Dresden, with its royal palaces and exquisite baroque architecture, its Sistine Madonna and beautiful hotels, occupies a place of peculiar distinction among Germany's cities. The audienee at the opera is international and distinguished. Even the industries of the city—cigarettes, sewing machines, cameras, gargles—have something refined, or at least hygienic, about them. But all this is somehow a little out of keeping with the Saxon character. The true Dresdener feels more at home in the 'Pilsner Bierstall.' The delieate splendour of the

city is not in key with the formlessness of the Saxon soul and language.

Leipzig is much more truly Saxon. It is the centre of that crowded corner of German territory which depends not, like the Ruhr, on coal and iron, but on the manufacture of ready-made goods. The life of Leipzig centres round the fair. But it is also intellectually active, and is carving out a cultural future for itself, unimpeded by the standards that one applies to, say, Munich, a city weighed down by its past. The stupendous monument to the battle of 1813 looms in concrete and granite-porphyry over the fair and the crowds of business men and technical experts that frequent it. All the nations of the earth stream through the beflagged Petersstrasse, in the neighbourhood of which Richard Wagner was born. Bach was organist at the Thomaskirche; here Mendelssohn reigned in the flower of his romanticism, and Gellert wrote his homely fables; here the proofs of countless German books were read by the proof-readers of the seven hundred publishing concerns. This centre of ready-made goods and book production lies at the edge of the central uplands, where the plain opens out. There are no waterways in this district; Leipzig is a city of railways, and prides itself on possessing Germany's largest railway station. Finally, it is the citadel of German jurisprudence; it houses the ultimate court of appeal, in an Italian Renaissance building, right in the middle of these disputatious Saxons.

Breslau, part Polish as Saxony is part Wendish and Czech, half Catholic, half Protestant, slightly Jewish, a little neglected; Breslau, a city of coal and industry and at the same time the seat of a Prince Archbishop, with its flavour of Warsaw and Austrian Baroque and Prussian landed nobility; Breslau, the seventh city of the Reich, is looked upon by most Germans as a sort of distant province. It lies apart from the main body of Germany; it has no vital connection with Saxony or Berlin. The new West

End of Berlin, although many Silesians live there, has little interest in it. Breslau means little to the average German, even if he feels a certain amount of sympathy with it in losing Upper Silesia and its Eastern trade. But even these tragic facts seem a little remote compared with the fate of other parts of Germany—not so remote, certainly, as the cry of far-off Königsberg, but no less heart-rending.

The Capital.

A day came when the people of Tangermünde declined to pay a certain beer tax to their Elector, Johann Cicero (1486-1499), on which account the Elector removed the Hohenzollern court from the banks of the Elbe eastwards to Berlin in the land of the subject Slavs, a few metres above Normalnull at the point where the trickling Panke flowed into the sluggish Spree.

Two hundred and fifty years previously Berlin had come into being on the loose sandy soil and swampy ground beside the Spree, where the river was first bridged. There must doubtless have been reasons why the bridge was built just at this point—perhaps because the sand and gravel flats stretched nearer to the river, thus providing firm ground for building—but these reasons are no longer evident, as they are, for instance, in the case of the Roman bridge at Trier. The sand has long been built over, and the Spree hemmed in and split up beyond recognition. Berlin does not lie on it, as Frankfort lies on the Main; rather, one might say, it is permitted to slink through Berlin. Berlin is altogether without any real geographical or historical form; it stands, so to speak, nowhere and on nothing, and this is one explanation, perhaps, of its formless, undefinable character.

For centuries it was surrounded by Wendish territory, and possessed Wend quarters. According to old accounts it never seems to have been a happy town. For long it lacked any aristocratic or bourgeois or ecclesiastical

distinction, and was without famous buildings. In its infancy it had a soul of marsh and sand; it was fishing village, toll bridge and place of refuge. However, it probably paid the beer tax which the people of Tangermünde refused to Johann Cicero, who now stands enshrined in sugar-icing marble amidst the other worthies of the Siegesallee.

It was only after the Thirty Years' War that it began to grow to any considerable extent, and only since the war of 1870 that it has played the part of Germany's capital. In this respect it is not only younger than London and Paris; it is younger than Petersburg or even Washington!

In no respect is Berlin Germany's natural centre. It lies on the edge of the Reich. It is true that London and Paris and Rome also lie on the edge of their respective countries; but then London is the gateway to England, Paris is the centre of the most important area of France, culturally considered, and Rome is the historical centre of power. Berlin cannot be considered a centre, either from the historical, intellectual, cultural, geographical, or even really from the economic point of view. Berlin's importance is not, so to speak, rooted in the soil; it depends on rules and regulations. Its spirit is not moulded or defined by the landscape in which it stands. It lies unconfined in space; the office and the barrack are its natural expression; it penetrates into the rest of the Reich by means of abstract and invisible formulas and regulations.

Berlin has extended itself here and there, in accordance with the regulations, into the Mark of Brandenburg. It has not, however, developed in the feverish style of the American industrial city, but in that strange, somewhat cold, half-hearted manner peculiar to it. Those dreadful small red New York houses, bare except for the hideous placards that cover them, are somehow more alive than many a Berlin building.

Berlin's cathedral, for instance—which is neither Christian, nor Protestant, nor German—has been planked down on a space that would be much more suitable as a stretch of grass. At the Technical High School it might pass muster as a not too bad example of Italian Renaissance architecture. But it is a building without a soul; it has no religious patina. Where, indeed, could it get this patina in the most unreligious city in the world? By what it lacks one sees what other cities *have*.

The individuality of Berlin is indeed hard to grasp. All over this mysterious city there hovers a certain something that one would like to call the essence of Berlin, and yet on closer contact it does not seem to be there at all. When one arrives from the east at the Schlesischer Bahnhof there seems to be something almost Russian or Polish in the air. If one comes from Munich or Thuringia, the Münchner Hofbräuhaus greets one as one steps out of the station, and the hills and valleys of the south, one feels, cannot be far away. The Lehrter Bahnhof has a Western and Hanseatic atmosphere about it, and the Stettiner Bahnhof makes one think of northern seas and skies. Every kind of German hue flits over the Berlin screen, and here and there the essence of Prussian Berlin does seem embodied in such and such a corner or street. Round the Potsdamer Bahnhof, for example, and above all in Unter den Linden between the Brandenburg Gate and the Imperial Palace. Here at last we have something that is native and indigenous, something rooted in the place and not delivered, as it were, by goods train. The Prussian aristocracy as the ruling caste—that is what it expresses. Something upright and masculine and at the same time artistic and cultivated, cutting its way through the inchoate mass of the rest of Berlin. One or two streets farther on the cultured atmosphere is again destroyed, and the barbaric Friedrichstrasse crosses the Linden at right angles. Before the war the troops used to march down the military dynastic

line of the Linden, then swing round at the Kranzler-Bauer corner, and move down the Friedrichstrasse to the parade ground on the Tempelhofer Feld.

The Reichstag building stands isolated and forlorn amid the cold indifference of the Berlin atmosphere. It is a mongrel, bred of dynastic and Junker jealousy of parliamentarism in general and of the dynastic desire to grant the people a parliament as a mark of royal condescension. Not even the Bismarck and Moltke statues and the Pillar of Victory succeed in lending this neighbourhood the air of heroic idealism.

In fact, nothing in Berlin seems really to fit in with anything else. Even the railway stations relate more to their several provinces than to Berlin. The Spree doesn't go with the cathedral, nor the cathedral with the Brandenburg Gate, nor the Bouillonkeller with the police headquarters; whereas in Paris Notre-Dame and the Apache quarters all seem part of one common whole.

Between these disconnected streets and squares and buildings with all their individual qualities loom the endless districts in which the millions live and work and have their being. These districts are almost always without form or character; they do not even stand in any particular relation to a definite core or centre of the city, such as one can discern squashed away behind the Royal Palace. Nothing helps to make more human the square blocks of stone of which these depressing neighbourhoods are built. They have nothing warm or vital about them; the basis of everything is the trades union and the statistical chart, or in the better districts the state of business. The fact that they are often decked out in the most florid style of 'Berlin Renaissance' only makes them the more unpleasant. An atmosphere of sinister oppression and mechanical existence broods over them. In such districts Berlin will eventually be able to house eight and even ten millions of people. Here and there one is startled by a brightly coloured building in the latest

mode of the 'New Functionalism' with a stupendous bronze statue in one of the high corner niches, or by a mosque or Russian church. But such oddities have no real atmosphere of their own, no more than have the bright lights and electric signs which shoot their mechanical glow and glitter over Berlin's streets.

Germans from the south and centre and west of Germany find it extremely difficult to imagine what sort of people really live in these districts. One knows that they are reckoned in the census and that they speak German, but one feels there is something alien and un-German about them; compared with an average German family in, say, Stuttgart or Jena, they seem to elude definition. The columns of the Berlin Directory are sprinkled with Slavonic-looking names, Wendish and Polish. Apart from names from every quarter of Germany there are countless un-German names, which, we feel, do not properly count. It is unjust that names like Henschke, Kliemke and Lemke should be felt to apply to inferior human material. But it is a fact that authors who are so called are actually obliged to take a pseudonym. In the telephone book the Slavonic names take a back place beside the German and Jewish ones.

Berlin has never struggled for the 'German soul.' It is only from the provincial press that it is aware that anything so high-falutin as the 'struggle for the German soul' exists. Berlin is simply there as the capital of the Reich, without, however, really being the capital, for Germany has so many other capitals. It has, perhaps, tried to take measures to become the real capital, but at bottom it has been indifferent about the whole matter.

For the only thing Berlin really bothers about is that it shall be the centre of life and movement, that there shall always be something 'going on.' But the movements of the age are not reflected organically in the life of the city; its relation to the age is always somewhat automatic and superficial. The Hohenzollern qualities,

for instance, it never really expressed in any fundamental way. Certain Prussians may have shown an affinity with Sparta and Rome, but Berlin itself only really played with the militarist idea. The typical Berliner of the pre-war period was no more a militarist than the Berliner of the Revolution was a Bolshevik. And here we come up against the strange and puzzling paradox that in consequence of its abstract, unindividual quality the Berlin character is in a certain sense passively indifferent, and yet this very passivity (a coldness and intellectual aloofness which does not necessarily exclude politeness and even affection) gives birth, in its turn, to a certain activeness. The Berliner is no original creator; he merely makes use of the material offered him, sets it in motion, so to speak. But although he does his part conscientiously and reliably, he does it without any great conviction. He strives to keep his fundamental scepticism in abeyance, and derives a certain satisfaction and self-importance from the feeling that he represents the European of the future.

Thus the Berliner lives in a curiously unreal, disconnected atmosphere. Compared with other cities Berlin is an unhappy place, but it sets no store by the criterion of happiness. It is permeated by the philosophy of the unphilosophical, that colourless objective matter-of-factness, which manages the affairs of Greater Berlin with such magnificent efficiency, and makes it appear the most practical and materialistic city in the world. Nowhere else in Europe do we find this same curious mixture of practicality and unreality.

This contrast between intellectual aloofness and vigorous activity finds expression in every province of the city's life. Berlin equates practical activity with 'life,' and ridicules all other interpretations as romantic. But this ridicule is without justification, for no one is more adaptable than the Berliner; and, being a German, one of the forms his adaptability takes is romanticism. The result

of this combination of Berlinism and German Romanticism is Berlin 'Kitsch.' And what is Kitsch? Kitsch is the vulgar sentimentality which, for instance, decks out gigantic mass-feeding places with life-like representations of the Rhine and Vienna and the Alps, murdering in the process all that is most truly German.

Thus Berlin is a province to itself, and not, as it might be, a synthesis of all the German provinces. When provincial elements come into contact with Berlin, they are not absorbed into the life of the capital; they merely lose their own orientation. And this is why our Reichstag seems so provincial and at the same time so unnational.

Again, the undeniable 'liberal-mindedness' of the Berliner really springs from a refusal to take anything too seriously. The Berliner is impervious to criticism. Thus his famous self-assurance is really negative in origin. The Englishman respects his neighbour, and for this reason leaves him to himself. The Berliner also leaves his neighbour to himself, but he does it because he feels no interest in him.

The other side of Berlin's life, the vigour and energy and enterprise of its seething industrial life, is partly in curious contrast to what we have been saying, and partly a natural amplification of it. If it does not exactly provoke enthusiasm, it has, nevertheless, a certain greatness about it, nor, in this kind and measure, is it to be found elsewhere in Germany. And this persistent energy is indispensable for the Germany of today, for romanticism and music and philosophy are no longer sufficient to keep the complex machine of German life in proper running order. This strange mixture of constructive ability and restless energy has no exact parallel anywhere else in the world; even in America it takes a quite different form. But unfortunately Berlin has not yet succeeded in establishing a satisfactory relationship to the rest of Germany, nor the rest of Germany to Berlin. Were such a relationship once established, then at one stroke they would both be trans-

formed into something entirely different from what they are at present. But such a process takes time.

Before the war the life of Berlin centred round the two pivots of Prussian militarism and industry. In the interval the former has disappeared. The Wilhelminian epoch is gone, and Berlin has no intention of returning to it. Since then it has seemed to change its nature almost from one day to another, ever changing because it remained ever what it was: that is to say, a mass of rules and regulations and administrative measures, a shifting complex within a gigantic network of railway lines and air lines and canals, more intricate than that of almost any other city.

Berlin's industries hum and whir as busily, more busily than ever. But they do not race and clatter with the feverish intensity of the Ruhr area. Nor does the idea of craftsmanship or the romance of the machine age count for as much here as elsewhere. Electricity, the abstract, invisible force behind so many of the conveniences of modern life, is the mode of the day. Even the Berlin metal industry is slightly abstract in character. Beyond the quarters of the town built in the 'Berlin Renaissance' style stretch the endless industrial districts with the workshops and factories for tin and iron and aluminium wares, and in the miles upon miles of dreary slum dwellings hundreds of thousands of women are busy sewing and stitching for the 'creations' of the Berlin fashion shops.

Berlin does not seem to suffer from the lack of the old pomp and glitter of the Wilhelminian epoch. It has withdrawn into the eternal restlessness of its Sisyphean soul, and it has acquired a new importance. For in the interval the motor-car as an article of mass production has appeared on the scene, and practicality, mechanization and organization are now all the rage. Berlin has suddenly become up-to-date, more modern even than Paris. In such surroundings the military show of the pre-war period

would be felt as a positive nuisance. The reversal of all values has assumed enormous proportions. The humming of the engines acts on the masses like the trumpeting of the elephants on the armies of Pyrrhus. The motor-car with balloon tyres and four-wheeled brakes now bowls along the Döberitzer Heerstrasse, where once the regiments marched by. And patriotic memories are stirred again when among the many American cars that flit past us we note a German make.

Berlin is in the swim of the tide in yet another respect. It has always been the place where chaos has acquired form, as chaos. And now that Germany along with the rest of the world is a chaos, Berlin has really come into its own. In fact, it almost seems to be on the way to cast off its provincialism and become a true capital city.

And finally Berlin possesses the best of everything that money can draw. It has the best actors, dancers, singers, conductors, theatres, doctors and even clairvoyants. There will soon not be a trace of its old provincialism left. No town is so modern in its perfumery as Berlin. One can go to one of the great stores like Wertheimer's, and buy the very latest of everything. Our artists who draw advertisements of motor-cars with elegant ladies sitting inside already do their job almost better than their Parisian colleagues. If one wants to know what's going on, one must go to Berlin. It has become completely Europeanized. It is no longer military, nor even specifically *Berlinerisch*. It is European, without having ever been really German. In this age, in which nothing is firm or stable, this most unstable of cities has had to seek salvation by Europeanizing itself. Berlin is the proof that Prussia has fallen from its high estate, to become a bone of contention for the parties and administrative officials. Almost against its better judgment Berlin has had to treat Germany, and also Europe, seriously. In its restless energy it has outrun itself and Germany. It sticks out of the German Plain like some stupendous alien body.

The City Fathers of Berlin anticipate that in fifty years' time Berlin will be the capital of Central Europe with a population of ten million inhabitants, and, acting on this assumption, their planning and organizing is on the largest possible scale. Already Berlin covers a larger area than any other town in the world—with the possible exception of Los Angeles; as regards population it is the third largest, as regards its industries the largest, town in the world. Berlin is a country to itself: it stretches from Staaken to Schmöckwitz, from Buch to Wannsee, embracing within its borders lakes and fir woods and even occasional corn fields and windmills. But there is much barbed wire among it all, and every day the open spaces are being encroached upon by villas, garden suburbs, factories, garages, tennis courts, and refreshment rooms.

The population of Berlin is now five times what it was in 1871. Every year some six hundred and twelve thousand people emigrate to Berlin, and some five hundred and sixty thousand leave it. Only 40 per cent. of its inhabitants are Berliners by birth. This shifting of the population about Berlin is like a vortex in which a vast number of the German molecules are whirled round in violent mechanical movement. Munich, too, draws into its fold people from all parts of Germany, though not relatively in such large numbers. And though it is true that the two cities tend to some extent to attract people of a rather different type, yet the result in both cases must be the creation of a common type of average German.

As 60 per cent. of the population of Berlin are non-Berliners, new desires and aspirations are beginning to make themselves articulate. This colony of Germans feels that there is something not quite right about the position; they criticize their city for being a chaotic mass of unrelated entities, and would fain that it held a more firm and significant place in the structure of German life. And so it takes steps to attain this end. The news service of the Berlin Tourist Office has issued a pamphlet, entitled

'The Capital as the National Centre,' in which we read: 'It is our concern that in a hundred years' time this Greater Berlin of today shall become a city worthy to be the capital of the Reich, and the pride of every German. It is the concern more especially of those who take an interest in the welfare of their city that it should develop politically, culturally and artistically in such a way that it may become the focus and the mirror of the entire German people. In this sense, . . .' etc.

But who knows what things will be like in a hundred years? Perhaps the present tendency to centralize everything in the capital will then be quite out-of-date. It may well be that the population will be distributed with more or less equal density over the whole country, in which case a totally different economic and political situation will arise. Since 1870 the population of Germany has increased by twenty-five millions, but this increase has been confined to the towns; it has not affected the country-side. In a few years one will be able to travel from one end of Germany to the other in less than three hours; already the wireless has broken down the divisions between its seventy million inhabitants. Greater Berlin, with its fields and windmills standing between its factories, serves as a model of what the whole Reich will become in time. The importance of the capital dwindles before this image of the future.

Berlin and the sources of its prosperity will go through yet another transformation. The motor-cars, the machinery, the skyscrapers, will then be a thing of the past, like the Potsdam uniforms and all the rest. Then, in spite of its good theatres and brilliant dancers, bad times will come for this city, weighed down by the encumbrances of an out-of-date machinery. But perhaps the 60 per cent. of non-indigenous Berliners will gradually help it out of its difficulties into a warmer, better atmosphere.

BOOK III
THE PEOPLE

CHAPTER I

The Races of Germany

Their Significance.

The races of which the German people were originally made up can still be traced in the divisions of the population today. But these divisions no longer find national expression. Outside the pages of certain learned tomes and periodicals one will not meet any consciously Nordic or Dinaric communities, except perhaps in a few families and villages.

On the other hand the tribes, as we might call them—Bavarians, Saxons, etc.—are still living realities, though they do not, of course, form absolutely unique and distinct communities. Certain 'racial' divisions can be traced in them, but fundamentally each is a little German people in itself. They are firmer alloys within the larger all-German alloy, which has never really hardened into any final shape. Through their landscape and dialects, their customs and traditions, they have a more living and vivid meaning for the German than the Reich itself. And hence the concept of the 'tribe' persists with extraordinary force.

And this is really extraordinary. For however clearly we may feel the difference between, say, a Bavarian and a Lower Saxon, the practical effects of this tribal consciousness vary very greatly. It is really only in Bavaria that tribal feeling in opposition to national feeling has any political importance. Here landscape and dynasty, race and creed, are all so interwoven that it is hard to believe that state, tribe, and people are not really one and the same thing. Elsewhere in Germany the various elements of tribal consciousness do not coalesce in the same way.

But nowhere in the Reich, not even in Bavaria, do the tribal boundaries really coincide with political and other boundaries (cp. Map I.). And the tribal boundaries are themselves vague and indistinct. Sometimes, it is true, two tribes are separated from one another by a definite dividing line: the Rennsteig—that ancient frontier road—divides the Upper Saxons and Thuringians from the Franks, and the Lech divides the Bavarians from the Swabians. But in other parts the boundaries dovetail into each other in a completely illogical fashion, and we find colonies of Upper Saxons suddenly appearing in the Upper Harz right in the middle of Low-German-speaking territory. In no other European country are the tribal boundaries so confused.

And then there are all kinds of mixtures and transitional stages within the tribes themselves. There are pure and less pure Rhenish Franks, Eastern Franks with Slav admixture, Swabians and Bavarians with Franconian admixture; and this not only in the towns, but on the land itself. Moreover, the tribes have no definite political or cultural focus, except for Munich in the case of the Bavarians and perhaps Stuttgart in the case of the Swabians. But the Franks, the Thuringians, the Lower Saxons and others are without any political or other centre whatever.

Thus, we can say in general that the tribal idea counts for much in the affections and feelings of the Germans, but that its political significance is nil, except in a few cases, where it is very restricted. In other cases, such as that of the scattered and divided Franks, the tribal consciousness as such has dwindled almost to nothing, and made room for a somewhat indecisive half South German, half Central German substitute, though this has not prevented a vigorous local life growing up in particular districts.

Reflections such as these have led some investigators to warn one against overestimating the significance of the tribes; others, on the contrary, cannot sufficiently stress

their 'stupendous' significance. But, as so often with Germans, one is left in doubt as to *what* it is that is significant or insignificant. In any case, however vague their geography and significance may be, there they are, something real and actual before our eyes and souls. And with their various characteristics and peculiarities they add colour and charm and homeliness to the German picture, though at the same time they make it more complex and harder to interpret.

The way this old tribal consciousness with its marvellous store of popular traditions and customs is being absorbed into the more universal German consciousness is one of the main characteristics of our age. This process has the advantage that this 'mediævalism,' which other nations have already lost to a far greater extent, is brought before our eyes with peculiar vividness, just because of its contrast with modern ways. On the other hand, it is far from pleasant to have to witness these old islands of German life being submerged under the flood of the new German consciousness, the character and value of which it is as yet hard to determine.

The Swabians.

When one meets a Swabian peasant with his short, metal-buttoned jacket, tall leather boots and close-fitting trousers, and looks at his expressive, bony features, one gets an immediate impression of something 'Swabian.' But how is one to define this Swabian quality more nearly? One can say that these people are square-built and a little bit awkward, without being exactly clumsy; that they are tough and solid, without the heaviness of the Lower Saxon. At their best their faces remind one of pictures by Holbein or Dürer, of a cross between the Roman and the German peasant; and a beautiful Swabian woman is probably the most beautiful type of German womanhood in existence. The Swabian is the product of a very remarkable mosaic of geographical, religious

and economic elements. He represents a peculiar mixture of Latin and Teutonic. He is at the same time slow and nimble, conservative and adventurous. He may be fair or dark, but he is usually definitely one or the other; the adult tends to be dark, the children, as in Upper Bavaria, to be fair.

There is a mysterious affinity between the Swabian build and the Swabian dialect. The dialect is distinguished by a certain roughness and grotesqueness of utterance. One of its most engaging qualities is its capacity for expressing the things of everyday life in a peculiarly vivid and personal way. It has the charming habit of attaching the diminutive suffix 'le' (cp. the Swiss 'li') not only on to substantives, but on to epithets and interjections too. But the Swabian speaks his in some ways so agreeable tongue not only with self-assurance, but with a sort of defensive assertiveness, as though to protest his superiority over all who do not speak like him; it reminds one of children who are overcome with a sense of shame if they have to speak a dialect or language not their own. In this assertiveness, which is shared even by the semi-Swabian-speaking people of the towns, the Swabian is only outmatched by the Swiss. The Bavarian clings to his dialect less from a feeling of defensive necessity than from a self-conscious, humorous kind of coquetry. Also the Bavarian says what he wants to say without hesitation, whereas the Swabian must first pave the way with a few preliminary hum's and ha's. The Rhinelander of Cologne, on the other hand, speaks his dialect with an openly ironical flavour, and is ready to regard all other dialects with the same ironical tolerance.

The Swabian is a canny creature, and with strangers particularly he finds it hard to emerge from his shell of reserve. Hence the visitor must be prepared for a dour and suspicious reception, though this will often pass over rapidly into the warmest friendliness and readiness to help. This frequently makes it difficult to know how

to take these, in the best sense, democratic folk; not because they are untrustworthy, like many a Rhenish Frank, whom one can never 'place,' but just because they are so hard to get at. They have no love for compromise, as the Franks have; and thus in their business dealings they are shrewd and tenacious, unwilling to strike a bargain till they have got what they set out for. They lay great store on having a reputation for astuteness, but don't like to be thought aware of their own astuteness. In fact, like the Swiss, they are peculiarly sensitive about any species of affectation or snobbery, whereas the Bavarian, and especially the Münchner, is rather apt to indulge in both of these weaknesses. The Bavarian, it is true, hates affectation and snobbery in others, but he prizes and admires his own particular Bavarian variety. It would be a mistake, however, to suppose that the Swabians lack self-assurance; on the contrary, they are in a certain sense the most arrogant of all the German tribes, though here again they are outdone by the Swiss.

There seems to be something peculiarly conducive to originality and even genius in the Swabian air. Nowhere else in Germany does one see so many unusual and intelligent faces. The small towns and villages all possess their 'original characters.' Nowhere else does so much writing and thinking and imagination and research go on behind the scenes; almost as much energy is devoted to these things here as to music in Austria. Nor is this a matter purely of the obscure and buried genius, for no other people has given the Germans so many poets, philosophers and inventors. Only the gift of musical composition seems to be denied to the Swabians. The Swabian genius is a mixture of the contemplative and the practical; one often notices the ordinary man 'philosophically' stroking his chin, a gesture one will hardly ever detect east of the Elbe.

How comes it that these philosophers and inventors are often so ill-at-ease in face of the phenomena of the world?

True, it was they who invented the motor-car and the air-ship, but the first motors to pass through the Swabian villages drove, literally, past a line of gaping mouths, and the first Zeppelins flew over a sea of incredulous upturned faces. The Swabian has always been a figure of fun to his neighbours, and even among themselves they are always quizzing each other for some oddity or peculiarity. For united though they are by a common Swabian character, every shade and variety of this common character is to be found in the countless villages and hamlets. The 'comic' element in the Swabian seems to consist in this very contrast between talent and limitation, openness and reserve, intellectual breadth and defensive provincialism; though this is certainly not the full explanation.

Perhaps one can study the difference between the Swabian and Bavarian character to best advantage in their Alpine varieties, for here large sections of both peoples have long lived outside the borders of the Reich, in Switzerland and Austria respectively. The Swiss are a mixture of bourgeois and peasant elements, republican and somewhat arrogant in their love of liberty, part Catholic, part Protestant, industrious, efficient, unmusical, out to make money, excellent business men. The Austrians of the Alpine districts are not so well-to-do nor so miserly; they are more unsystematic, Catholic, less spruce and efficient; they are more agile both in mind and body, more charming, more artistic and musical, more superstitious, less arrogant.

The Bavarians.

If the Swabian has something of the tough quality of leather and of the philosophizing and practical cobbler about him, the Upper Bavarian, as we find him between the Alps and the Danube, reminds one of pine wood and the woodcutter. He has the firm straightness of the pine, and his dialect and rough heartiness make one think of

a sturdy forester. He is perhaps too agile and hot-tempered to be described as 'gnarled,' but we may find support for our simile in the little wooden figures of the natives of Munich or Schliersee, and in the fact that these people have a particular fondness for wood painting and carving.

There are two main types of Bavarian: the 'Dinaric'—tall, somewhat slovenly, thin and dark, with aquiline nose and features; and the brown, thick-set type, whose skull is so hard and thick that one could crash a beer jug down on it without doing any real harm. This type tends to a sturdy sort of corpulence, not the bloatedness of certain Saxons and Prussians. Between these two types one sees many a blond, blue-eyed Germanic head with a Bavarian quality about it that is hard to put into words. The Bavarians are usually brown-haired, though in the Alpine districts especially the blond type is often met with, and the children in these districts are sometimes so fair as to be almost white. On the whole the Bavarians are somewhat more shaggy and bearded than other Germans.

The Munich women often have something soft and supple, something almost over-charming about them. When compared with the Prussian women they seem to lack stability. One has only to think of their coquettish way of putting their head on one side with a wistful 'Do you really think so?' They love to indulge in a kind of good-humoured quizzing; real wit doesn't suit them. The peasant women are more openly provocative and apt to scoff and jeer, though their laughter always relates to physical rather than mental characteristics. Strangely enough they strike one as being harder and less sympathetic than the women of the towns, whereas in other parts of Germany the opposite is usually the case.

The Bavarian takes life more lightly than the Swabian. Upper Bavaria has something of the restless merriment of a Bavarian farmyard, with its pecking hens and fighting

cocks. These people have something, too, of the mating black-cock about them, especially in their clog-dances with their wild springs and cries round the girl in their midst. They are like the mating black-cock, too, in that nothing escapes their notice during the progress of the dance. They are quick to spot their rival, and then have it out with him when it is all over.

Altogether their manners and modes are very much based on a love of mimicry. They get rid of their anger by cursing and gesticulation; they don't swallow it as the Swabians do. They play with life; but they are capable of violent rage and sulky obstinacy. The Bavarian loves himself just in so far as he is a Bavarian; he acts a part before himself and others; nor is there anything unpleasant about this, as there would be with anyone but a Bavarian. Publicity does not make him shy. In the café or restaurant he is apt to speak a little louder than is strictly necessary, not unpleased that others shall hear what he's got to say. He is well aware, too, of how nicely he sings his Alpine songs and how intriguingly he plays on the mouth-organ, an instrument popular, too, among the Lower Saxons. Another favourite instrument is the zither; sweet and whimsical in its tones, as played by the Bavarian with a remarkable clinging touch on the strings. And then of course he acts in his peasant plays as though to the manner born, producing the same sentimental quiver in his voice as he draws forth from the zither. He acts the comic village parts with the same skill as he plays Caiaphas and Jesus in Oberammergau, all of which would be quite beyond the scope of a North German. With all the challenging defiance implied in the gay tuft of feathers stuck in his hat—and this defiance is the characteristic attitude of the young men of the villages—the Bavarian never really offends against good taste.

The sense of mimicry is so engrained in the Bavarian that his very opinions find a, so to speak, visible expres-

sion. 'It looks like it,' as he is so fond of saying. And when he passes someone or something for which he has an aversion, he manages to express this in his whole bearing in a way that no one but a Bavarian, or at least South German, could possibly do. His attitude towards his fellow-men is altogether one rather of indifference or amused contempt, but, somewhat churlish though he may seem at times, he is really a good fellow at heart. The Berliner, certainly, is apt to find him exasperating, but then he finds the Berliner exasperating too—though for different reasons.

The Bavarian is fond of detecting fraud and swindle in everything he finds suspicious—in everything, that is to say, that is not to his liking. They are quick to start disputes over their mugs of beer; in fact, they seem to take a certain pleasure and even pride in getting angry. They are soon on their feet and eager for the fray. It was in this spirit the Bavarian went to the war, and in this spirit, too, he is inclined to conduct his politics.

The atmosphere of social intercourse is often violently hearty, often downright stupid, and seldom 'philosophical.' Conversation tends to be coarse or comic, or else gossip or the mere expression of opinion. It is never a serious effort to get at the root of a problem, and it is a fact that the Bavarians have never produced a really great philosopher. Intellectually, indeed, they are neither agile nor profound. Character and personality are what count with them; their particular genius is limited, but sound and solid as far as it goes. They form their likes and dislikes democratically, without much regard for social differences. Their opinions seldom spring from intellectual arrogance; the Bavarian arrogance is rooted in his whole way of living.

The Bavarian cloaks his political ineptitude by invective and abuse of his opponents. This ineptitude is due to his want of intellectual suppleness, but he sometimes makes good this want by great shrewdness and the skilful applica-

tion of that whimsical charm which so disarms all who love—and who does not ?—the Bavarian and his ways.

Bavaria is a land of strange contradictions. The dress and appearance of its people vary between natural charm and careless neglect, their manner between engaging kindliness and rudeness. A highly developed and delightful culture is found alongside complete lack of culture. It was probably their want of intellectual agility that prevented them attaining a more general culture, the same trait that hindered them from responding spontaneously to the Reformation. The Bavarian churches and mountain calvaries with their gaily painted wood carving together with the somewhat unpolished type of Bavarian priest serve as sure guarantees of the essential soundness of the Bavarian peasant soul.

The Bavarian wants something quite different from life than the Frank or the Prussian. He sheds bitter tears over the fact that the modern world insists on intruding on him, that modern technical science is not only a question of intriguing museum models. So long as life shows its pleasant side, so long as it is a matter of charming culture and friendly ease, the Bavarian flourishes and feels in his element. But as soon as things grow difficult, he is at a loss.

In Austria the Bavarian conflict has been refined through nimble wit and ancient culture into one of the finest flowers of human civilization. The roughness of the Bavarian has been softened by the Austrian spirit into something gracious and charming. What with the Bavarians has remained in a state of peasant crudity—their opinions, music, poetry, politics and inventive talent—has been creatively transfigured by the Austrian intelligence. The elementary charm and grace of the Bavarian peasant costumes, for instance, is transmuted by the Vienna dressmaker into creations which the whole world must admire.

The Lower Saxons.

After the Swabians and Bavarians the Lower Saxons are usually considered to be the people with the richest personality. They have something of the hardness of granite in them, something sternly aloof, but at the same time not unfriendly. They enjoy a patriotic prestige in Germany, because they represent the true blond, blue-eyed type on which the German bases his faith in his Nordic heritage. The noble, straight heads and upright, elastic bearing of these people are a reminder that the squat, round-headed type is not completely typical of modern Germany.

The Lower Saxon has a reputation for being able to assess his own powers, set a limit to what he intends to do, and carry through what he has once begun to its conclusion. He looks his neighbour straight in the eyes, probes his character and at the same time his business value. The Bavarian, with his more mobile, but by no means shifty eyes, is more concerned with the superficial exterior, with its amusing or repellent aspects. The Lower Saxon judges more objectively, though a certain warmth or ironic mockery is often present too. How often the Bavarian feels hurt and rebuffed by the caustic remarks of his stiff Hamburg hostess, all given out in tones of the strictest social propriety! This is the sort of thing that leads him to abuse everything 'North German' indiscriminately.

The childlike quality of the Lower Saxons seldom degenerates into childishness; it more often passes over into a kind of adult sobriety. They are not as a rule sharply differentiated by personal idiosyncrasies; they resemble each other in character and outlook. The Bavarian, when he smokes his pipe, holds it with a broad grip and gesticulates with it excitedly; the Lower Saxon puts it quietly down. Probably those long pipes that reached to the ground, and were once in common use,

originated with him. When he is pleased about something, he does not make much show of his pleasure—unlike the Bavarian, who makes a regular cult of it. He is a thoroughly solid, trustworthy fellow. He and the Swabian form the two poles of the German people. His anger is not garrulous like the Bavarian's, or swallowed down like the Swabian's; it is straight and to the point, or, in the case of the artistically minded, dramatic and poetical in its expression.

The Lower Saxon, like the people of Hamburg and Bremen, has a highly developed sense of civic pride. But it is a surprising fact that those districts along the Weser that are colonized by Lower Saxons have exercised no decisive political influence on the rest of Germany. They cling to local loyalties; there are still, for instance, some faithful adherents of the Royal House of Hanover left. And although these people are really born Protestants, where they happen to be Catholic, as in Westphalia and South Oldenburg, they remain rooted to their Church, and express their Protestantism by protesting against the Protestants. They just seem to lack that certain something which makes the so nearly related Englishman a born politician. For the way their towns are administered shows they have great political capacities in this restricted field.

We owe to the Lower Saxon our ideal of the typical German professor, with long flowing beard, a wealth of literary culture and the true passion for instruction, with his knowledge and reverence for the German tradition and his admiration for the Low German writers.

The Lower Saxon type of German Romanticism is somewhat thick and 'muddy.' With all its glorious rhythm and harmony the music of Brahms, a Hamburger by birth, is a little laboured when it comes to the lighter and more humorous passages.

The Lower Saxon type of humour is not concerned so much with the superficially amusing and immediately

grotesque aspect of things as with the contrast between the trivialities and indignities of life and the noble spirit of man. Hence the popularity of Wilhelm Raabe's humour with the German professor. Here it is really a question of the translation of the Lower German spirit into High German. For the Low German is never really himself except when he is speaking Low German. Only in the dialect do the sounds seem to bear a right relation to the things they describe.

The Franks.

The Franks are a scattered and far-spread people. Ripuarian Franks, Moselle Franks, Rhenish, Hessian and Palatine Franks—they are to be found settled in the hills and valleys of South and Central Germany, and even in isolated districts of North Germany. It is difficult to form a definite impression of their characteristics or to generalize about them as one can in the case of Swabians or Bavarians or Lower Saxons, for they are much less of a unity. True, Nuremberg has affinities with Frankfort, Frankfort with Mainz, Mainz with Coblence, and Coblence with Cologne; but then the people of Nuremberg and Cologne differ completely from each other in character, speech and appearance. And yet one can say that the Franks in general are domestic and practical and at the same time artistic, which enables them to settle down easily in any part of the country. They are less rigid in their mental structure than other Germans, and so may be equally well Protestant, Catholic or Jewish, and yet remain typical Franks. They are superior in business ability to both North Germans and South Germans and tend to encroach on their preserves, so that many a large North German town has become, in effect, a Central German colony.

There is something gay and lively and delightful about the Franconian spirit. It lacks the Prussian forcefulness, but it is none the less charming for that. The Frank is

a merry, companionable creature, full of life and vigour and fond of the bottle (the Franks have vinous faces as the Bavarians have beery faces). The people are less violent in their opinions and gestures here than elsewhere in Germany; they love nothing better than a friendly chat. They are less positive than the Swabians; the Swabian says 'This *is* so'; the Frank says 'I think you'll find that's so.' They are apt to be superficial in their judgment of others; they don't really penetrate below the surface.

But it is particularly difficult to make generalizations about the Franks. Even in their outward appearance they present extraordinary contrasts. The ample, blond, blue-eyed Cologne girl with her slightly voluptuous air, her melodious dialect and supple movements and frivolity, differs in all respects from the East Franconian girl with Slav and even perhaps Hun blood in her. Then it must be remembered that the Franks have always occupied the part of Germany most thickly sprinkled with towns, and that hence, in spite of their solid peasant population, they appear more urbanized than Pomeranians or Upper Bavarians. Their dialects are town dialects rather than country dialects; we think of the dialects of Nuremberg, Mainz, Frankfort, Darmstadt or Cologne, when Franconian dialects are referred to. A characteristic of these dialects is a certain weakening of the consonants, a tendency to confuse *d* and *t*, and *p* and *b*. But this element of vagueness does not apply to the Nuremberg dialect with its rolling *r*'s and unmusical matter-of-factness, or to the dialect of Cologne with its soft *r*'s and voluptuous cadences.

This most German of German districts has, of course, its romantic side; but here it is a vivid and imaginative romanticism, not turgid like the Lower Saxon type. In this so varied landscape much of artistic and intellectual worth has seen the light, for the name of Goethe, to whom this land gave birth, has drawn hither a wealth of talent from every part of Germany. And this talent has found

inspiration in all the details of this lovely country-side, in its vineyards and rivers, its Gothic towers and charming peasant girls, in all its busy life—found inspiration just as Goethe did, Goethe whose very universality is rooted in his Franconian origin, as is proved by the fact that it is impossible to think of him as a Bavarian or Lower Saxon.

The Eastern Tribes.

The further we get away from the Franconian districts into the Upper Saxon country—that is to say, into Thuringia and Saxony proper—the less do we find of the gay variety and charm of the Frank. Thuringia, it is true, has a certain gracious, poetic quality; but Saxony has something incurably domestic and bourgeois and dough-like about it. Germans smile instinctively when they think of the Saxon and his ways.

The Saxon type inclines to be fair-haired and stout. Though not exactly shabby, he cannot be called smart and he is anything but elegant. One has only to think of the way the Saxon business man likes to make himself at home in the railway carriage, how he sprawls about in his shirt sleeves, divests himself of his footgear if he possibly can, and with a cigar hanging loosely from the corner of his mouth plagues his fellow passengers with his endless gossip and attempts at humour, convinced all the time that he is conferring a favour on them by so doing.

The Saxon dialect shares the Franconian tendency to soften the consonants, and this gives it a sort of oily quality, in the midst of which the vowels gurgle through, like air bubbles slowly breaking out of the oil. This mass of slithery sound is spoken with sentimental musical emphasis, which hides its essential lack of character. The manner and bearing of the Saxon is German formlessness carried to the last degree. It is a peculiar kind of well-meaning tactlessness due to his muddled disposition, and not, as with the Berliner, to an indifference to other

people's feelings. A Saxon dictator would be an impossibility in Germany, for his accent and manner would prevent anyone taking him seriously.

When Saxons sit down together to have a talk, it is all a peculiarly dough-like process of twisting and turning, a half venturing and half retracting, comic distrust and trivial planning and exchange of confidences. There is nothing positive and to the point about it, except when the quality of aluminium pots or wool stockings is the subject of conversation. Above all, it lacks forcefulness.

The Saxon is slow and chaotic and comically narrow, and so the amount of efficiency and administrative skill he is capable of displaying is all the more romantic and uncanny. Externally considered, Saxony has something Chinese about it; factories and ill-paid, overcrowded workers correspond to rice fields and coolies; Saxony is like one huge allotment plot.

But it has produced many great men in its time—poets, musicians, philosophers, scholars and leaders of industry. The contrasts and antitheses of German life are exemplified with peculiar vividness in the Saxon alternation between the sublime and the ridiculous. Saxony is a land of noble monuments and comic caricatures.

Science refers to the Germans east of the Elbe between Wittenberg, Memel and Ratibor as East Germans, and divides these into East Low Germans and East Central Germans.

Both varieties arose from mixtures of every sort of German tribe with Slavs, Wends, Poles, Czechs, Cassubians, Masurians and Lithuanians. In the north-east the German element is mainly Low German, in the south-west mainly Central German; and the dialects are correspondingly either North German or Central-South German in character.

This district is the home of Prussianism, a term which has not so much a racial as an ideal and administrative

connotation. To describe a complex conception in as few words as possible, Prussianism implies a landed and military aristocracy and the somewhat stern ideal they represented, an ideal which was looked upon until the war as profitable and desirable for the whole of Germany.

German Romanticism, in its ardour for the 'tribal' idea, is fond of speaking of the Pomeranians, East Prussians, Brandenburgers and Silesians as new tribes. But in reality it is not a question of the formation of new tribes, but of a number of Prussian varieties which are not very easily to be distinguished from each other. In North-East Germany, especially, they are much less clearly differentiated than the older tribes and possess much less racial consciousness. These north-east Germans are a stern and sober people with strong resistive powers, with great capacities for agriculture and administrative work; they make ideal officers or non-commissioned officers, born, as they are, to command and obey. Here we find the Low German character without its customary domestic charm; even the families seem to be held together more by command and discipline than by the ties of intimacy that prevail in the rest of Germany.

The Silesians, however, with their Central German substratum, show much more variation both physically and mentally. It is as though Father Christmas had emptied a sackful of all the German types over Silesia, and especially over the Riesengebirge. Here we find Franconian variety, Bavarian wood carving—the Riesengebirge is a great centre for carved wooden figures—Saxon dough-likeness, Austrian charm and Prussian militarism. The dialects are neither flesh nor fowl; they are neither South German, nor North German, nor Central German. At times one almost expects to find the peasants yodling and clog-dancing as in the Bavarian Alps; at other times one might almost imagine oneself in Poland. The aristocracy, a numerous class everywhere

in Germany, seems even more in evidence in Silesia than elsewhere.

The Central German atmosphere is increased by the character of the Silesian mountain districts, with their cliffs and waterfalls, their driving mists and dark lichenous woods. Long after the Middle Ages this charming corner of the Reich gave birth to story and legend. It was only two hundred and fifty years ago that Johann Praetorius created the mountain sprite Rübezahl, and yet all Germans imagine this to be a medieval saga. And still we hear of newly discovered elves and water goblins and so forth. Let us be grateful to Silesia for its fairy tales in this age of the sceptic.

In North-East Germany sprites and goblins are far to seek. This is the one and only part of Germany without any sort of Romanticism. And yet this is the land which has marched since the days of Frederick the Great at Germany's head, and its capital, Berlin, does so today more than ever it did. It does so because with its technical soul it is most in tune with the tendencies of this technical age.

German Jewry.

If one would understand the quality and destiny, the achievement and tragedy of German Jewry, then one must keep in mind the whole complex of German life with its cultural and political and above all its intellectual content. Hence, what is said here about the Jews must be read in conjunction with what I have to say later about the more general characteristics of the Germans.

In England the Jewish problem has been very largely solved, because the English themselves have evolved a stable national life, and so are able to absorb English Jewry without difficulty into their national structure. The same is true of France. In both countries a species of Jewish aristocracy exists, whereas in Germany the Jews have been unable to form a social system of their own.

Moreover, the fact that Germany is a land of suffering and crisis, a land without stability, has increased enormously the difficulties of the Jewish problem, and produced an atmosphere of hostility and suspicion. And yet in their mentality, their genius and their destiny the Germans and the Jews are remarkably closely allied. Both are subjected in the same sense to the critical scrutiny of the rest of the world. And, further, the Jews have always been bound by peculiarly close, almost brotherly, ties to Germany. The Eastern Jews even owe their language, their Yiddish, to German; and many Jews have an almost sentimental affection and sympathy for Germany and its destiny. This close connection of German and Jew has borne precious fruit in many fields: in music and poetry, in science and industry.

The Jews, moreover, share the German capacity for great individual achievement along, alas! with their inability to develop a stable communal life among themselves. The German Jew is confronted with the difficulties of German life as well as with his own peculiarly Jewish problems. And similarly German Jewry reflects all the advantages and disadvantages of German conditions. In Germany, the burning-glass of Europe, the Jews, too, find themselves in a position of peculiar difficulty.

One can no more generalize about the German Jew that one can about the German himself, for there are nearly as many different types of the one as of the other. Swabia, Bavaria, Franconia, Lower Saxony, Prussia, Poland and Bohemia, all contribute their influence to the Jewish communities that dwell in their midst. Frankfort, Fürth, Hamburg, Vienna, Leipzig, all have their own Jewish civilizations, related in each case to the particular German civilization of the place. And the Jews of South and Central Germany have the same attitude towards the Jews of Berlin as the rest of Germany has towards the capital of the Reich.

CHAPTER II

The Modern German

The Shifting Population.

In comparison with what has happened in, say, Scandinavia, the growth of the German race has been an indescribably complicated process. There is hardly a single German family of account, and above all no noble family, which is of pure German blood. In Würtemberg, apart from every sort of Germanic mixture, traces of Celtic, Roman, Turkish, Wend, French and Piedmontese blood have been found. And it is much the same in other parts.

The formation of the old tribes and the growth of the North-East German group are both just single chapters in the as yet unfinished story of the mingling of the German peoples. This process has gone on since the Ice Age along the paths of travel and over the watersheds, helped on by military campaigns, by the love of wayfaring, and other causes.

The nineteenth and twentieth centuries have brought the 'industrial migration.' This has affected the Germans more intensely than other peoples, because along with the appearance of the machine the Germans found themselves released from the fetters of numerous customs barriers, and other oppressions of the previous centuries. In England, France and Scandinavia the industrial migration took place among peoples who had already reached a much higher degree of national cohesion and stability. Hence the upheaval it caused was less violent than in Germany, which is the last of all the nations of Europe to settle down into a state of poise.

America is the only country that can be compared with

Germany in this respect. In both countries the invention of machinery brought with it a vast increase in the population, and an immense process of mingling and redistribution of elements that had not yet reached a state of equilibrium took place. But in America the masses stream into the wide land as though through the neck of a crucible, whereas the Germans crowd within their narrow confines between the diminishing islands of the ancient tribes. And this new mosaic lacks both effective focal points and any definite, universally valid ideal.

In the meanwhile this endless mingling of the races continues. The process has been complicated by the vast numbers of immigrants from the territories lost to Germany by the war. And out of it all that product of so many elements, the modern German, is taking shape.

The influence of tribe and landscape is crumbling. Berlin no longer affects the speech of its immigrants as it did forty years ago; Munich is no more as Bavarian as once. The modern German flavour is permeating the old tribal character, though, conversely, the tribes are still able to leave their mark on the modern German spirit.

The Physical Characteristics of the German.

If one seeks to give a picture not of the individual German nor particular race of Germans, but of the German in general, then one might describe him somewhat as follows:

Physically he is coarse rather than refined; squat rather than tall and upright, though not usually small. He tends to be stout, and often gives the impression of being both round and angular at the same time. When one sees a group of schoolboys all similarly clad this angularity of the German physique is particularly noticeable. The Germans cannot really be described as proud in their bearing, but neither are they supple or graceful. Their movements are firm and solid. Those Germans who would like to give an impression of haughtiness—senior

officers of the old army and certain business magnates—only succeed in being rather pompous. The German way of walking is rather in the nature of a stride or a march. Beside the light tripping motions of a French battalion a German regiment seems like a steam-roller. Despite their stiffness and angularity the Germans gesticulate more than Englishmen or Scandinavians; not with the plastic agility of the Italians, but in broad jerky movements. The English consider the Germans to be robust and muscular, capable of enduring pain, and of great and uninterrupted labour, and to be heavy eaters and drinkers.

The shape of the skull varies even more than with other peoples. One finds coarse and delicate shapes, large and small, round and long, high and angular. The long head with small temples is less usual than the round fat type with powerful neck. Another somewhat striking type is the boar's head type, as Ibsen called it, which is remarkable for the thick folds on the neck. One sometimes sees very tall square heads, which are usually accompanied by hair sticking straight up on end and bristling moustaches. This type has something peculiarly German about it, and seems the very symbol of reliability and sturdy will-power.

All colours of hair are to be met with. The most usual type is an indecisive dark blond—the description that appears more frequently than any other on German passports. The eyes, too, are of every colour: blue, green, brown, grey. The skin varies from light pink to brown or even olive. But on the whole the Germans seem to have redder cheeks than other peoples; Americans are specially apt to remark this fact, and the Swedes have the term 'apple-German' to describe the round red faces of a certain type of German.

Strive as they may to look correct, the hair and beards of most Germans are untidier than the average Anglo-Saxon's. Every type of beard and moustache is to be found, from the full-flowing variety to the small military

'tooth-brush.' But the clean-shaved face with horn spectacles is becoming more and more common. The German wears his hair as he likes—not with the depressing uniformity of the American. Sometimes it bristles; sometimes it lies down flat; often, especially if it belongs to a fat round head, it is shaved bare like a skittle-ball, sometimes with a little tuft left in front, to enable one to give it the ghost of a parting.

Though the Germans incline to have large features, these are often rather vague and indistinctive, owing to the many cross-lines. The clear-cut type also occurs; and of course one is always meeting strikingly original heads that will not fit into any particular category.

The German countenance possesses neither the merriment of the South, nor the lightness of the North, the melancholy of the East, nor the solidity of the West. It has the mark of oppression, philosophical doubt, a confused sort of good humour, a certain assertiveness and surliness, which, however, is easily dispelled in face of friendly treatment. Superficially, Germans in the mass seem to lack charm and grace. Their expression varies between ignoble formlessness, whence arises the peculiarly German kind of ugliness, as the English ugliness arises from dullness, and richness of personality, whence comes the individual type of beauty. Indecision, solid efficiency, disappointment, play over the faces one passes in the streets. Every type is to be met with, from the merriest comedy to tragic dignity. But one seldom sees really diabolical faces, as in Mediterranean countries, or coarse drunken faces, such as one frequently meets in England.

The German women are often somewhat slow and heavy in their gait, broad and matronly, good-natured and a little fussy. They are seldom madonnas; at their best they have a peculiarly intimate sensibility, and both in their feelings and their opinions they are more stable than German men. They are, though certainly not more beautiful, in some respects more womanly and charming

than the women of more northern lands, and they keep their looks much longer than Scandinavian women.

In general the Germans rather give one the impression of having picked out their eyes and noses, feet and legs and heads somewhat indiscriminately from the stray pieces of a jig-saw puzzle. The German masses remind one of a musical jumble rather than a symphony. Though certainly a Guards regiment pacing through the streets of Berlin had the firmness of a march, and yet was something thoroughly German.

Thus the Germans seem less firm and stable than other peoples. The Scandinavians appear taller, lighter, more blue-eyed, fresher and yet more staid; the Germans more agile, more violent, 'greyer.' Scandinavians find the Germans small and dark. The Englishman is prouder and more upright in his bearing; he looks the world straight in the face, looks less to right and left of him than the German. Compared with the Russian the German appears constructive and metallic, whereas to the Englishman the South German seems to have something almost 'Balkan' about him. Beside the American business man, these sons of eagles and vampires, a group of German industrialists is like a pack of brown bears.

And yet the Germans resemble their neighbours on every side—French, Dutch, Danes, Poles, Czechs or Slovaks, as the case may be. One is always seeing Germans who might easily pass for nationals of this land or that.

One of the most characteristic things about the Germans is the way all classes—workers, intellectuals, and even the nobility—seem to form a sort of huge bourgeois middle class, which, rich though the elements of which it is composed may be, yet lacks any clear national ideal. This is why the profession or occupation plays such an important part in German life, why it is easier with Germans than with other people to tell even from their appearance what profession they belong to, and why

loyalty and devotion to one's profession is so strong a characteristic of the German.

The German people in general appear to be more plastic than any other European nation, quickly influenced by the tendencies of the age, and quick to pass from one influence to another. The Italians are also a people of many races and types, but they are drawn together and controlled by their Italian ideal, their 'Italianità.' The Germans, on the other hand, are in a state of continual flux, a state which would augur well for Germany's future if only it was controlled by a universal German ideal, but which bodes ill for a people divided in its allegiance between many different ideals—North German, South German, militaristic, American mechanistic. It is easy to observe through the centuries that the influence of Europe on Germany has been quite out of proportion to the influence of Germany on Europe.

In these years of the Peace of Versailles, of eternal crises, of business and mechanization, of unsettled frontiers, the predominant type in Germany is the squat, round-headed individual with large features and solid nerves, clever and efficient, but unimaginative and without much care for the ideal. He is to be seen everywhere, like the officer type in the old days. He has taken the burdens of this period of transition on his shoulders, and deals with wireless, the postal service, and politics with the same skill that he bestows on industry, the stock exchange, the international market and the theatre.

CHAPTER III

Food, Drink, and Clothing.

Clothing.

Germany is the land of the *petit bourgeois*. Ninety-two per cent. of the population have an income of less than two thousand four hundred marks (£120).

Hence the people give an impression of poverty. Their clothes are often shabby, sometimes green with age, and their boots are full of patches. One sees old peasant women in the most wretchedly meagre garb, and indeed for him who has eyes to see an air of penury broods over the whole land. And yet with all this indigence one is conscious almost everywhere of the effort to look tidy and respectable.

One still sees uniforms in the streets. It is always the German's pride to be able to wear some sort of uniform, be it only the postman's or the tram conductor's. It gives him a feeling of almost military dignity, a feeling that is reflected in his look and bearing.

The countless numbers of minor officials, book-keepers, etc., and their soberly respectable wives give the streets a look of solid penury. One often sees the men going about in shorts, thick woollen stockings and rough cloth coats. With their sandwiches, thermos flask and newspaper in their despatch cases they are typical products of the rooms they live in, where the cabinet of nicknacks and the faded club group look down on the plush chairs and horse-hair sofa.

In these days of mass production it is hard to detect anything distinctively national about the clothing of the various countries of the West. It is only in the movement and form of the body that any variation appears.

The German seldom has distinction, even when he is impeccably clad and immaculately brushed. (His idea of being well dressed he expresses in the word 'impeccable.') The extraordinary variety of physical types makes the formation of a style a difficult matter, and his haughty self-assurance and lack of grace prevents the German from playing an important part in the world of international fashion, except of course in Vienna. Clothes sit well on the long even limbs of the Englishman, whereas the German's stockings are always apt to slip down over his calves.

The average German still has an air of the peasant bourgeois about him. Cut and material often remind one of the soil. But Berlin, in particular, is bent on remedying these little defects in its civilization. It is developing a half-American 'gentlemanliness,' a sort of well-oiled spruceness. And this Americanism and internationalism is affecting the German woman too. The ideal of the fashion page in the illustrated paper is growing more and more popular, and Berlin's achievements in this line have already reached an almost international standard.

This international mechanistic atmosphere is gradually destroying all those relics of *petit bourgeois* life which were still in common use up to the beginning of the war. But one still occasionally sees a satin waistcoat, or a brown or grey frock-coat, and one may even chance upon an old paterfamilias standing in his doorway in an embroidered peaked cap smoking his long pipe, like an echo of 1850. The German night-cap, however, seems to have disappeared almost completely from the scene.

Certain peasant costumes are still to be met with: blue linen smocks, purple petticoats, high top-boots among the peasants of Franconia and Swabia; all manner of headgear, corset-like bodices, silver filigree buttons among the Frisians, in addition to lace gloves, buckled shoes, and silk kerchiefs, though these are seldom in such brilliant colours as the Scandinavian variety. The fact that these costumes

should still persist in so densely populated a country as Germany is a somewhat remarkable fact. Perhaps it is the want of a universally valid social ideal and the lack of a real capital city that has enabled the German to cling to his peasant costumes longer than, say, the Englishman.

Drink.

From Lake Constance to Bonn, where the Rhine valley is mild and warm owing to its southerly and at the same time low-lying position, the German wine-producing district stretches in a north-easterly direction right through the southern portion of the central uplands. It stretches over the Neckar and Main as far as the Saale, leaving the Rauhe Alb and Upper Bavaria on one side. (In addition there are the cider districts of Swabia and Franconia.) And in Grünberg in Silesia we again meet with vineyards, the most northerly in the world.

The barley and hops of Upper Bavaria have made it the classic beer country of the whole world. Here the price of beer is still looked upon as a sort of norm for the fixing of wages and prices in other trades. The northern plain is the land of potatoes and 'corn,' as rye is called there, whereas in the south 'corn' means wheat. The further east we go, the more corn is grown, and the more brandy is the drink of the country. It is true that beer is produced in almost all parts of the Reich, but Munich is its real home, just as Kreuznach is the home of wine and Königsberg of brandy. And if the Germans still drank mead, as their forbears did, then the honey country of the Lüneburger Heide would be its natural home.

The surnames of the wines are the rivers: Rhine, Main, Neckar, Nahe, Moselle, Ahr, Saale. Their Christian names are liquid poems: Himmelreich, Würzgarten, Sonnenuhr, Liebfrauenmilch, Honigberg, Erntebringer, Geheu, Katzenkopf and Trockenbeere. It was the Romans who brought the vine to Germany, and in good German wine the sun of the south seems to mingle with the aromatic

herbal charm of the German plant world. But German wine lacks the universal excellence of Latin wine. To be really enjoyable it must be a first-class vintage. The same vineyard may produce a miracle of beauty or an undrinkable acidulous mess.

As far back as the first century Tacitus tells us that the Germans used to drink a juice extracted from barley or wheat, which when fermented bore a certain resemblance to wine, but that those who dwelt on the Rhine and Danube were wont to buy real wine. Wherever Germans are to be found, there also you will find beer, the bourgeois democratic beverage that never comes amiss when one can't think of anything else that one specially wants to drink and that goes so well with a cigar. Munich is the largest beer-producing town, Schultheiss-Patzenhofer in Berlin the largest Lager beer brewery, in the world. The different kinds of beer are often called after brewers and monasteries: Tucher, Pschorr, Hacker, Franziskaner; also after names of animals: zum Hasen, Löwenbräu. Brandy, on the other hand, is named after towns and villages, hunters, cavaliers and soldiers. In the north-east of the Reich, where it plays a great part, it sometimes has a Scandinavian or Russian air about it.

The way certain drinks are confined to certain parts of the country is reflected to some extent in the character of the public houses. They often have carefully separated departments for wine and beer drinking, the former with coarse chairs and tables, the latter with more elegant furniture and folded table napkins. Then there are also separate public houses for beer drinkers, wine drinkers and brandy drinkers.

Food.

Italian cooking has something peculiarly cultivated about it, and the liberal use of olive oil gives it an almost Oriental flavour. French cooking is a delicate world of gracious delicacies of infinite variety. Sauces and season-

ings are applied with wondrous skill to draw out the real flavour of the dishes they adorn. Spinach and *pommes frites* stand in just the right relation to the meat they accompany, and the vegetables and meat juices together form one enchanting unity. The French cooking pot can give style and charm to the simplest dish of boiled beef. And finally the food goes so exquisitely with the French red wine that one feels it has been cooked with this end in view.

The Scandinavians' usual nourishment is a mixture of meat, fish, fat and potatoes, but on the whole they do not go in much for vegetables. They prepare the way for this course with slices of bread and butter and little hot dishes, often seasoned with brandy. The *hors d'œuvres* are not handed round, but stand in tempting abundance on the sideboard. The Prussian way of eating slices of bread and butter after a warm dish has a quite different culinary effect. English cooking has the conservative basis of excellent meat with strong sauces and vegetables, the preparation of which shows, to say the least, a certain lack of imagination. But it is good, solid, well-cooked food, and it retains these qualities throughout the whole country.

German cooking, on the other hand, varies extraordinarily in different parts. The north goes in a great deal for cold dishes. Its mussels in aspic would give the Austrian cold shivers. Bread and butter sandwiches with slices of sausage, cheese, veal or cucumber form an enormous part, probably far more than half, of the sustenance of the North German. The poor people eat salted potatoes in great quantities, and potatoes in their jackets with herring. The Prussian shows lack of imagination in his treatment of the potato. Common dishes in the north are goose giblets and German beefsteak. These are often followed by a cold, quivering, jelly-like substance, called by the Prussian simply *Speise* (*i.e.*, food). In some places, however, such as Hamburg and Bremen, German

and international cooking reaches a high pitch of excellence; and in Berlin, of course, anything whatever is to be had for the asking.

In the south, and especially in Austria, the culinary art has something altogether more cheerful and poetical about it. One has only got to listen to the sizzling and crackling that enlivens the Austrian kitchen to realize the truth of this. The Austrian sweets and pastries with their little plums and bilberries rejoice the soul as well as the stomach, and Wiener Schnitzel has won the admiration of the world. It makes one's mouth water to think of Austria in a way it certainly does not to think of Brandenburg.

In Upper Bavaria this southern charm takes on a coarser quality. The toughness of the meat in the restaurants reminds one of the rawness of the climate and the way the oxen are used for draught labour. Huge masses of veal are piled up on one's plate, often stringy and crudely prepared, but not without a certain characteristic charm. And Munich specializes in all sorts of delicious rolls and bread.

Inexhaustible in their various attractions are the specialities of all the different districts—all the many kinds of dumplings and meat and currant balls, and above all the vast variety of sausages: Braunschweiger, Regensburger, Nürnberger, Leberwurst, Blutwurst, and so on. Pork and sauerkraut strike the foreigner as being particularly characteristic of German cooking. But the really essentially German meal is the collation over the beer mug.

Black bread, again, has a peculiarly German air about it, and every variety of cake and pastry abounds. Christmas and Easter, weddings and christenings, are all cake festivities, especially in the country. At the festival in Schwäbisch-Hall the Town Council present the salt workers with a cake weighing no less than eighty pounds.

In the case of the Swedes or French or English it is

possible to generalize about the amount of food they consume. But you cannot do this with the Germans, for they exhibit both extremes of frugality and extremes of gluttony. The masses, however, do certainly tend to live frugally, and the German breakfast is very much more modest than that of most countries. And for this reason it is a common custom to eat between meals.

The menus of the larger Berlin restaurants often contain the names of several hundred dishes. Someone once said that in Paris one has a choice of three or four dishes, and one wants to eat the lot, whereas in Berlin one has some three hundred to choose from, which makes it impossible to decide on any at all.

CHAPTER IV

The German Mentality

Characteristics of the Language.

German is not on the whole a beautiful language. Its tone colour is, so to speak, grey or brown. In restaurants and other places where people gather together the general impression is of a deep rumble of sound, very different from the effect of English or Scandinavian; its wooden, somewhat sibilant character has little that is plastic about it. German is a guttural language, and certain dialects, such as the Saxon and Franconian, exaggerate this tendency by giving a guttural quality to many consonants which in pure German are quite without it. The German guttural sounds are hard and brittle; they do not harmonize softly with the vowels as in Russian, nor have they the pathetic whisper of the Spanish, nor are they slightly vocalized in the palate as in Celtic. But, except in the Alpine districts, they are without the broad, coarse quality of the Dutch gutturals. One of the most characteristic things about the German language is the pronunciation of that most matter-of-fact of vowels, the *e*.

In the north, and especially east of the Elbe, the language has a peculiarly bleak and monotonous quality, like the character and appearance of the people. It easily passes over into a military peremptoriness. In certain Low German districts the *r* is rolled like a drum and the variations of pitch are few and regular. As one goes further south the speech takes on all manner of melodies: comic Saxon, musical Austrian, slightly clumsy Swabian. But though it has melodies, it does not sound melodious, for those who speak it give it no resonance of tone. The French and Italians, on the other hand, are like living

violins, clarinets and trumpets. But German, perhaps just because it is not overladen with too great richness of tone, is admirable for singing purposes; certainly better and more musical than French in this respect, and capable of greater variety than Italian, which always tends towards the aria form.

German is written on the whole phonetically, but this is counterbalanced by the fact that it is usually spoken very indistinctly, though loudly. This formlessness combined with a certain abstract objectivity is characteristic of German, phonetically and intellectually considered. You will hear the most elegant of periods spoken by the most ordinary of Frenchmen, and arias from the lips of the Italian man in the street. But it is only in Bavaria that German has anything of this theatrical quality.

The German language sometimes gives one the impression of being the hard-won result of the mighty struggle of some Faust or Luther with God and the universe. This Faust-like wrestling, this painful moulding, is what constitutes good German. It is raw material, not finished form. When rightly handled in speech and writing, it is an act of fresh creation every time. It is intellectually plastic, whereas French is formally plastic. The Frenchman's thought is moulded by his language. The German first goes through a vague emotional thought process, and then wrestles with this hard metallic speech, through whose abundance of words and forms the German spirit strides forward as though through a stretch of loose rubble, through a series of intricately involved sentences reinforcing and confirming each other, so that it is sometimes difficult to keep the thread of connection.

But the charm of German is that the matter, whatever it be, finds such vivid intellectual expression. German may not be rich in tone, but it is incomparably rich in intellectual content. It has something freshly barbaric and rough about it, something that fits well with the notion of a Faust or Luther-like struggle. The significance of the

single words and sentences, the homely efficiency, the charmingly intimate and yet weighty quality, the gentle fondling of things and feelings, the coquetting with the dialects, with Swabian and Bavarian and Low German —it is in all this that the rhythm and grace, and above all the peculiar femininity, of the German language consists. In hardly any other country will you find so many surnames with fantastic and witty meanings. German is peculiarly suited for individual intellectual activity, but, unlike French and English, it lacks social sensibility. Conversation in Germany is often made difficult by insufficient appreciation of the intricacy of the other person's thoughts, by impatience in the listener, and by failure to join in at the right moment.

The directness of the German language makes it a peculiarly happy medium for songs and proverbs and all kinds of pithy sayings. But the Renaissance has dulled and softened its original driving force with the Latinisms so flattering to the pedant. For the natural vigour of German is ill at ease among the refined Romance forms. Recitations of poems and plays often awaken painful emotions in the listener; the Greek or French type of pathos does not go well with German. And our Church sermons are often cause for embarrassment. The German language, unlike the Italian, rather seems to blush in public.

As their language has not been crystallized by universally accepted social or national standards, the Germans have been free to do what they liked with it. Hence they have developed a thousand and one different specialized jargons: administrative jargon, business jargon, parliamentary and ecclesiastical jargon, and so on. Other peoples develop specialized jargons too, but they cannot succeed in getting so far away from the spirit of the language as Germans do. How typically French, how typically English, are the learned theses and business letters of these two nations ! The German feels proud of himself for deserting

the already half-dead spirit of his language in order to surrender himself body and soul to his own particular subject. Thus it is that the specialist's German is often so painfully, so offensively, uncultivated. It struggles to be as barbarian as possible, losing in the process all charm and genuineness, all that is characteristically German. When these zealots proceed to turn the language into a machine and everything is labelled, standardized and stereotyped, it is as though you could actually see the cog-wheels and smell the engine-grease of this repulsive speech.

Before the war it was the bureaucratic and militaristic language of Prussia that had the greatest influence on standard German. Nowadays this Prussian German is making way for the new *Reichsdeutsch* which is still in process of growth. This new speech has a modern and practical quality about it, but it is still in a state of flux. Once it has crystallized into a definite form, it is likely to determine the fate of the language for a long time to come.

A question that will have to be decided within the next few decades is whether the two scripts, the Gothic and the Latin, are to be retained or not—a matter which, like everything else in Germany, is the subject of heated debate. Probably fate will decide for the latter, for it is the tendency at present to do everything possible to rend the veil of mystery that the foreigner feels to lie over Germany, the same sort of veil that we feel to lie over Russia. That much that has charm and value will disappear in the process goes without saying.

The Lack of Inner Poise.

The *Nibelungenlied* provides us with the following picture of the Germans:

Great richness and variety of character, from splendid Siegfried to brooding Hagen; unusual violence and quarrelsomeness; loyalty to principle and leader, but

treachery where there is no binding principle. The love of wandering, readiness for war and the chase; long, solemn drinking bouts; passion for nature; sudden enthusiasms, but quickness to take offence, quickness in retaliation, jealousy and vindictiveness. Tragic emotion, the ever-present threat of impending disaster, an atmosphere of stifling gloom, the lack of any firm stability and cohesion. The tragic epic of life is played against a chaotic, incoherent background, lacking all unity and compactness.

The German is not born with the feeling, which is the Englishman's birthright, that he is a part of the nation, and that the rest of the nation is fundamentally similar to himself. He is without any clear national feeling, any unifying idea, which would make him likeable, just because it carries conviction. If it is true that the English express their personal and national dignity in their self-respect, the French in their self-satisfaction, it is quite impossible to say where the Germans express theirs, except in programmes and ideologies. Everything has conspired to deny them a personal and national focal point: the short duration of their national unity, which has not yet become a part of their inmost being; their genius for the particular, for the family, the community, the club; and finally a certain lack of balance, a certain wilfulness and restlessness.

In fact, there is very little in the alleged reposefulness of the Germans, for they possess a very definite element of nervous excitability in their disposition, though not in any morbid sense. Their gestures—for instance, the way they are always passing their hands over their forehead or through their hair—give sure proof of this inner restlessness. Even German officers are apt to lose their heads, more easily anyway than Englishmen; and it is a peculiarity of the Germans to be readily moved to hope and enthusiasm, to be easily flattered and equally easily insulted—none of which characteristics can be considered indicative of any great inner stability. It is true that

Germans show great patience in their work and in submitting to rules and regulations, but they show little patience in dealing with their fellow-men and the trials of circumstance. Nowhere in the world does one see so many lined and harassed faces. Bismarck's character had its nervous side, and Luther and Beethoven had violent and passionate natures.

Except in the south, and especially in Austria, the German seems to lack the playful, naïve attitude towards life, and, unless he is a genius, he loses entirely all his childlike qualities. The adult version of the German's childlikeness is to be found rather in his inner insecurity and the mistaken conviction that this insecurity can be eradicated by professional dignity and an artificial veneer of self-assurance. This is how the German gets his *childishness*, which the German language, unlike many others, distinguishes so delicately from *childlikeness*.

It is doubtless a symptom of this inner insecurity that simple remarks and observations are so often taken amiss. To stare at someone is still resented, though not as often as it once was, as an affront. Anyone with any real self-respect would be entirely indifferent to such behaviour, but some Germans think they are displaying manly spirit by challenging the offender in such a case to a duel. In fact, young students sometimes deliberately provoke a duel by this very means.

It is true that one does meet the simple, manly, soldierly type of character, probably of Lower Saxon origin, but it is definitely the exception. In general the German lacks inner stability and confidence in himself. It was this which prompted Nietzsche to remark that a Venetian gondolier cuts a better figure than a Berlin Privy Councillor. It does not come natural to the German to know instinctively how he should dress and how he should not dress, how he should behave abroad, and how comport himself before his fellow-men. He is always casting an anxious glance to see how other nations do these things,

and his manners have no definite stamp of their own, except for a tendency towards order and correctness, which he finds difficult to maintain. If he behaves offensively, he does so because he is not sure of himself, not from undisguised coarseness and brutality, as in the case of the French and Italians and Slavs. When he is abroad the German hovers between the desire to conceal the fact that he is a German and the urge to manifest the fact as clearly as possible. Before the war, so the story goes, a German once marched into a Paris restaurant doing a sort of goose-step !

This lack of inner poise has prevented the nation from pursuing a steady course of development through the centuries. It has led it to give up too lightly movements that seemed to promise well, and to plunge with feverish enthusiasm into every sort of new craze. One might describe the nation as sitting on the two ends of a see-saw, and never being able to put a stop to the swinging motion by sliding into the middle. This has the advantage that at one end of the swing a rich and surprising medley of personalities is always to be found. But in between sits a vast company of neglected geniuses, poets and dramatists, unrecognized Keplers and Kants, who are always ready to insist that the hall-mark of genius is to be unrecognized. And there are those too who consider their very inactivity a sign of genius, Buddhas of the beer table, so to speak. Sometimes one is tempted to think that every educated German secretly feels himself to be a genius, at least in his own particular department.

The other pole of German life, standing in vivid contrast to the world of rich and gifted personalities, is the world of officialdom and efficient organization, the practical, mechanical aspect of the German character.

The interaction of these two poles of German life—the mechanical and inhuman with the intensely human, the personal with the impersonal—is extraordinarily puzzling for the foreigner. Germany abounds in the most sur-

prising contrasts of spiritual and material, genius and pedantry, romanticism and militarism.

These remarks on the polarity of German life and the lack of inner stability must serve as a background to those further portions of this book which deal with the German mentality and its expression in the customs and organization of the country. The theme will keep recurring, even where it is not referred to in so many words.

The Love of Order and Principle.

There is something a little heavy and pedantic and methodical about Germany; the atmosphere is often somewhat dull and humdrum. Social intercourse does not run smoothly and easily between man and man. The German needs the club or society to help him along in his dealings with his fellow-men. He is not easy to set going one way or the other; he is, for instance, much less easily carried away by violent passions or prejudices than other peoples. He lacks the élan of the Frenchman, the haughty self-assurance of the Englishman. He is always seeking for some principle, some rule of conduct; and this may explain Goethe's observation that the German always requires a long time to digest any new point of view which is at all out of the ordinary. The German's eyes gleam, but they never sparkle. In Germany one finds on the whole, especially in the political field, thorough and industrious, rather than creative, work.

The German lays great store by his idea of masculine dignity. Indeed, he sometimes allows it to get the better of his courtesy in his relations with women. The full German beard has a different significance from the English, Russian or French beard; it is worn, in many cases, as an outward symbol of manly dignity.

No country is outwardly more orderly ('better surfaced,' as the Americans say) than Germany. The concept of order is a sacred one, but it is not so much an organic order that is meant as an ordering and regulating of the

conditions under which people live. During the war one often heard the remark: 'We'll soon put things in order in such and such a country!' The German will not realize that the whole world does not necessarily want his particular type of order, a type which he considers to be 'order' in the absolute sense.

Again, his gift for organization is quite different in kind from the American variety. It is the capacity for bringing order out of chaos, and the pleasure in observing the advantages that spring therefrom. It lacks the brute energy, the business-religion element of the American. The practicality of the American is more naked, more naïve; the German variety is not at bottom purely practical; it is emotionalized by romantic pleasure in this very practicality, a fact which explains that mixture of pedantic dryness and puzzling emotion so often to be observed in Germany. Partly from this objectivity, and partly from the desire to find underlying principles, there is a marked tendency to raise business matters out of the sphere of practical values into that of emotions and ideals.

But one must not lay too much stress on the practicality of the German. There is also a strongly juridical strain in his character, though this, to be sure, is closely related to the practical strain and, like it, springs less from his immediate instincts than from a tendency towards form and order. As far back as the early Middle Ages one can trace this tendency towards disputatiousness and obstinacy in maintaining opinions. Nowhere else in the world does one find so much searching after causes and principles, so keen an application of the abstract and logical method, leading often enough into obscure realms of speculation and overriding common sense and natural feeling in the process. A clear scheme of judgments or opinions will be surrendered, with a certain unwillingness it is true, to some juridical principle. The unscrupulous man is branded as a man without principles—*i.e.*, the abstract is

formulated into a rule of conduct. Hence immediate judgments of people are so very rare. They cause confusion and perplexity. How, it is asked, does So-and-so arrive at such and such an opinion ? And hence German assemblies can only be whipped up to what is called a ' storm of indignation ' when it seems to have a juridical justification and when it is led by a juridically eloquent nincompoop rather than by a spontaneously passionate firebrand.

And thus it is that, although Germany is on the whole an honest country, one has to be very careful in business matters not to fall into a legal trap. For the legal stipulation holds good, even when morally considered it is a piece of dishonest trickery; indeed, its legality prevents the German from recognizing it as such. The American method of hoodwinking the man one is dealing with is simply the application of the brutal business principle, which it is assumed that one's neighbour will also employ. The English, on the other hand, in accordance with their traditional morality, seek to conceal their shady transactions under a cloak of hypocritical cant, whereas the German feels no reason to be hypocritical provided that the legal position is sound.

In Germany the judicial standpoint is often enough the axis round which great social conflicts revolve. Giant strikes and lock-outs turn on trifling legal points, and once these have been settled everything is well again. Few Germans will surrender their right to smoke on the platform of a tram even when they are aware that they are making a nuisance of themselves to other people by so doing. The railway compartment is a prolific breeding ground for all such ideas of prescriptive right, reinforced as they are by the host of notices and regulations stuck on the walls. The fresh passenger who intrudes on this realm of well-established prerogatives will often meet with a cold reception at first, though this will speedily give place to sympathetic interest. Any attempt to take someone

else's seat or luggage space will be the occasion for a general hullabaloo. The offender will be well told that he will have to bear the consequences, that he is committing a punishable offence, that the police will be called in, and so forth. French chicanery is something quite different; it is the result, not of legal quibblings, but of downright malice.

Closely connected with this tendency is the German passion for imparting information, for instructing others. Higher education officials have been known to complain to the inhabitants of a particular place that there is something not in order in their district, because it does not quite agree with the description in the guide-book. Especially in North Germany one is subjected at every turn to this mania for correction: 'Can't you read? Keep to the right! Take your place at the rear! Can't you mind where you're going?' In Berlin, where the interrogatory lift at the end of the sentence has a peculiarly arrogant effect, these admonitions are particularly irritating. When a German returns from abroad, even after an absence of many years, he soon falls back into this long-forgotten tendency to make trouble with his fellowmen.

In general Germany lacks the atmosphere of courteous politeness. Grace of manner does not suit the German character, and is apt to give the impression of assumed superiority or insincerity. 'One is only polite in German when one wants to tell a lie.' One misses the hearty friendliness of the Anglo-Saxon; if one treads on a German's foot by mistake, all manner of polite formalities are expected of one, whereas an English victim would merely hurry on without taking notice. Willingness to help in the little difficulties of life is not felt in Germany to be a matter of course, though a certain shy, good-humoured friendliness is by no means lacking. And the German is quick to make up for fits of violent anger by a display of warm good nature.

The German is used to giving the official or judge—one has only got to listen to the pressing insistence of a Berlin divorce suit—every imaginable sort of information; in order to substantiate it he is ready to intrude into other people's affairs, without feeling that there is anything offensive about what he is doing. He does not recognize the barrier between himself and others. People with this inner barrier and with natural style and simple friendliness are rarely to be found in 'educated circles.' It is the lot of the German to suffer from a continuous stream of questions about his profession, his titles, exams., special subject, military rank, and so on. Every individual drags his way through life with, metaphorically speaking, a despatch case of testimonials in his hand. The man who cannot be fitted into some category or other is looked upon as a monster, for his individuality or breeding alone never carries conviction. People are indulgent towards undesirable characters in so far as their titles or achievements vouch for them. In England, on the other hand, it is the personality that counts. One finds Englishmen who have known a man for years and never enquired into his profession, being content to know only this much about him, that he is a gentleman. In Germany young girls, because they are 'women,' are often subjected to crude humour, and relations between husband and wife frequently lack what the Italians call 'gentilezza.'

People who belong to nations with firm traditions and stable social life do not feel the necessity for outward distinctions that the German does. The German lack of inner stability has given rise to endless castes and degrees of rank, to the general delight in orders, uniforms, titles, etc. These are what constitute the interest of life for the average German. The German huntsman, for instance, takes a pleasure in showing by outward symbols, by his costume and ornaments, the fact that he really is a huntsman. The English and Americans are free and easy in their dealings with celebrities; but the German feels highly

conscious of the fact that the celebrity has earned his title and rank, and tends to scrape and bow in consequence. The Swedes also delight in titles, make use of the third person, and are careful to introduce the title in their form of address. But with them one feels this is just old-fashioned courtesy and picturesque habit. The German attitude towards titles is equivocal, for the title is just as capable of depressing as of elevating its owner, according to the esteem in which it is held at the moment. True, it usually has an upward significance; but a King of Prussia, Frederick William the Second, had the quite logical idea of finding an appropriate title for such as did not already possess one, and suggested 'Your Insignificance' as meeting the case. The Russian mode of address—the Christian name followed by 'Son of so and so'—is charmingly human, and stands in vivid contrast to what the English would call the 'shabby genteel' quality of the bowing and scraping, clicking together of heels, and general somewhat forced politeness of the German. A title means so much to the German that it even has a business value, and is sometimes exploited in this way. The following advertisement once appeared in a newspaper: 'Count of ancient family seeks opportunity to use his title for business purposes.'

Nowhere else in the world is criticism of any professional activity so quickly resented as in Germany, where the man and his calling are one and the same thing. The specialist and the expert hold sway, and criticism of a man's work is always taken as a personal criticism. Logical calculation often takes the place of instinctive perception. It is difficult to make clear to the average German that there is something else in life beyond one's calling; he is apt to ask what one means by this something else. Hence one finds quite mediocre minds attaining to the highest honours. The man who is efficient in the professional sense has better prospects than the bold adventurous American type, and for this reason the

imitated Americanism of our age is at bottom nothing more than an inflated provincialism. Candid statements about professional or business matters are apt to be interpreted as 'pessimism,' and one is always hearing the remark, 'Anyway, things are no better elsewhere.' It is remarkable how the sanguine temperament of the German, his quick responsiveness, blind confidence, and unshakable optimism, flourish in the midst of this arid professional atmosphere. Every second German seems to be sanguine by nature! In so far as they live within the bounds of their professional activities, their attitude is: 'Things will soon come all right again. I feel sure nothing can happen to me.' And in actual fact Germany is always rising phœnix-like from its ashes as a result of this combination of sanguine temperament and patient assiduity. The flood of the Revolution was led into reasonable channels between the protective dams and dikes of professionalism.

Even in the great political organizations like the Stahlhelm an immediate need was felt for the Stahlhelm expert, for the truly German ideal of the guiding personality, on whom one could model oneself as formerly in the army one modelled oneself on the officer. The English officer finds it difficult to understand the way his German colleague confines his conversation to technical matters of his own profession; the Englishman prefers to discuss more general matters of men and affairs.

Just because the German always has his eyes riveted on the immediate subject in front of him, he lacks on the whole the instinct for the maturing of great enterprises, and it is probably for this reason that the German nation has so far failed to attain to a state of real stability. Once the individual German has taken anything in hand, his main desire is to carry it through to its conclusion with the least possible delay, without necessarily considering it in its general context at all. Goethe's sayings about 'efficiency in the individual and incapacity in the mass,'

and 'Germany is nothing, but every individual German is much, and yet the latter imagines that the opposite is the case' are very much to the point in this connection. The German, in fact, is the victim of a sort of undirected conscientiousness. But if once the efficiency and tractability and devotion of the German combined with his unparalleled technical knowledge are properly led and directed, then he is capable of tremendous things, as the Bismarck period and the Great War showed—and there is no reason why such achievements should not be repeated.

But the capacity to bring things to fruition is the first essential in politics, and hence the Germans are at bottom an unpolitical people. The whole course of German history may be viewed as a succession of ventures undertaken at the wrong moment, and then pursued with the maximum efficiency and skill. Even Bismarck's work gives the impression of an uncompleted act of violence, though Bismarck himself may have felt quite definitely that without violence Germany would be unable to attain any really adequate goal. The German people hesitates —in both a good and a bad sense, but disastrously from the political point of view—between instinct and proved principle, just at the very point where other peoples unite in choosing the instinctive path.

How widespread is the notion that the specialist is responsible for everything, even in the political sphere, and that it does not really matter in consequence what the individual does, is well illustrated by the following incident: representations were made to a certain group of people abroad who were creating trouble politically that they should show more regard for their country's prestige; whereupon the leaders of the group replied that that was not *their* business, but the business of the Foreign Office. Even the higher administrative officials often show a complete disregard for public opinion. And the most pressing political necessities seem unable to force a breach in this rampart of the specialist. The way German

foreign representatives are selected frequently results in a man being sent to the very place he is least suited for. For they are chosen not because their personality renders them fitted for this or that country, but on the ground of their knowledge of languages, connections, administrative capacities, record, means and efficiency.

Germans will not understand that other peoples prefer to take the instincts as well as juridical considerations into account. Hence they are always in danger of overestimating the legal standpoint (as in the war guilt question) and neglecting the instinctive feelings of the other party, or else of completely misunderstanding the other's legal standpoint and attributing only malevolent motives to him.

*German Gemütlichkeit.**

The club provides the Englishman with a comfortably masculine retreat, even though its atmosphere may be somewhat formal or indeed boring. The Italians collect like flocks of birds in the piazzas or chat excitedly over their wine. The Swedes love to partake in solemn social gatherings. And the Americans attend their Rotary Clubs as part of a great mechanical organization.

The German feels most at home when he is sitting or sprawling at his ease round the beer table. The atmosphere of the German restaurant or beer-house has something formless and brooding about it. Crowds of people squat together at enormous tables enveloped in clouds of tobacco smoke. At home and abroad the 'beer evening' is the classic form of German social gathering.

In such an atmosphere German *Gemütlichkeit* still flourishes, in spite of the increased energy and abstemiousness of modern Germany. It serves as a means by which the German can seek refuge from his inner insecurity, a method by which his formlessness acquires form. It

* 'Gemütlichkeit' is an untranslatable word, implying something between cosiness, amiability and jovial ease.—TRANSLATOR'S NOTE.

signifies genial ease and homeliness, in the beer hall or under the spreading trees of the beer garden, as the case may be. Here insecurity is forgotten, and all offensiveness disappears. The roll of the skittle-alley echoes from near and far. People sit in their shirt sleeves intent on their game of skat. Every year skat congresses are held, at which hundreds of people sit round a gigantic hall, smoking, drinking beer, and playing skat.

The German is unwilling either to give up his formless ease or to offend against style and politeness. And so he has approached from without, metaphorically speaking, the fact of his formless sociability and impressed on it the characteristics of his methodical gregariousness. Hence we have the German *Komment*, the system of regulations governing convivial gatherings; the ritualistic close of a students' drinking bout, the clinking of beer mugs, the solemn toasts and strict sequence of speeches. It was only in 1928 that the rule making drinking compulsory in the students' associations was abolished. This peculiar world, this 'beer state,' has its own particular signs and symbols, its gay ribbons and banners and mottoes. These objects often have an old German Renaissance quality about them, the style that passes as the truly national style. (With some justice, for it was in the sixteenth century that the pomp and power of the German burghers were at their height.) A common atmosphere is to be found in the students' beer table and duelling outfit, in the Bismarck legend (though a military element comes into play here) and even in the students' full-dress garb, that curious mixture of Renaissance and hussar uniform. The youthful form of this community atmosphere, the students' corps with their gradations of rank, their arrogance and self-importance, is a sort of exaggerated replica of the rest. In these students' corps one seems to find an echo of what Tacitus has to say about the gay armorial emblems of the Germans, about their carousals, their feuds and their songs. Of their singing he writes: 'Their

songs give the impression of the united beat of valiant hearts rather than a concord of individual voices. For the most part the tone is harsh, and often the singing takes the form of a subdued murmur. When they sing they hold their shields before their mouths, so that the reverberation shall increase the volume and strength of their voices.' For Tacitus' shields one must substitute the beer mug. And incidentally the enormous popularity of singing in German walking clubs and schools seems to be based on this 'engendering of a common heart-beat,' that is to say, on the need for discipline and the conscious intention of advancing culture and music and poetry in the process.

This *Gemütlichkeit*, this careful observance of order and ceremony which hides an inner insecurity, this complex gradation of rank—all this can be found in every department of German life, in the offices, in the parliaments and assemblies, in club celebrations. Its natural complement is the power and prevalence of the German associations and confederacies; even today the recommendations, connections and patronage which these organizations have it in their power to bestow make membership of them more important for the advancement of one's career than one's personal qualifications. Only very slowly is their prestige declining amid the phenomena of this mechanical age in which we live.

German Humour, Conscious and Unconscious.

German humour loves to concern itself with the little grotesque incidents of life; it is homely and bourgeois. And yet it very easily passes over into the cynical, brutal and cruel, as in the paper *Simplicissimus*, for instance. In German literature the humour has always something philosophical and wry in its quality, so unlike in this respect the unphilosophical self-irony of the Englishman. Our great writers are too conscious of their responsibility to life to provide more than the tentative approach to

humour. We have no Rabelais or Molière or Shakespeare to our credit. It is but rarely that a German attains to the ethereal heights of pure nonsense, where all philosophy, all seriousness, disappear.

The philistine, with his petty joys and sorrows, indulges in a harmless but laboured type of humour, which concentrates on the personal life and weaknesses of his neighbours. Presumably no country but Germany can boast the 'Rules of Conduct for Pub-Crawlers,' with its ten paragraphs. Paragraph 2: 'The wedding ring is to be worn clearly and conspicuously. The removal of the wedding ring is strictly forbidden,' is of itself sufficient to send the philistine into fits of laughter.

We may mention here, too, the vogue of vulgar postcards, the piquancies, which may sound all right in French, but are quite unsuited to German; for German obscenity is far too matter-of-fact to have any redeeming charm.

As an example of unconscious humour we may take the following rhyme, executed in poker-work on the walls of a boarding school for young ladies in Göttingen:

> Nach der Notdurft vor dem Essen
> Händewaschen nicht vergessen

(After relieving yourself and before meals, do not forget to wash your hands), the intention of which was both poetical and practical, but in no sense humorous.

Even business advertisements are sometimes enlivened by the touch of poetry and intimate appeal: 'The wood from which our furniture is constructed is carefully chosen from beautiful forests, the happy holiday haunts of countless men and women, from the matured products of the oak, the Caucasian walnut, etc. After being left to dry for many years, they are transformed with all the skill and science of the ancient German art of carpentry into ingenious masterpieces of domestic culture.'

Death announcements sometimes retain the tragic romanticism of the Ancient Germanic:

'ANCIENT GERMANIC ASSOCIATION MALE VOICE CHOIR
"GERMANIA."

'Dark is the rune that Woden, the wise Father of Battle, has carved for us! After a life dedicated to Art and the German Spirit, the Atheling of our Company, Jakob Heilmann, Privy Councillor of Commerce, has been called home to the Great Ur in the East. We shall continue to hold his name in grateful remembrance.

'THE EWASAGENSTUOL.'

Love of Country.

All nations feel the distinction between love of country and political patriotism, though politics often does its best to confuse the issue through prostituting one of man's noblest passions to its own sordid ends.

In Germany this confusion is peculiarly marked, for the love of country splits up at an early stage into the love of homeland on the one hand, and a more politically tinged love of the Fatherland, embracing the whole of Germany, on the other. We shall speak of this latter type later; here we shall confine our attention to the love of homeland in the narrower sense; and even this is not easy to explain.

But it may be said from the outset that the German love of homeland, the love of one's own soil and landscape and customs, is unpolitical from its very nature, whereas the more all-embracing love of the Fatherland is still somewhat undefined in character, but is becoming increasingly political in its significance; for often enough it stands opposed to the love of Fatherland in the nobler sense. This conflict between the narrower love of home and the increasingly political love of Fatherland is a peculiarly German state of affairs.

The term 'homeland' is partly psychological and partly geographical in connotation, and this double significance is complicated further by the difficulty of deciding the geographical limits of one's particular homeland. For the boundaries often run clean through those of state or province, like Lausitz, for instance, which lies partly in

Silesia and partly in Saxony. Franks and Swabians are scattered in the most complex and illogical fashion over Würtemberg and Bavaria; and many dwellers in the same homeland are divided from each other in some respects and united in others. Thus the German homeland is a complex and undefinable concept. It is like German philosophy in its cleavages, its richness and its illimitability.

There seems to be a close connection between the German love of homeland and the German love of wandering. The German feels driven to wander from his own small German world into the endless variety of other small German worlds, seeking ever in his wanderings to seize the essential image of his Fatherland. It is above all German youth which seeks to understand in this way, with its eyes and soul, that essential Germany which intellect alone is powerless to fathom.

These young people are the noblest product of Germany's manhood, for once the German grows to five-and-thirty or thereabouts he exchanges his romanticism for the slogan of efficiency, political strife becomes party squabble, and love of Fatherland self-opinionatedness. German youth, however, is content to love Germany in its hills and streams, in the costumes and gestures of its peasant women, and in pious pilgrimages to its famous landmarks.

But there are others who wander through the land in search not for a philosophy, but for work. These are the 'Vogtländer': wandering masons and thatchers and carpenters, who tramp from one building yard to another in their long wide trousers and slouch hats with their tools wrapped up in brightly coloured cloths. These comrades of the road seem like relics of the medieval guilds. Occasionally, though very rarely, they are even to be seen among the stir and bustle of the Berlin streets; but work is hard to find in Berlin. In such surroundings they seem as out of place as cowboys in New York.

German Militarism.

The Germans are far too heterogeneous to permit it to be said of them that they are either a warlike or an unwarlike people. Certainly very many Germans are warlike; and wherever the trumpet sounded to battle, there Germans were always to be found. Even the peacefully disposed German takes a peculiar delight in the order and discipline of the marching columns. The German loves hard discipline and precise commands; he always works best when he is treated in military fashion. In the bearing of the German soldier one finds some justification for what the Englishman calls 'German pompousness.' The German officer of the old school, with his full medal-bedecked chest and neck encased in stiff bemetalled collar, was a unique figure, peculiar to Germany, symbolical of stern discipline and manly vigour.

There is a witty saying, not without its truth, that the Germans are peaceful militarists, whereas the French are warlike anti-militarists.

The German rejoiced in a system in which blind duty acquired so much prestige that it supplied him with a definite moral code. He looked to the army to provide him with mental poise and the community spirit. He was only too willing to bow down before the principle of unity and order, when it was a question of the army and not politics. With sure instinct the army was forbidden to take part in any political activity, for it was only in the army that all Germany seemed to be united. But for this very reason the army as such was highly political, in that it was conservative through and through. The military spirit often usurped the place of the political. And this was the cause of much of what was called 'militarism' and what, together with certain other qualities, made the Germans so hated. These hosts of individualists grew into willing subordinates, and this welding together of individualists under the pressure of impersonal

service was the really characteristic feature of German military style.

The army was the readiest stimulant to German patriotism, but not in the sense that it was the servant of the nation, for the nation as such can hardly be said to have existed; rather it was admired as a thing of beauty in itself. Like the French, the Germans find it hard to admit military defeat, and it is doubtful whether any single one of the countless military monuments in Germany bears the word 'defeat' upon it, as, for instance, the Danish monuments sometimes do.

Dislike of Germany.

Other people's dislike of Germany probably rests on the fact that they feel there to be something almost dangerously mysterious about the stupendous achievements with which Germany is for ever surprising the world. On the ground of their own experiences they seek to relate these achievements to some central point of the German spirit. But this central point is not to be found, and so they have to fall back on the assumption of a peculiar German dæmon for their explanation. On closer observation, however, it is clear that the Germans, this inwardly so insecure people, are afraid both of themselves and of others, try as they may to boast and brag this fear out of existence. Over and over again they have made the mistake—whether from national vanity or other causes—of giving a false explanation for their individual achievements, an explanation, moreover which is sometimes false on the face of it. And when they are accused of every sort of villainy in consequence, they resent it fiercely, feeling with justice that they are at heart a harmless and amiable people. Envy is the only explanation they can find for the foreigner's opinion of them.

A nation like the English, which follows the ideal of the Gentleman, naturally feels that another nation which is without either a commonly accepted standard like itself

or a style like the French offends at every step against the unwritten laws of good taste. It will consider this nation to be politically unreliable and therefore dangerous. It will refuse to believe its protestations, however carefully supported by scientific arguments they may be, and all the more so if this other nation takes its stand on one particular achievement in its perpetual effort to acquire an individual and distinctive character, be this achievement military or maritime or something else.

The French fail to find any equivalent of their own style in the Germans, and hence feel that the integrity of their style is threatened in their dealings with them. They naturally resent this, for to them their style is the breath of life. The effect the German has on the nervous, sensitive Frenchman is particularly grotesque. The German appears to him to be a disciplined automaton, impermeable to all influences, however splendid they may be; he leaves his university in the same state as he once left his primeval forests; he has no understanding for education, only for instruction, cultivating his brain to the exclusion of his heart and soul; he must always have someone to lead him, someone above him whom he can slavishly revere. This great expenditure of mental energy without character to support it renders him, so the Frenchman reasons, untrustworthy in political matters. German idealism, he feels, lacks human balance, and in this connection he recalls the tale of the German professor who, lost in thought over the subtleties of Kant's philosophy, was observed forcing his way through a crowd of people streaming towards him from the opposite direction by holding his umbrella stretched out horizontally before him. Considered as a nation, the Germans are like a mighty river which, the Frenchman feels, must be held in check to prevent it overflowing its banks.

A Dane once said of the Germans: 'The Swede has his good breeding, the Englishman his gentlemanliness, the Frenchman his politesse, and the Italian his irresistible

grace—but the German? Alas! he cuts a poor figure beside his neighbours, and one of the reasons for this is his want of Charis (charm or grace). He lacks those two virtues which the Greeks called Eidos (sense of form) and Sophrosyne (moderation or prudence).'

An Englishman once said that the Germans did not stimulate the imagination of the other nations, as the French, for instance, do. And though there is some truth in the observation, it needs to be amplified by the recognition that the Germans certainly do have a disquieting effect upon the other peoples. This is a sign of the fact that as a nation they are still in course of development, and so always something of an uncertain quantity. And since the judgment of one nation upon another is always inclined to be somewhat unfriendly, in the case of Germany the distortion is particularly great. However, this distorting mirror may at least be able to show something of what the Germans seem incapable of perceiving for themselves.

BOOK IV
WORK, EDUCATION, AND RELIGION

CHAPTER I

The German Workman and his Work

European Attitudes to Work.

With all its sound common sense England is so tied to its national and industrial traditions that it is apt to be a little old-fashioned in its attitude to work. Here work is not a dogma or an aim in itself, but a neeessary element in a politically tinged play of forees. England is happy-go-lucky without being lazy, which gives it its aristocratic charm. But its capacity for getting the rest of the world to do its work for it becomes a weakness as soon as the rest of the world begins to stand on its own feet. The aim of its industrial life is to create and maintain a worthy standard of living in a powerful state, whieh is what imparts to the whole land such a remarkably firm and solid stamp. Nevertheless its factories sometimes have an air of carelessness and disorder about them. English industry is based less on mathematical method and hard work than on the sound desire to produce something solid and reasonable. Not infrequently the Englishman with his shopkeeper soul gets farther than the German with his battalions of sciences. He makes the goods while the German is still wandering in the seventh heaven of mathematics, and moreover he often makes them better. His engines and motor-cars and aeroplanes have a matter-of-fact reliability about them, an indefinable English quality for which, of course, one has got to pay the price.

French manufactures, on the other hand, have a delicately mathematical and æsthetic quality, as is shown by the Eiffel Tower or the elegant and somewhat feminine build of their automobiles. Their goods are not 'heavy,' but they are more solid than the Italian. The French

attitude towards work is more naïve than the English. The workers are not oppressed aristocratic types; they are more elegant than the English, and still seem to retain some of the old joy in labour. The French have a nice appreciation of the more interesting aspects of technical science, but the grasping ambitions of big business leave them cold. They have no desire to see their sunny land of poplar avenues and broad winding rivers covered with factories from shore to shore. True, they have their coal and iron districts, but nothing that can be compared with the Ruhr area or Pittsburgh or Birmingham. The economic balance between town and country is so nicely adjusted that there is little danger of any great extension of industry. French industry is a mixture of provincial stagnation, scientific enthusiasm and individual inventiveness.

The Swede is fortunate in his industrial conditions. He is careful to preserve a certain harmony between his land and its industries, thus avoiding the more unpleasant consequences of the industrial age. The railways, steamers and canals fit gracefully enough into the beautiful mosaic of Sweden's myriad lakes and sombre pine forests. The engine sheds have a friendly air and the factories are spaciously built. Moreover, the solitudes of wood and water are never far to seek. A common social background, a common manner of speech form the setting for all Swedish activity, industrial and intellectual, and for this reason the wheels of Swedish life run easily and smoothly. The Swedes show great technical ability; their attitude toward such matters is a curious mixture of boyish delight and scientific zeal, accompanied at times by a heavier and even pedantic strain akin to the German. But this last is immediately transmuted in their case by the pleasant atmosphere of their land and by their instinctive dislike of all conflicts and crises. This desire for a quiet life at all costs leads to many an instance of what the German would feel to be a surrender of principle.

The Italians are positively childlike in the gaiety of their attitude to work. One might almost say that the chattering matter-of-fact way they go about their labours is a harmless relic of their ancient slavery, just as the German still has something of the earnest mien of the medieval serf about him. Even the poorer quarters of the land are permeated by this atmosphere of busy merriment. The people do their work in the same spirit as they go in and out of their churches, now lounging idly, now feverishly in earnest, and without any perceptible interval between the two states. Their grace and charm are as much in evidence as their industry and patience. When special occasion calls, the idea of their work acts on them like the blast of a trumpet, corresponding to the accent on the word *Italianità*. Thus enthusiasm for speed records will stimulate them to great achievements in the manufacture of automobiles. But the easy-going atmosphere of the country prevents them from throwing themselves heart and soul into the dull routine work of organization. The stage of labour is at times full of aria singers and supers, and as soon as the *bel canto* has come to an end they are overwhelmed with nervousness and confusion, though they soon recover their self-possession. Thus on the whole the Italians are either brilliant successes or hopeless failures, whether in the field of industry, intellect, or war.

The German Worker.

To the German work is what gives meaning to his life and destiny and to the life and destiny of the State. Even in the Middle Ages the Germans were called *homines laboris*. Benvenuto Cellini tells of German goldsmiths and sculptors who positively worked themselves to death. One has only to watch the land awakening every morning to its labours to realize this fact—to see the peasants streaming to the fields, the workers to the factories, the

portly women scrubbing the office steps, the postmen going their punctual rounds.

The German gives himself heart and soul to his work. Even the most strenuous and unpleasant sort of labour is performed with a certain theoretical zest. He sets to with a will; there is no dawdling and playing about. The inefficient German worker is clumsy or phlegmatic rather than trifling or lacking in earnest. A designer is set a piece of work to do, and even though it is only a quarter of an hour before closing time, he will sit down straightaway to get on with his new job. The German engineer attacks his work in quite a different spirit from his French or Italian colleague—more seriously and methodically, and at the same time more energetically. The German worker exhibits a combination of tenacity and elasticity and forceful driving power.

German manufactures are distinguished by a certain heaviness. Engines and furniture tend to be both large and durable. The locomotives and rolling stock are heavier than the French, and the motors run with a peculiarly persistent energy. The German steel helmet is higher and weightier than the Entente variety, and in this very metallic weightiness seems a fitting symbol of the race.

The neatness and tidiness that one finds everywhere in Germany are due rather to the German passion for orderliness than to the love of cleanliness or æsthetic feeling which characterizes the Scandinavians. The Anglo-Saxon orderliness, on the other hand, has its roots in the desire for clarity.

At every turn Germany bears the stamp of reliability, a stamp which gives the whole land a certain style. In America a slight confusion is apt to arise whenever something fails to fit precisely into the main scheme of things, whenever there is need for some extra labour which will not meet with immediate reward. But in the German offices the papers and documents lie piled up in baskets

and shelves, a continual incitement to conscientious work, a call to duty which the German never fails to answer. And in such matters as regulating the steam in his furnaces the German, unlike the Austrian, always acts with the utmost consistency, never turning it off without good cause. Everything is accounted for in the German ledger.

In England, too, one finds trustworthiness and reliability. But there it is part of the moral and social education of the individual, something much more spontaneous than the German variety, which rests, so to speak, on abstract theory. One rejoices in German bourgeois orderliness, and yet there is something irritating in the mechanical atmosphere that lies over the country. And this reliability in labour and business matters differs widely according to district, traditions and the state of trade. In Hamburg and Bremen, and indeed everywhere in Lower Saxony, one finds an ingrained and traditional sense of honour; in other places—in Berlin and Cologne, for instance—one meets with a good deal of legally systematized roguery; in Swabia one finds an honest desire to give one the best for one's money.

American methods of labour, with their disregard for anything that does not yield an immediate and full return, often involve great waste of material. The German, on the other hand, is not content till he has extracted the last ounce of utility from what he is dealing with, and there is no species of work to which he will not turn his hand and brain. In this he is assisted by the large supply of cheap labour always available in Germany. The landscape, too, contributes to the endless variety of Germany's industrial products; for certain things only flourish in particular corners of the land, owing to old traditions of labour, the climate, the kind of animals reared in the locality, and so forth. One has only to think of Thuringian Christmas-tree decorations, Erzgebirge toys, Glauchau artificial leather gloves, gold leaf, etc.

There is nothing which the Germans cannot manufacture. Hence we have a bewildering variety of products to our credit: steel pens, briquettes, ready-made clothes, machines, paper, explosives, wireless sets, tinsel, Oriental shawls, genuine Russian samovars for the world market (Russia being at present unable to supply them), ocean liners, *objets d'art* of every sort, power-stations, microscopes, planetaria, the best steam presses in the world, synthetic musk and precious stones, chemicals, dyes, lacquers, tooth paste, moulded glass plates, aspirin, and salvarsan.

Just as the Germans can make anything, so, like the Jews, they are to be found all over the world; only, unlike the Jews, they are to be found in all professions too. Everywhere there are German churches, German skittle-alleys, hotels, choral societies, breweries, factories, shops, barbers, waiters, merchants, technicians, professors: in Basutoland and Tierra del Fuego, in Oslo and in Alexandria.

A Paradox.

Germany is not obsessed by the idea of progress in the way that America is. Everywhere one finds devotion to duty and a tragic air of resignation.

There is a lack of proportion between the state of industry and the conditions of living, between the amount of labour expended and the actual results of that labour. One would, in fact, expect greater well-being and prosperity than actually exists.

At trade exhibitions the German section always calls forth the wonder and admiration of other nations. Brilliant, solid, reliable, the German products stream on to the market from ancient medieval cities and from factories constructed of glass and iron in the very latest mode. And yet the very people who bring all these marvels into being sink back after their labours into the old drab routine of the workers' private life. The bril-

liance goes into the goods, not into the mode of living. And this breach, which originally arose from over-population and the natural habits of the people, has only been widened by the pressure of the war years and the subsequent social crises.

With smaller expenditure of labour the American attains a greater degree of well-being. The German often remains a very unassuming and somewhat oppressed being; his actual achievement is out of all proportion to his importance and mode of life. Owing to the surplus of labour, and good labour at that, the efficient worker seldom attains any high degree of self-respect or personal pride. It is the specialist or the expert who really thinks a lot of himself. On the other hand, a certain type of efficiency is the highest national ideal, a fact which has often had an irritating effect on the other nations.

In this inwardly insecure and styleless land labour itself is the only style, the only avenue of approach to a higher life-form. Hence the worker with his solid bourgeois mien and air of reliability is the most genuine and congenial type in modern Germany. He bears the stamp of toil and devotion to duty; he is a little too earnest and joyless, perhaps, and even a trifle surly at times; but in the very worst periods of the war he kept his little house in Essen in better trim than the English miner kept his even before the war.

CHAPTER II

Art and Education

The Intellectual and Æsthetic Field.

For a variety of reasons the German has always found it difficult to express himself in a consistent intellectual or artistic form. There are some who would maintain that he succeeded in doing so in the Late Germanic, or Gothic, or Luther period. But Germany has ever been subject to violent transformations and complex interactions, and it would be very hard to prove that this or that intellectual or artistic phenomenon contained above all others the essentially German quality.

It is in the sphere of the plastic arts, especially, that this lack of a specifically German style is most noticeable. In the Middle Ages, it is true, there was a greater consistency, a more inward connection between the various manifestations of the æsthetic spirit. Cathedral followed on cathedral, and in one of them, the cathedral of Naumburg, row upon row of figures look down upon one, carved with such lifelike vigour and power that they seem to rival the art of Greece itself. But after the Middle Ages—which was, after all, in many respects a Christian European epoch—the intellectual and artistic life of Germany splits up into a thousand diverse channels, whereas for all the confusion that reigned in other countries we can nevertheless trace an unbroken continuity in the cultural life of France, England or Italy. Henceforth in Germany the intellectual and artistic impulse confines itself to single individuals or single groups of individuals, so that it is difficult to say when the real cultural life of the Germans actually begins.

Moreover, German culture, especially in the fields of

philosophy, science and literature, seems to have developed extraordinarily late in the day compared with the other West European countries. Western Europe had already evolved political and intellectual forms of national validity, while Germany was still divided against itself, destroying all hopes of unity. But time and again it has succeeded in catching up in a series of feverish outbursts to the point that other nations had reached by a process of steady development.

From all this it becomes intelligible why French painting, say, is as a whole more consistent, cultivated and artistic than German, whereas particular German artists seem greater than any one Frenchman. This unevenness along with greatness of individual achievement is what gives German culture its peculiar charm, and in this, too, consists its essentially 'German' quality, which we will now try to investigate more nearly.

The German spirit, viewed as a whole, is too full of contradiction and confusion to allow one to disentangle the thread of cultural unity. Here more lively chaos reigns than anywhere else in Europe; here a thousand different styles are inextricably interwoven, and countless individual forms loom up in the formlessness of the whole. At every point the realm of mind stretches out into the boundless and the infinite. At every point one meets with fragments of a roving, restless spirit that never comes to earth. In unexpected nooks and crannies an intellectual volcano is ever breaking through the German soil. The German wanders unsatisfied under a wider spiritual horizon than the other peoples. Fierce and resentful, he is for ever recasting the mould of his experience. Nowhere else in the world is so much arguing and analysis, so much discussion and disputation to be found. One encounters heights of sublimity and depths of perversity, now soaring through Æolian spheres, now wading through swampy mud. From Walther von der Vogelweide by way of Luther and Kepler to Kant,

Goethe, Beethoven, Schopenhauer, Nietzsche, and some who are still with us, surge in inexhaustible succession the spiritual waves of our culture, roll in majestic movement the splendid, but often sorrow-tossed worlds of the German spirit, accompanied on their way by the most charming idylls that the realms of poetry, music and painting have to show. The German spirit is ever fluctuating between victory and defeat, now sinking, now rising, now dangerous like lava in its flow, now safely bounded by the confines of the bourgeois soul.

Even a thousand years back Germany lacked firmness, lacked crystallization; always it was wreathed in swirling mists, shot through by the lightnings of Romance. In the Edda, as in Kant, one has to make one's way through dank and gloomy caverns, though with Kant one is also led through clearly lighted bourgeois apartments. Pedantry, which makes its appearance here and there, seems bent on supplying a kind of mechanical substitute for the lack of crystallization. Moreover, nowhere else in the world except in India does one find so deep a desire to penetrate behind things, and life, culture, the nation and the spirit, to an inexpressible something, and to express this something in the vague intricacies of language.

Thus the German is ever probing Faust-like into the depths in the search for that diminutive x in which he believes the whole secret of his being and its complexities and difficulties is to be found, and which is therefore surrounded in his mind with a metaphysical aura. He is very unwilling to surrender this torturing, but narcotically alluring x, to deny himself the pain and pleasure of this Faust-like probing. Faust studied jurisprudence among other things, and questions the whole world as to the justification of its existence. Many Germans judge their fellow-men according to whether they adopt a corresponding attitude to the problems of the universe. A foreigner once made the remark that the Germans have the twofold ambition to be both Siegfried and Faust at the same time.

The great men of England and France can be enclosed in frames of a single pattern and hung up on the gallery walls beside each other. But every German needs his own particular frame, oak or stone, golden or brown, Bavarian or Lower Saxon, as the case may be; and some there are who defy any mere national frame. As one passes them by one after the other, it is as though one was transported through gloomy hollows and green fields, over lakes and mountains, narrow defiles and sweeping landscapes. Out of cosmic chaos, as it were, these Promethean forms rise up, lit but rarely, and then only artificially, by the rays of Homer's sun. In the world of the German spirit fierce storms are ever raging round jagged cliffs and brooding forests; with heavy tread the gods of this world pace through its mists and confusions.

Hence it is easy to understand why German culture has such a universally European stamp. In his creative activity the German is but little bounded by the forms and qualities which a firmly stabilized national life would impose. With other nations greatness flourishes in close connection *with* that uniform national feeling; with the Germans it flourishes *despite* the lack of it. In fact, the German looks to his great men to create his national culture for him.

Nevertheless the great men of Germany have—almost without exception—suffered at the hands of their country, for it held out to them no helping hand that would lead them gently into pleasant pastures; at one moment it would uphold them, the next leave them to their fate. Perhaps it is for this reason that German art and philosophy so often ends by becoming a system of salvation. Being thrown back on his own resources, every German must to a certain extent be for ever building up his whole universe anew, and in order to round it off and circumscribe it he must not shrink from the utmost confines, calling the theoretical into play even for his artistic activity. Wagner was proud that his 'Tristan' would

pass the strictest theoretical tests, and yet describes it at the same time as a work of 'excess'; Kant beat at the outermost doors of thought; Schopenhauer insisted that he had said absolutely the last word; and to Nietzsche 'Zarathustra' was the greatest book ever written.

To sum up: Germany's passage across the spiritual heaven of mankind is quite different from that of Greece, of Italy, of France. It is like thunder clouds and fleecy mists, like rainbow, hail and storm with intermittent sunshine, all at the same time. It is like an eternal April.

The ordinary German is a less commonplace person than the average citizen of other lands, and German provincialism often has a breath of genius about it. Germany has so many nooks and crannies of the spirit overlapping each other that every intelligent person can find some opportunity for stimulus and work, and this is the reason perhaps why Germany does in fact possess so many people of intellectual significance.

German Music.

German music does not share the chaotic fate of the other fields of intellectual and artistic endeavour, and for this reason it may well be considered the most German of them all. In fact, it is possible to maintain that it is only in music that the German spirit has found complete and satisfactory expression.

This fact cannot be explained solely on the assumption that the German has a peculiarly musical ear. If it was merely a question of ear the Germans would hardly be more musical than the English. But the English, who certainly show creative power in the realms of poetry, philosophy and science, are not a race of composers. Is it that they lack the will to music which the Germans possess? Or do their markedly political qualities interfere with the capacity for the higher forms of music?

Music in the more modern sense of the word dates from a period when England had already reached a stable

form, whereas Germany had just begun to plunge into the horrors of the Thirty Years' War, in the middle of which —in Torgau in 1627—the first performance of the first German opera took place. Perhaps the Englishman finds something almost ungentlemanly in the surrender to one's deepest and most intimate feelings that music demands of one. It is easy to picture the village schoolmaster, the Bohemian, or the verger in the act of composition, but hardly the English gentleman. And yet the nearest equivalent to the English gentleman in German life is probably the German conductor of the finer, more intellectual type, just because he exercises authority in the specifically German sphere.

To the German music offers an escape from the chaos and confusion of his inner life, for dealing with which the medium of words seems too blunt an instrument. Music is to him the most stimulating of all the arts, and one which at the same time gives him a feeling of national unity in the finer sense. It is wonderful to contemplate how the whole country is drenched in music, how Catholics and Protestants, political opponents and rigid individualists assemble together in the concert halls, theatres and choral societies under the influence of the one means of communal expression that the German possesses. Music has the power to work wonders with the most irresolute of natures. Released from the pressure of speech, the fairest blossoms flourish in this realm. One finds Germans who can write the clearest of scores, and who yet neglect their speech and their outward appearance in the most unbelievable way.

German music often tends to be romantic, heavy, a little pedantic. It is charged with sensibility and wealth of images, with the eternal antithesis: conflict and redemption. There is nothing it cannot express. Moonlight and the restless motion of the trout, heroism and love, philosophy and religion, death, quivering leaves, Valhalla, the minuet and opium are all within its gamut.

German music seems to derive from a condensation of poetry and architecture and philosophy; there is very little 'absolute' music in Germany; even the divine pedantry of a Bach fugue is a sort of architecture.

German music springs, one might say, out of the threefold geographical division of the country and the intricate multiplicity of the German hills and valleys. Polyphony is truly a German invention; Polyhymnia a deity more congenial to the Germans than the crystal clarity of words. The manifold complexity of German life is crystallized in the sound of the orchestra, like the frozen music from Münchhausen's post-horn. Even avowedly unmusical Germans are often enthusiastic supporters of music. But then it is looked upon almost as treason to call in question the right of music to the highest place among the arts.

Italian music is quite another matter. It is a question of hit or miss, brilliant success or dismal failure. Verdi offers a good example at times of this alternation between genius and tastelessness. Moreover, the form of Italian opera provides more opportunity for 'absolute' music than the German symphony, for which people are always trying to find some literary interpretation.

Again, Hungarian music, that dæmonic compound of body and soul and nation, has no sort of affinity with the philosophical depth and broad flowing melodies of German music.

German Education.

A remarkable contrast to the disordered brilliance of the higher forms of German intellectual and artistic life is presented by the almost mechanical mass production of knowledge, which characterizes German educational methods. In this province the machinery of knowledge works with feverish and unceasing activity, and the whole country gives the impression of a sort of universal encyclopedia.

It is characteristic of this attitude that the importance

of mere book learning is stressed at the expense of character. A small sign of this fact can be seen in the readiness with which a German will accuse his neighbour of being 'uneducated,' and in his habit of tapping himself on the forehead as a visible token of his neighbour's stupidity. To the Englishman personality and character are what really matter; the reproach he brings against his fellowman is more likely to be that of being a liar, the Frenchman's that of being a coward, while in America 'knowledge' is only valued in so far as it can be put to what the American considers to be practical use.

Thus it is that the German people seem to consist entirely of those who teach and those who are taught. Character training and preparation for life are spoken of as though they were just one more department of knowledge, and the immediacy of experience is exchanged for the intermediacy of pedagogic theorizing. In Goethe's words, 'All direct perceptions are at once destroyed and dissolved into mere abstractions.' And as the possession of a demonstrable amount of specialized knowledge is enough to give one a certain standing in Germany, the intellectual snob is a peculiarly flourishing type: the sort of person who boasts of his academic successes and glories in his academic honours, who bears the traces of his weight of arid learning in his features; the type of whom a famous German once said that he possessed 'the owl's distorted gravity,' and another that he had the seriousness and dignity of the monkey. These are the people who idolize dead geniuses in their theses, but look askance at the vitality of living writers, who threaten at any moment to upset the contours of their schematic knowledge.

The whole country seems to be covered by one gigantic system of educational machinery, which seizes in its grip every fruit that falls from the tree of knowledge. In 1927 no less than 36,000 books were printed in Germany. Every aspect of the intellectual, cultural, literary and social situation is grabbed hold of by some specialist or other;

every pretext is seized to found yet another professorial chair. We have a dozen types of higher schools where the French have only two, and we are always inventing new kinds of higher and lower schools. The foundation of each new school is hailed without question as a 'cultural' act.

This national mania for education reached a pitch of tragic intensity in the years of distress that followed the war. The people were afflicted with the delusion that the only way they could be saved from their cramping agony was by acquiring more knowledge. The passion for education degenerated into the struggle for deliverance, and while the educational riches of the middle classes were proving hopelessly inadequate in face of the problems of their changing world, the masses of the socialist state were striving after the parchment laurels of knowledge. It is just the simplest and poorest people who are the most sensitive to any criticism of such procedure; they are willing to deny themselves the necessities of life in order to send their children into the paradise of knowledge, like the washerwoman who put her two sons to study jurisprudence.

The nation has let itself become hopelessly entangled in the educational mesh. It has followed willy-nilly the Pied Piper of learning, lured by his pipings of knowledge and its dignities. But at the same time it has prostrated itself before the goddess of industry, the fetish of the age. It is not the cobbler and the weaver who make the shoes and aprons these days; it is 'industry,' with all its elaborate administrative accompaniment, industry which calls its faithful slaves to its bosom in this wise: 'Apprentice wanted for our pinafore department. Matriculation certificate essential.' 'Still room for a few young gentlemen in our registry department. Men of academic standing (Dr. jur. or Dr. rer. pol.) preferred.' Without a matriculation certificate the nurse is not considered competent to swaddle the infant; the Dresden shoemakers'

guild demands 'Upper Fifth' standard from its apprentices. Thus it is that sixty-five per cent. of the young people of the towns attend secondary schools, while the elementary schools are more and more neglected and despised. Before the war Germany had sixty-two thousand students; now it boasts a hundred and thirty-five thousand, and a purveyor of boxing-gloves and knickerbockers is made Honorary Doctor of the Technical High School in Calrsruhe, by which means he becomes an *ipso facto* member of the 'intellectuals.'

If one is not fortunate enough to sell knickerbockers, one must plod one's way through an endless succession of lectures, syllabuses and examinations in the midst of a host of unknown fellow-students before one attains the rank of doctor. And this incoherent prostration before the goddess Omniscience is what the Germans call 'academic liberty.' It is an aimless oscillation of inexperienced youths between examination courses, students' bouts and duels; for all serious and genuine people it betokens the destruction of ambitions and ideals.

Very many Germans have reached their nineteenth or twenty-fifth or thirtieth year, as the case may be, and are still not finished with their schooling, when they begin to step out into 'life,' a large part of which has already slipped by them unawares. And all they have been told of Germany and the feverish life of its industries and its agonizing problems and difficulties has been a thin bloodless series of scientific abstractions. They have never been told what it means to sign a bill of exchange, but they have heard some dry particulars about the law of exchange. They have never been conducted over a prison, and only the medical student knows the inside of a hospital. They really know nothing whatever of the cities, great and small, of the peasant and the smith and their daily labour; they know nothing of the struggle for our existence in which we are all involved, nothing of the administrative machine and the infinite complexities of

the law, nothing of the millions and millions of their fellow-men.

But they have gained a commercial 'education,' an education based on institutions like school and examination, not on character and intercourse between men who really are men. The youth of this generation are taught that the Roman state began to decay as soon as it became a monarchy, whereas before the war a republican in Prussia ran a danger of legal prosecution. From nine to ten some fierce and bloody episode of history is held up to us for admiration; from ten to eleven we are exhorted to follow the principles of Christian charity; and one teacher praises what the other reviles. But all this matters nothing, provided we 'know' all about the Wessobrunner Gebet and Lessing's 'Laokoön.'

'Education' no longer signifies a shaping and moulding force; it no longer means the capacity to distinguish what is genuine from what is not, what is alive from what is merely mechanical; it is no more the racy soil from which spring the growths of poetry, morality, nation and religion. It implies instead a certain quantity of prescribed knowledge, the ability to move among one's fellow-men without giving oneself away, and the feeling of arrogant superiority over those in a less fortunate position than oneself. It is only in tones of such superiority that one dares to discuss the deeper and finer things of life, in the proud certainty that the most serious matters will not be taken seriously, but discussed with scientific detachment or with the shallowness of social gossip. Our education is a conglomeration of knowledge of every sort, out of which the individual, according to his particular vanity, desire or capacity, chooses what pleases him best, and what he can, however arbitrarily, twist into some philosophical, religious or political formula.

And since the 'viscous slime of our educational barbarity' fails to offer us any spontaneous human pattern or ideal, we are for ever seeking some historical justifica-

tion, and rejoice when something can be proved and established historically. Whereas the Frenchman finds confirmation in his history, the German seeks for justification in his. And as his history, culture and education are exceedingly involved, his attitude in general is punctuated with eternal ifs and buts, should haves and would haves. Bismarck should have done this, Luther should have done that, and so on and so forth.

On top of all this we have the peculiarly vague and unactual quality of the German mind, which loves to go on spinning abstraction out of abstraction in endless series. This leads, even in important contemporary thinkers, to this sort of thing:

'All significant types expressed in pure theory of form and systematically investigated according to equation and structure—for instance, the basic forms of the clauses; the categorical clause with its many special and allied forms; the primitive types of propositionally complex clauses, such as the conjunctive, disjunctive and hypothetical clausal unities; or the distinctions of universality and particularity on the one hand, and of singularity on the other; the syntaxes of plurality, of negation, of modality, etc.—all these are completely deductive certitudes rooted in the ideal essence of meaning as such, no less than the significant types arising out of such primitive forms through the operation of the laws of modification.'

As long as one can write this sort of stuff, or converse about egoistical pleonexy or the German ethos of work, one passes for truly 'educated.' But anything that is comprehensible or has life or colour about it is apt to be condemned as 'unscientific.' One is, for example, scientific when one discovers that in the beginning God did not exist; what did exist was the 'pervading God-Nothing.' Most intellectual Germans are like those deep-sea fish which are born with their own electric lighting apparatus to enable them to find their way among the rocks and reefs of the darkest depths of ocean.

The German Professor.

Since this passion for teaching and being taught and this tendency to give exaggerated importance to man's abstract intellectual powers is typical of the Germans, it is not to be wondered at that the professorial style, for good and for bad, is the essentially German style in intellectual matters. Both Faust and his famulus Wagner were professors; and we have already seen that the German soul seems to oscillate continuously between noble humanity and the surrender of its humanity in favour of the object of study or interest. This lack of humanity is very largely due to the fact that learned but insignificant people concern themselves with fields of knowledge, such as literature, philosophy, sociology and history, for which both originality and experience are necessary. Enormous numbers of such people are continually reading and writing on these subjects, devoting years often to the study and confutation of their contemporaries and rivals.

This goes some way to explain why our great classical age and the geniuses who preceded and followed it have failed to be a source of ever fresh and living inspiration to our nation, although they have provided us with the commonplace that German education consists in the study of Goethe, Kant and Schiller. The famulus type, whether in the individual or the mass, has 'destroyed all direct perceptions and dissolved them into mere abstractions,' with the result that the stupendous wealth and varied beauty of the German spiritual heritage have had a confusing and fateful effect rather than the reverse. Lassalle once remarked that the great spirits of Weimar passed over Germany like a flock of cranes without leaving any lasting traces behind them.

And yet the German professor of the Faust type plays a very special and vital part in German life. A considerable prestige attaches to the title of professor even when it is borne, not by a university teacher, but by, say, an

artist or surgeon. In Germany the business man and engineer is cramped and confined in outlook, but not so the scholar. The concept of liberty flourishes at its strongest in the intellectual world, as in America in the world of big business. Almost every intellectual German has been a professor or schoolmaster at one time or another, or else has aspired to be so, like embittered Schopenhauer. Kant, Schiller, Humboldt, Fichte, Gauss, Helmholtz and many technical and musical geniuses filled the rôle of professor. Whenever a man of real consequence strides through the fields of the German academic universe, an intellectual springtime seems to flower around him, as if Flora herself were wandering through the meadows. The professors are the happiest and the most long-lived people in Germany, and they represent an element of stability in the present economically unsettled state of the country.

CHAPTER III

What Holds Germany Together

The Pillars of German Society.

What holds Germany together is that peculiar class of people who are really born officials, even if they are not actually in the service of the state. The German middle class is a term almost synonymous with German officialdom. It is a question of an average German type, which can be relied upon never to disappear, even though 'the middle classes be destroyed' as the result of an inflation period.

To such a man the idea of service to the state, be it monarchy or republic, is an inspiration and an ideal, even in a time like the present, when the old conception of the state is falling out of use and it is becoming more and more merely a gigantic bureaucracy. But for this very reason these people are becoming increasingly the real pillars of order, on whose shoulders the maintenance of the state is borne. Future historians will pass over many political events and tendencies of our time, but will not fail to mention that the tax-collector's notices were sent out without interruption during the most critical days of the Revolution in Berlin. Though it was impossible to know from one moment to the next who held the reins of power, order *per se*, the order of bureaucracy, never ceased to be the real master of the situation. The bourgeois official cementation of the Reich was not to be shaken.

For so long as he is fit and able for his work, nothing will deter the official from his office. He neither runs on to the streets in the heat of revolution nor plunges American-wise into the fever of the business world. He is faithful to his party through thick and thin (except in the case of a

few opportunists and party adventurers), and is glad to have a line of conduct on which he can model his behaviour and attitude. It is his endeavour at all times to be a correct official and an agreeable colleague. But the grey routine of his existence is not without its brighter moments: there is the *Gemütlichkeit* of the beer evening, the occasional country excursion, the short summer holiday, the visit to the theatre in the winter. But above all the more fortunate are heartened by the possibility of becoming Privy Councillors, Professors or Honorary Doctors, and so, as the saying goes, of 'having got somewhere.'

And when one reflects that many of these worthy citizens only attain to a salary of six or seven hundred marks and yet contrive to send two or more sons to school and university, one must admit that they are geniuses of thrift and heroes of self-sacrifice. True, they are well helped in all such endeavours by their clever wives, who know how to exploit all the possibilities of discount tickets and Civil Service benevolent institutions, and thus store up something against a rainy day, exactly as much, in fact, as they can carve for themselves out of the meagre flesh of the German body politic.

There is something almost professional about the attitude of the German *Hausfrau*. For her Italian colleague the home is merely a place to sleep and keep cool in, a place to be kept tidy only in so far as the needs of the moment require. The Swedes like their homes to be comfortable and bright and clean, but they manage the ordering of the household with a lighter hand than the German housewife, whose attitude has something almost obsessional and fetishistic about it. She is never really satisfied with the results of her labour; she is apt to be harassed and oppressed by her duties, which are at the same time the basis and anchorage of her existence, and she is moved easily to grumblings and complaints. The middle-class wife pays more attention to her housekeeping than to her own appearance, and feels there is something morally

commendable in the fact. There is something peculiarly German in the picture of the *Hausfrau*, with her basket and sewing-machine, sitting round the lamp helping the children with their lessons. It seems like an echo of the old German burgher tradition.

The Civil Service.

The fact that the Civil Service stands in the foreground of German life, that the stupendous offices with their endless rows of windows are an object of pride to every true German, is rooted in a thousand years of German history and development, in the German's passion for administration and jurisprudence, and finally in his want of confidence in his fellow-men. All these buildings and hordes of officials are, as it were, an outward and visible sign of the fact that the concept of the State or Nation is sacrificed to that of the authorities, exactly as the human being is so often sacrificed to the profession. It fits in with this that the German concerns himself *in practice* with the authorities and his profession, while he *philosophizes* over the human being and the State and Nation.

The Civil Service is like a symbol of the disproportionate relationship between what the German State takes and what it gives. It looms large in the German mentality as something admirable and at the same time something rather frightening. It is, so to speak, there for its own sake, and not for the sake of those it is supposed to serve. On the one hand there is still, though in a somewhat milder form, the arrogant tone of the commanding officer, and on the other the timidity of the obedient subject. The German has no affection for the authorities; he is always cursing and abusing them; but without them he would be helpless. Even in the Far East, in Tsingtao, the work of colonial administration was crowned by a colossal and pompous freestone building, commonly known as the 'inkpot.' The German has unlimited faith in the authorities; he knows that they have

already recovered any of the old reliability which they may have lost in the years of distress. Here, the German remembers, is where the four hundred paragraphs considered necessary to regulate the hawking of the waste products of precious metals were composed, and here all the millions of German activities are duly booked and labelled. Hither, too, flock millions of the sons of middle-class families. For the German bourgeois sees in the life of the official the ideal of his existence, the milieu in which he feels most at home.

This ideal has profoundly affected the character of many other institutions. The Post Office, for instance, is considered by the Germans to be a purely bureaucratic organization, although it is at bottom an entirely commercial transport undertaking. And the railways, above all, have an official and military element about them, for which the public have the greatest awe and reverence. The offices of many commercial undertakings are conducted in a wholly bureaucratic manner, which is probably why their atmosphere is so different from those of other countries.

There is nothing which escapes the eagle eye and the conscientious care of officialdom. All the details of the inflation period down to the last note issued were carefully checked and recorded. The exactitude and the automatism of the German official system is well illustrated by the difficulty in which the registry office finds itself placed by a case of twins born within five minutes of each other, when the regulation method of registering births is by periods of a quarter of an hour! All Germany gives one the impression of being pushed forward by the authorities, as though it had not sufficient impetus to push forward of itself.

There is something dead and soulless and often something naïvely comic about the style in which official documents are written. The German Council of Agriculture in conjunction with the provincial Chambers of

Agriculture and the relevant departmental organizations has recently issued a series of 'Regulations for dealing with German Fresh Eggs,' which are to be followed uniformly throughout the Reich. In order to add a storey on to a Berlin building forty-four different officials must first be consulted. When need arises for economy in the consumption of gas or electricity or carbon paper, as the case may be, page-long manifestos of the following type appear: 'The economic situation calls for the utmost care in the consumption of gas and electricity. . . . The primitive device of lengthening the lamp-shade by means of attaching strips of thin paper thereto often has the effect of materially diminishing the strength of the illumination, owing to incorrect adjustment of the shade and globe . . . consultation of the appropriate technical authorities strongly recommended . . . comparison with older methods of illumination by means of gas and petroleum lamps affords an indication of the extent to which the lighting in halls and passages can be restricted without thereby increasing the danger of accidents . . . the length of time a piece of carbon paper may be expected to last is dependent on the quality of the individual product, so that it is impossible to lay down any definite rule which shall be universally applicable.' This last clause gives expression to the German's most deeply cherished desire.

If out-of-date issues of postage stamps have to be destroyed, one is instructed to apply to the appropriate official, who 'will thereupon resort to the use of fire in order to carry out the aforesaid object.'

The atmosphere of officialdom penetrates even into private and cultural matters. In the Bismarck Museum at Schönhausen one is shown two pencils used by the great man, to both of which the following notice is attached: 'The indentations and the dark markings at the further extremity of the pencil have their origin in the fact that when employing a pencil the Prince was accustomed to chew the end, and moreover to utilize the same

for the purpose of stopping his pipe. This fact is attested by N. N., Privy Councillor, whose privy seal is herewith affixed.'

As one would expect from the fact that the legal attitude is so fundamental to German life, the fabrication of laws and enactments far surpasses in quantity that of any other land. The lawyer plays a decisive part in the life of the country, and still enjoys greater prestige than the farmer or business man. Germany has no less than ten thousand judges, whereas England has only a few hundred, because there countless small cases are dealt with by lay members of the community.

German law is built up on the concept of 'legal default'; hence German legal documents are peppered with such phrases as 'in default whereof,' etc. Our honest desire to be human often comes to grief on our inability to sacrifice the legal principle to the human principle. 'There seems, unfortunately, to be no other alternative,' and so forth.

The smart figure of the German policeman stands as the lowest pillar of the German legal edifice on the firm foundation of 'legal default.' It is true that things are much better now in this respect than they used to be; it is one of the greatest merits of the Republic that it has succeeded in imparting a certain element of kindly humanity to the figure of the policeman; though he is still a sight to frighten children with, which would never be the case in England or America. And he still retains his military bearing.

Experts have calculated that until recently no less than one million police regulations were in force. The police consider this an exaggeration, but themselves admit to two hundred and fifty thousand. For the most part these regulations are insulting in their tone, whether they refer to keeping off the grass or the avoidance of unnecessary noise. On a narrow path one finds a notice to the effect that 'bicycling is forbidden.' In Denmark, instead

of such a prohibition, one would find: 'For foot passengers only.' The public should not only be warned and deterred; they should also be educated and protected. At the foot of the Grosskomburg one will find a sixty-year-old placard attached to a lime tree: 'During thunder-storms it is dangerous, and therefore forbidden, to take shelter under these trees. National Revenue Office.'

Meanwhile the Prussian Minister of the Interior has discovered that the sentences inflicted by the local police are both too numerous and too severe, with the result that he has caused a proclamation to be circulated defining what may reasonably be considered as a minor offence. In such cases the culprit is to be let off with a warning, which should be both tactful and to the point. Moreover, in special cases one should be permitted to pay fines by instalment. Finally, the Minister states that the number of convictions obtained by the police is not to be taken as the criterion of their efficiency.

The German bureaucratic obsession is perhaps connected with the fact that the nation lacks a social class which would provide it with an ideal on which it could model itself. This is all the stranger in that the people themselves display a strong caste tendency. Germany possesses no gentry in the English sense, no aristocracy conscious of its responsibilities. It exists only as a number of individuals, not as a unified whole, and considers itself less an influence and example than a privileged rank and calling. Moreover, it is so numerous that it is to a large extent permeated by bourgeois influence.

The Search for the Fatherland.

Nothing is more difficult than to say what the concept Fatherland really connotes. For we Germans are a people of many faiths and many souls, and we live in a land where every town and every valley, every society and every dynasty has its own peculiar patriotism, its own

special character, for which it is willing to fight to the last breath.

'There is reason to fear that an attempt will be made by devious routes and by more or less gentle pressure to bring about a unified German state. Were this course to be pursued, the very existence of the Reich would be endangered, for nothing could be more misguided than the idea that the separate states will ultimately acquiesce in their supposedly inevitable fate. As things stand in Europe at present, this playing with fire may well set the whole continent ablaze.'

These words were spoken by the Prime Minister of a South German state, and they provide a more or less involuntary proof of the fact that we are still engaged on the eternal search for our own national being. It is true that we are always being told in countless programmes, ideologies and learned essays what Germany is and what it is not, what it should do and what it should not do, what is patriotic and what unpatriotic. The German loves to probe and feel round intellectually the stupendous thing that Germany is; and he specially loves to work with vague and indefinable terms, such as nationality, culture, race, Prussianism, soul, essence, Germanity, etc., and then to wield these with the utmost dogmatic violence, as though those who are unable to make much of such nebulosities were either unpatriotic or uneducated. People are never tired of asking whether a nation is a community held together by fate, or by necessity, or by a sense of values, or what not; they are never tired of enquiring as to the significance of language, race, nationality, or state, *per se* and in relation to this or that within the nation or state. A good deal of the national heart-searching is wasted in this endless game of question and answer, in order, it is supposed, finally 'to strengthen the foundations of German nationality for the maintenance of its national character.' But despite this 'strengthening' there is no other country in the world in which

recourse is had to so many contradictory formulas: the nation is, according to taste, a mythos in which the individual is of no significance whatever, or an economic community held together purely by self-interest.

Hence it might happen that governments of varying political bias would strive to foster the particular type of patriotism, or lack of patriotism, that they favoured. But in spite of all this the vague and emotional nature of German patriotism has a certain affinity with religion; and it is no mere chance that Germans are so fond of talking about their 'most sacred' possessions in a way that other peoples never or but rarely do, and that they are inclined to think they have a soul, whereas other nations have not. Another instance of the same tendency is the number of aphorisms of the following type: 'We Germans fear God, but otherwise we fear nothing in the world.' 'To be German is to be capable of doing something for its own sake.'

No: to be German is to have to march past a mile-long array of ideals, and to be forced to plead for a community instead of to have one, and to be incapable as a nation of co-operating helpfully along the lines laid down for it by its leaders. To be German is to refuse out of 'patriotism' to admit that other parties are patriotic too, to deny as a Protestant that the Catholic can be inspired by love of country, to cast doubts as a Conservative on the Democrat's right to proclaim himself a true son of the Fatherland, and vice versa; and finally to drape one's patriotism in the colours of one's own profession and to reduce its visible expression to the activities of one's rowing or shooting club or ex-service association.

The German passion for historical—for the most part unfruitful—observations goes hand in hand with all this. As a nation we are full of contradictions, always lying ready to be exploited by the hordes of those 'who think otherwise,' so that the German people can be described

as 'fundamentally' Republican or 'fundamentally' Monarchist, according to taste; in Conservative quarters it has even been maintained that the old German Empire was 'really' a Republic. Thus the German people is divided against itself, but at the same time extremely sensitive to outside criticism, for it abounds in tender spots.

All this forms a very great contrast to, say, the emotional exactitude of the French. Unity of action and will flourishes with difficulty in this emotional undergrowth. Our emotions revolve in endless circles, knock at a hundred doors, and end by adducing their very nebulosity as proof positive of their genuineness. It is hard indeed to say what being 'German' really means; and even our national anthems tend to be as romantic as they are violent, as sentimental as they are martial.

The Political Parties.

The mosaic of patriotic feelings finds its reflection in the kaleidoscope of the political parties, and vice versa; so much so, indeed, that much of what has been said of the former seems equally relevant here. Hence the German who is filled with the desire truly to serve his Fatherland has no alternative but to enrol himself in the party which is likely to provide the most influential ministers and then to acquire the necessary practice in public speaking and the requisite knowledge of the electoral machinery. This at any rate was the advice an aged and respected politician once gave a young German aspirant. The political machinery of other countries may be similar, but it is less complicated than here, less there 'for its own sake,' and more national in character.

The advice given to the young German about how to choose his party was like handing him a thread before entering the labyrinth. For Germany has gone one better, so to speak, on Western parliamentarianism; it has raised the complex multiplicity of the nation into a

system, with the result that meteoric swarms of parties descend over the German ballot boxes, and sometimes as many as thirty or forty parties and ten thousand candidates seek the suffrage of the electors. We have 2,600 deputies and 60 ministers, where the French have only 800 deputies and senators and 15 ministers. Every German carries a constituency, as Napoleon's grenadiers carried a marshal's baton, in his rucksack.

In France the parties have no fixed programmes. Those people are elected who are best able to deal with the political or financial situation of the moment. In England, too, the programmes of the political groups are purely practical programmes of action, and the to and fro of party politics seems to be dictated rather by the interests of the State than by those of Party. Again, the American is in no doubt as to whether he is a Republican or a Democrat, but he finds it exceedingly difficult to justify his choice on ideological or philosophical grounds. We, on the other hand, are inclined to give a party significance even to matters of foreign policy (as the French do too, at times, though in a different way), and thus it comes about that the representatives of the Reich sometimes find themselves in danger of being left in the lurch just at the critical moment.

No Englishman would ever think of ending up his private letters: 'With Labour Party greetings' or 'With Liberal greetings,' but in Germany one often receives communications closing with the words: 'With German greetings' or 'With Democratic greetings.' This is partly due to the philosophical basis of our party politics, and partly to the fact that the German casts his vote, not so much from the conviction that he represents the State and the State represents him, as from a desire to teach the other parties—or even perhaps the State itself—a good lesson. One often hears people saying: 'I only vote in order to prevent the others getting in'; and we describe a German tenement house as being full of hostile 'parties'

where the Englishman would say 'households.' Probably the reason why the Reichstag has never really won the respect of the people is that everyone imagines it is full of parties which are personally hostile to him.

Whenever a parliamentary crisis occurs, one hears the phrase: 'Such and such a party will not surrender one jot of its principles.' But should it do so nevertheless, then the cry of treason is immediately flung at it from every side, indignantly by its supporters, maliciously by its opponents. For the German is accustomed to measure his party by the highest ethical standards, as is testified by the eight stout volumes which an aged politician published recently on the history of his party.

Now it is a remarkable fact that, despite all such literature, it is very difficult to discover the real essence of the parties. What is a Conservative, what is a Democrat, what does it mean to belong to the People's Party? The word Democracy rouses both love and hate, but every German means something different by it. To one person it is a stick to beat the Jews with, to a second it signifies something bourgeois and undistinguished, to a third something non-politically educative, to a fourth a sense of responsibility in the English sense, to a fifth something Würtembergisch, to a sixth something *gemütlich* Bavarian, to a seventh it means socialism or parliamentarianism in general.

All in all German party politics resembles not so much the usual scheme of right and left wings as a system of intersecting spheres of interests and philosophies. The parties illuminate the nation, not like condensing lenses, but like lenses which dissipate the light and which thus cast an unsteady flickering gleam over Germany. In each of the parties, large and small, all the complexities of German life and creed are present, and despite their philosophic basis the ideologies and programmes of the various parties overlap each other to a considerable extent. Thus in the attempt to find one's bearings one

is often being referred back to one's 'instinctive feeling.' One has, it is assumed, a right or left instinctive feeling, as well, perhaps, as a right or left philosophy of life.

The modern German is almost incapable of looking at his country through other than party spectacles. The pamphlets of professional societies have to lay special emphasis on the fact that they stand above creed and party, and even then they are not believed—and probably with justice.

Societies and Associations.

Any of the German love of work and gregariousness that is not already absorbed in the machinery of the Administration or party politics is expended in the countless associations and societies that flood the land. These bodies form a highly effective regulator of German community life; they are continually addressing complaints or legislative proposals to the parties or the Reichstag or the Administration. In Germany people are always meeting together to discuss or organize something or other. And the net result of all this zeal, all this oratory and disputation, is the framing of some resolution, which takes the form often enough of the decision to found yet another association or issue a periodical dealing with the association's activities.

These associations spring up like a stupendous cellular state round anything that supplies the faintest vestige of a nucleus for such a cell: hay fever, cigars, metaphysics or Richard Wagner. The record for such associations is held by the town of Güsten in Anhalt, with a hundred associations to six thousand inhabitants.

It might be said that if the Administration is the German's Fatherland, then the association is his spiritual homeland; and certainly one not infrequently sees the association flags fluttering alongside those of the Reich or State on motor-cars and balconies, etc.

The old type of association has tended of recent years to

merge into the sporting club, but this latter has never really become properly acclimatized here and has had little effect on the mass of the people.

The programmes of these associations always exhibit the same slick phraseology and strings of commonplaces: 'The banner of the Association, of the local group, is our rallying point. We are gaining ground at every step. The avalanche of our endeavours rolls onwards; nothing can now check its course. A club dinner for the purpose of attracting new members has been arranged. We must strive for this and that at all costs. All that is required of you is unstinted loyalty to the cause. Our membership might well be larger than it is, but that shall not deter us. We shall not let anything rob us of our faith. The Association marches onward, and shall march onward till its goal is reached: the training up of men of character and individuality; the steeling of the will; the resurrection of German idealism,' etc.

Even particular brands of commercial products serve as beacons for this German gregariousness. The 'Eagle' typewriters, for instance, have their 'Wardens of the Eyrie': 'Forward with our Eagles! . . . We forge weapons for the battle of life. But it is only the great revivifying power of association that can lead us thither. As proud and zealous Wardens we seek for friends on every side. Away with the dull routine of everyday life! Propaganda, co-operation are the needs of the moment. High on the towering crag rests our Eagle's Eyrie.'

In Potsdam there is an association for the sons of master bakers. The Life-Saving Association holds a session once a year somewhere or other in the Reich, and at a Swimming Association Meeting recently a Round of Honour was swum in memory of those who had fallen in the Great War.

CHAPTER IV

The Creeds

The Rift in the German Mosaic.

The ancient Roman frontier completely encircled Italy, France and Spain, but Germany it cut in half. It ran along the Rhine and the Danube, but the broad wedge of country between the two rivers was also settled by Romans. And this wedge, the 'Agri Decumates,' they had demarcated by building a wall, the 'Limes,' right through South and Central Germany. Thus two thousand years ago a large part of Germany was under the influence of Roman culture. But about a thousand years ago the whole of Germany became subject to the Roman Church.

Hence as far as the Limes Germany had a double, beyond the Limes a single, Roman culture. At the Reformation the latter shook off the Roman fetters more or less, whereas the former remained Roman Catholic. Thus a stupendous rift runs through the intricate complex of Germany's internal frontiers as though through a mosaic. It is as if the masonry had been struck by lightning, and the strangest cracks and fissures had been formed. Nowadays the religious boundary line is faint and confused, and yet not entirely invisible, although in the stream of history the creeds have flowed now back, now forwards. Parts of the western plain beyond the Rhine are Catholic. Through Bohemia the Counter-Reformation affected the eastern portion of North Germany, and thus there are some millions of Catholics in Silesia and West Prussia. The Franks and Swabians are more Protestant than Catholic; for the Reformation penetrated the old Roman wedge along the lines of the cities. Here we have a mosaic of creeds that is without parallel

among the Western peoples. One village is as staunchly Catholic as its neighbour is Evangelical, and intermarriage is still rare between them. Here, too, in this Franconian valley of the Main are villages which for centuries have been purely Jewish.

Germany is the only country in which the landscape itself is divided by religious frontiers, in that the very tillage of the soil varies according to whether a Catholic or a Protestant culture prevails. Nor has the tendency of the creeds to mould the states in their image entirely disappeared.

But every year the old fateful frontier line grows fainter. One can no longer speak of a Protestant North and a Catholic South. Munich has a huge Protestant, Berlin a huge Catholic, population. Still one is justified in feeling that the south and west of the Reich are on the whole Romanic-Teutonic, the north and east Teutonic-Slavonic. In fact, the German districts on either side of the Limes might well have split up into a Romanic-Teutonic and a Teutonic-Slavonic Empire respectively. But the common language drew them together into a form that is neither Romanic nor Teutonic, but simply German, a form, moreover, which does not yet seem to have taken final shape.

It is sometimes said that religion is the strongest mortar to bind a people or state together, and that a people split up into several great religious groups cannot really be called a nation at all. Certainly no power on earth has so compelling an emotional force as religion, and it is just such emotional forces that have done most to mould the course of history. The Germans do indeed live in two very different emotional worlds, each of which reflects the confusion and multiplicity of German life in its own particular light; it is as though one were looking at Germany through two pairs of different-coloured spectacles.

The Two Churches.

The very portal of a Catholic Church initiates one at once into the singularity of this Roman Christian world. The notices on the door are of the most varied character: Episcopal pastoral letters, Papal encyclicals, decrees of the Roman congregations and curial authorities, exhortations to Christian girls and youths, notices of Catholic societies and trades unions, advertisements of the Catholic Press, penances, indulgences and devotional exercises. Attention is called to festivals and saints' days, one is exhorted to pray for the Holy Father and to partake of the Holy Communion, and at the same time one is warned against this and that.

The language in which all this is written bears witness to thousand-year-old experience in awakening the spirit of awe and reverence in men, in giving to the Incomprehensible the appearance of the completely natural and matter-of-fact. This ecclesiastical, but at the same time popular, German is interspersed with words of Greek and Latin origin, with monkish Christian names and seals of bishops and ecclesiastical authorities. It is a style that makes the past a living reality, that gives the present a sanctity and importance no less great than the future It has something womanly, embracing, urgent about it; it is at the same time motherly, intimate and grave; and it hates German logicality.

Thus prepared we push open the door, which is always unlatched and responds readily and noiselessly to the gentlest pressure. A soft leather cushion is fixed between the door and the wall, and behold, similar cushions are used in Ratisbon and Milan, in Dublin and Santa Cruz. Gentle, too, the odour of incense, which draws us into the dim vastnesses of the interior. But soon the dimness lessens, and our eyes grow accustomed to the incense-laden air. We distinguish the pious figure by the lavabo, making the Sign of the Cross with finger-tips moistened in holy water. Thus at once does man himself become

a symbol. Wherever the seeking soul may turn, it finds an object for its contemplation, be it the high altar ablaze with light mid the surrounding gloom, or the perpetual flame of the sanctuary lamp, glowing redly against Gothic stone and wisps of incense smoke. Or else it is the priest moving before the altar accompanied by his acolytes and thurifers that rivets the attention of the worshipper, or else the preacher in the pulpit. And when preacher and organ are stilled, and silence reigns throughout the building, there is the infinite variety of the chapels off the side aisles, each with its patron saint, each a little church on its own. Nor are they forgotten by the ministering priest; for in each of these chapels with its altar and statue, its flowers and candles, or even, maybe, its sacred relic, a mass is said from time to time. The church is a shell containing many little churches, a hen brooding over its little chapel-chickens. By the pillars between the nave and the side aisle is the mysterious confessional with its green curtains and grating, where the penitent sinner pours forth the burden of his guilt. And all around and far above is much to draw the wandering eye: statues and gleaming glass, and the solemnity of Gothic vaulting or the glorious exuberance of the Baroque. Nor is this all: hidden from view are still more mysteries—crypts with lead coffins of bishops and princes, sacristies with wealth of precious vestments and sacred vessels.

It is a scene of stir and movement, an eternal market-place of souls, with the continual coming and going, the standing and kneeling, here in twos and threes, there in large groups collected round the high altar or pulpit.

The Catholic atmosphere is filled with the mysterious rustling of the chaste wings of Eros. The instinct of instincts is certainly there! Half cleansed of its earthiness, half resigned thereto, it bubbles up between the candles and the incense, filling the church with the soft magic of the erotic; imparting to the words of the priest,

however refined his spirituality, the glow of suppressed passion; finding its way to the hearts of men despite the vows of chastity. So, as its highest charm, the smile of Eros shines from the countenance of the Roman ascetic to delight the eyes of the faithful. The passion of Romeo and Juliet gleams, as it were, from without, through the bright windows of the minster, and reveals the ardent worshipper at the feet of Mary, the rich in sorrows; reveals Christ, the Bridegroom of the soul.

It seems possible to distinguish three different types of Catholic priest. There is the fat, jolly peasant type, to whom the palpable material reality of the Catholic form of worship is, as it were, his natural element. Then there is the ascetic, the defender of the Church against all heretics, the knight errant and jealous guardian of his spiritual love. He has something macabre about him, with his burning eyes and dry yellow skin. And finally there is the hierarch, with fine intellect and brilliant logical powers, at home in all the complexities of religious and philosophical controversy, dominating with his authority the other two types, and especially the fanatic, and embracing and controlling the spiritual realm over which he reigns by the breadth and scope of his sympathy and intelligence.

The Catholic nuns can be divided into the same three types: we have the stout solid type, the dry fanatical type, and the nobly intellectual type. They all find their natural place in the womanly atmosphere of Mother Church, and in many cases they are wonderfully transfigured by spiritual power.

In Germany it is often said that the Catholics are gentle and yielding by nature, but that the men tend to be reserved and evasive. But, to be strictly honest, it is often difficult to distinguish the Catholic citizen from his Protestant neighbour; though certainly the features of priests and nuns have something 'Catholic' about them, impossible to put into so many words.

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The Protestant church is almost always shut. On week-days one has to fetch the verger before one gains access, and sometimes one even has to pay to get in Here there is no continuous coming and going. The church is open only for a few hours on Sundays for the weekly service. And there is a real significance in the fact that it is shut at all other times; for the Protestant church does not profess to be God's house in the Catholic sense. It is the Sunday meeting-place, the weekly place of worship. The true Church is invisible—*Ecclesia invisibilis*, the community, the parish, the idea.

And indeed without its weekly services, its communions and confirmations, the Evangelical church seems to have no *raison d'être*. It needs the efficient discipline of its worship to justify its existence; it needs the good Prussian official in his Sunday-go-to-meeting clothes, proud in the consciousness that he is performing yet another act in the service of the state. The pews are comfortably upholstered for their Sunday morning guests; they have no provision for kneeling, only for sitting and standing, which seems like an echo of the great protest of four hundred years ago. There are no side chapels or altars; the pews in the side aisles are the same as those in the nave. The Lord's table, and in particular the pulpit, are prominent objects, but there are no charming distractions of detail. With Germanic thoroughness the Protestants have routed Eros from pew and organ; the ritual is masculine, almost 'bourgeois,' and devoid of all magic or mystery in its alternation twixt communion table and pulpit. Here there is no gentle appeal and loving care; morality and clear thinking in the service of God are the order of the day. Here the reading of the Scriptures, without the gay variety and living force of the Catholic atmosphere, is apt to become somewhat oppressive and redundant. The singing is a communal act, there are no anthems, and it tends to drag somewhat behind the organ. There is nothing narcotic about the

service; if anything, it is a trifle military. The atmosphere is redolent, not of incense and poverty, but of wood and stone and the middle classes. The movements of the pastor lack the charming accompaniment of ringing bells, and apart from candles on the altar and stained glass windows there is nothing to break the colourless monotony of the building. The Protestant church is a little like a ship, with the altar for bow and the organ for stern. The Protestant feels no need to express his inner life by outward acts, such as the confessional, making the Sign of the Cross, devotions before the Sacrament, or by doing anything outside the limits of the appointed service. He sings his hymns and listens to the sermon.

The Evangelical pastor possesses neither the grotesque quality of the peasant type of Catholic priest, nor the fine intellectual powers of the Roman hierarch. He is not controlled and cared for at every step by an invisible ecclesiastical authority. He is even free to choose whether he shall wear a beard or not. His authority is the consistory court, which, unlike the Vatican, is unable to conceal its worldly, bureaucratic nature. He is responsible for his own words and actions, and thus exposed to the criticism of his flock, whereas his Catholic colleague can seek refuge behind the ritual and tradition of his church. Hence the Evangelical pastor often seeks his refuge in a species of officialdom, and his church acquires the character of an administrative body. He goes about as a professional man among other professional men, and in this respect occupies much the same position as, say, the professor. The particularly zealous type of Protestant pastor reminds one sometimes of Luther, or he may even have a certain 'Catholic' quality about him. He is usually more blond and blue-eyed than the Catholic, whom one associates somehow with dark hair.

The Protestant deaconess, like Protestantism in general, has a solid bourgeois air about her. She is efficient, where the nun is soft and gentle; instead of convents she

has hostels and deaconess' homes; where the nun murmurs over her rosary, she sings her hymns with lusty vigour.

The Protestant is harder, more worldly, more masculine than the Catholic. He is more business-like and more easily distracted from the religious sphere.

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It is hard to tell from the exterior of the old medieval churches, Romanesque or Gothic, whether they are Catholic or Protestant. In the troubled years after the Reformation they often passed from one to the other. Old Catholic families rest in Evangelical churches, Evangelical families in churches that have since returned to Catholicism. Moreover, one finds medieval brick churches in North Germany which seem almost to have anticipated their Protestant successors. The Low German merchants and burghers built their secular structures, their town halls and cloth halls and warehouses, in the same style as their churches, and vice versa.

In the course of the centuries more definite ecclesiastical styles began to emerge. Jesuit Baroque pressed northwards to the Electorate of Mainz and as far as Dresden, and from Prague as far as Breslau. The galleried churches one finds in the north, built in the style of the late Renaissance with Baroque detail and Gothic ground plan, such as the one in Wolfenbüttel, are invariably Protestant. On the other hand, one never sees Protestant churches with the Bavarian onion domes, except perhaps in the most modern examples. And yet both churches have gone on employing the Romanesque and Gothic styles indiscriminately down to the 'industrial church' in steel and iron of our own time. In the nineteenth century both churches built in the Prussian Protestant garrison-church style of yellow and red brick, though certainly there seems to be something peculiarly incongruous about the figures of the Virgin and saints on such a facade.

The atmosphere of the Catholic churchyard is more

gentle and mysterious and, with its charnel-house and little lanterns, more macabre than the well-ordered Protestant cemetery. But the differences are very slight on the whole. And where Protestants and Catholics lie side by side in the communal municipal cemeteries, it is the same as in everyday life: both are clad the same, follow the same conventions, and can be distinguished from each other, if at all, only by some little detail or ornament.

The shops that sell such ornaments are, however, very different according to which creed they serve. The Catholic shop sells mass books, rosaries, porcelain stoups for the home, plaster saints, domestic altars, candles, lamps, lithographs, stories of the saints, and perhaps a work on Luther from the Catholic point of view. The Protestant shop, on the other hand, is more in the nature of a book shop, and sells chiefly Bibles, hymn books, catechisms, cardboard mottoes, and perhaps a simple marble cross or a reproduction of Thorvaldsen's 'Christ.' Both kinds, however, seem out of place among the electric signs and asphalt pavements, amid the fountain pens and rubber shoes of the modern towns. Germany is too scientific and mechanistic to do justice to the poetry of such articles of worship in the way that South Italy, Spain or India still do.

The Conflict of Creeds.

Over large areas of the country the Germans are still imbedded in their creeds to such an extent that the Bavarian and Lower Saxon, say, feel a mutual suspicion of each other on this account alone. And even in those districts where industrial development and education have played their part, this mutual distrust is still perceptible below the veneer of bourgeois toleration, although dogma has lost its ancient force. But nowadays the differences are more psychological or political than strictly religious.

Thus people often try to discover what their neighbour's religion is before venturing on controversial points, so that

the conversation can be tactfully turned in the one direction or the other. When Catholics or Protestants meet others of their kind a peculiar and distinctive atmosphere at once seems to grow up.

Publicly or privately, directly or indirectly, the German is continually being confronted with the question whether he is Catholic or Protestant. It plays its part at his school and university, in the choice of a profession or political party, in the attitude of the Press, in bourgeois and aristocratic society. It is often a factor of great importance in matrimonial matters, in choosing a district to live in, and in deciding where to have one's children educated.

Twice a week the children in undenominational schools are given separate religious instruction according to the creed they profess. The smaller group is then felt by the others to be alien and intrusive. The Jew, the neutral party in the great German conflict of creeds, whose ancestors already had their own schools and synagogues in Roman Augsburg and Cologne and make their appearance in the old German sagas and in Grimm's fairy-tales—the Jew tends to keep severely to himself, though sometimes an Old Catholic or Mennonite will befriend him and go out for a walk with him while the others are having their Scripture lesson. To the majority, however, there is something uncanny about the synagogue with its cupolas and Star of Israel, where one's class-mates so mysteriously disappear on Saturdays; and as for the tiny chapel of the Christian sectarian, it is quite impossible to form any picture at all of what goes on there.

The Catholics learn the Lord's Prayer without the Evangelical ending: 'For Thine is the kingdom, the power and the glory.' The Protestants feel this form to be the richer and more pious, but the Catholic finds it to be yet another instance of the apostate's desire for singularity. The candle of the Catholic confirmand seems no less ridiculous to the Evangelical than the black dress of the Protes-

tant confirmand seems to the Catholic. The Protestant child thanks his God that he does not have to get up early for Mass on Sunday mornings like his Catholic comrade.

The adult Evangelical refers to the Catholics as the 'blacks,' and in Westphalia and the Rhineland the Protestants are known as the 'blues.' The Protestant thinks of many of the 'black' districts of Germany, such as Ratisbon, Münster, Trier, Cologne, as being snowed under with black flakes; he pictures priests swarming like flocks of crows over the landscape. These places seem to him macabre, anti-national, centres of propaganda, alien, and inclined to neglect the rules of cleanliness. But they have at least the glamour and brilliance of Catholic ritual to recommend them, whereas to the Catholic the purely Evangelical districts, such as the valley of the Wupper or Halle on the Saale, seem empty and cold, devoid of all charm, and rooted in dogmas without any sense of mystery attached to them.

Until quite recently it sometimes happened that funerals were stopped at the entrance to a denominational cemetery if it was discovered that the body was that of a person belonging to another creed, and in some country districts one still meets with the crudest bigotry. In such outlying places one may easily come across tracts and pamphlets that take one back five hundred years at one stroke—tracts that will attribute, say, a child's epilepsy to the fact that the mother was a Protestant.

The educated bourgeois version of this 'tract' spirit is the pseudo-toleration which serves as a mask for petty depreciation of the other side. Outwardly the relations of the two creeds are marked by assumed indifference or surly embarrassment, but this readily develops into outspoken hostility when opportunity offers, clad, it is true, in the bourgeois ideological forms of our age. Everything that tells against the other party is eagerly seized hold of and exploited to the utmost, be it losses through conversion or defection, poor attendances at services, or hostile

measures taken by one of the states against a particular creed. From the 'Statistics of Morality' (which really exist in Germany) it is noted with malicious delight that the other creed has twice as many suicides to its name as one's own, or else, from the education statistics, that it has a larger number of illiterates.

We are no longer threatened by the spectre of bloody religious strife. The struggle between the creeds is confined nowadays to articles in periodicals and private expressions of opinion, to measures of the political parties and courses of lectures. The lifeless mechanization of the age is reflected in the religious struggle, where every administrative move on the one side is answered by an administrative counter-move on the other. A typical incident of such a campaign is when the Catholics make out from the poor Sunday attendance at a Protestant cathedral that it should rightfully be handed back to the one true Church.

In the ups and downs of such a struggle it is inevitable that one side or the other will take offence. A film of Luther's life is released throughout Germany. Munich feels insulted; the episcopal conference at Fulda registers its protest in a style that recalls the average German association or congress. One often hears the wish expressed that the feelings of the other party should be spared as far as possible, but from time to time open hostilities occur. During the Brandenburg Catholic Congress in Potsdam both sides carried on an anonymous feud in the advertisement columns of the local paper for the price of 48 pfennigs a line.

In such an atmosphere the children of mixed marriages grow up. In Prussia alone some forty thousand of these marriages take place every year. In some cases the children are brought up as Evangelicals on the ground that it is a less drastic decision than the other way about, and that the Protestant has after all the advantages of Christian culture and education and also easier access to

the sphere of bourgeois enlightenment. In such cases, however, the Catholic priest is apt to interfere with the Catholic party to the marriage, whereas in cases where the children are Catholic, the Evangelical pastor more often takes up a cold and standoffish attitude. Sometimes the girls are brought up as Catholics, the boys as Evangelicals, or vice versa, which enables the parents to console themselves with the thought that at least the children will learn the virtue of toleration in this way.

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In Latin countries the Catholic Church, in Scandinavia the Lutheran Church, is at the same time the national church. And this combination gives a harmonious and accepted style to the spiritual and religious life of the country, strengthening at the same time the prestige of the state and the prestige of religion. But Germany lacks this happy state of affairs, and as clearly neither church will ever gain a complete predominance, it is difficult to foresee what Germany's religious future will be, though one is safe in assuming a radical change in the whole position in the course of the next century or so. In this connection it is interesting to consider that large body of people in Germany who, without belonging definitely to either of the two confessions, nevertheless embody in their beliefs much of both, so that one finds 'Protestant Catholics' and 'Catholic Protestants.' Moreover, such persons have been profoundly affected by the great intellectual movements of the last few centuries, so that the traditional forms of religion no longer have such an overwhelming significance for them. They are, on the contrary, the protagonists of something entirely new, something that has not yet found full expression. In no other country has the tension between the two creeds led to a result so full of promise for the future.

BOOK V
THE NEW GERMANY

CHAPTER I

The Old Order and its Annihilation

The Pre-War Period.

By 1870 man was already more under the domination of the machine than he suspected. The industrial age had found England and France united and firm of purpose, needing only the force of 'progress' to weld each of them into a stable organism. And the United States actually began its real national life only at the moment that the steam engine was first introduced.

Germany, on the other hand, was still split up into a thousand different forms when modern industry arrived upon the scene. The course of its history through the centuries had been not so much a development as an entanglement. The scientific and intellectual tendencies which swept over it from time to time had never really become part of its national and spiritual heritage.

The full strength of Germany's labour resources had been stored up for the moment when the isolated centres of industry throughout the land were at last fused together into one whole under the newly formed Reich. This fusion was the result of a war as brief as it was violent. It was like a sudden hammer stroke, with Bismarck, 'the iron throttler of discord,' standing Siegfried-like before the anvil. The way now lay open for Germany to catch up with the other nations in the race for 'progress.' Everything one could desire lay suddenly within reach! Four years before one had settled Austria's business, and now one had pushed one's way into the front line of the Western European nations—in fact, by defeating France one had actually outstripped the others. Germany had entered the magic garden of Imperialism, and saw the future as a series of glorious triumphs.

But all this had been done by the power of the sword. Other states had succeeded in achieving unity by more peaceful means, or if war had played its part, it had done so long ago. Germany's lodestar was the soldier, and Prussia, the embodiment of militarism, became the ideal in which the German love of order and organization could find full satisfaction. Germany became an astounding masterpiece of organization, strong in every measure of defence, weak only in the national culture which was to be defended. Germany had risen by the sword; by the sword, then, it would continue to live. In military rigour lay the path to success. The nation lived in vague expectation of fresh military triumphs, and the barrack yard became the arena of national prowess. And since victory by arms became the sole ideal of national endeavour, the vital forces by which the army had attained its pre-eminence began to lose their power. The German officer grew increasingly stiff and mechanical in bearing and outlook; the intellectual type of soldier was thrown more and more into the background; and the instruction meted out to the recruits laid ever more emphasis on the impersonal nature of the system of which they formed a part. The students' corps did their utmost to popularize the idea of the Teutonic military heritage of the Germans. The Junker farmer felt himself to be first and foremost an officer of His Majesty, and even the little children ran about in cadet uniforms like miniature officers.

The other predominant caste was that of the higher civil servant with legal university training who was accustomed to look down on the mere practising lawyer with a certain amount of contempt. He also was a pillar of the state, a pillar that stood a little aside from and in the rear of that of the officer, and a little in its shadow. It, too, was crowned with a capital of epaulettes, helmet and white gloves. For the higher civil servant had to be a reserve officer. He, too, subordinated himself to the military system, and it was ever one of his highest am-

bitions to be mistaken for a regular officer at the military manœuvres. Hence even in his administrative duties he did his best to imitate the military tone of command. If, say, for reasons of health he was prevented from being an officer of reserve, his career was handicapped from the start. It was also essential for him to have belonged to one of the students' corps, and to testify this fact by the duelling scars on his cheeks. Thus he believed that by being a member of the law, a students' corps and the officers' reserve he proved himself to be a German in the truest sense of the word. He adopted a cold and stiff demeanour, which, he felt, was what was expected of a Prussian.

His attitude to other professions and branches of study was condescending and patronizing. Technical science, and above all political economy (the economists were indiscriminately labelled as 'doctrinaire socialists'), he considered somewhat superfluous; for in a state as perfect as Prussia why waste one's time in dangerous discussion of problems which had long ago been satisfactorily solved? People of original creative ability were felt to conflict with the Prussian ideal, and therefore to be suspect in their patriotism. Great inventors were regarded with a smile of toleration. The civil servant would sit in the front row at the concert hall, but would think twice before entering into social relations with the famous conductor. The exclusiveness appropriate to one who bore the State upon his shoulders forbade him to associate with other than officers—in so far as these would permit him to do so—the rest of the official world, and perhaps the leaders of heavy industry, into which class, indeed, he would even consent to marry. His caste feeling was based not only on complicated sociological, professional and historical considerations, but also on the conviction that it was to him and his like that the new German Empire owed its brilliance and stability. This contemptuous attitude towards other professions brought with it the glorification

of bureaucracy as an excellent thing in itself, as, indeed, the symbol of the State. As for other countries—well, defeated France need not bother one, and England was in a state of decline, and America was so much in the backwoods that it was a surprise to learn that it too possessed, say, a patent office.

The joy in having at last found a national style was sufficient to gloss over the lack of a spontaneous national soul. The Germans were scarce aware of the fact that they were not yet a nation in any real sense. It was enough that military manners and bearing should permeate the people, so that even the civilian learnt to click his heels together and bow with the requisite stiffness. Military service and the general system of tutelage was giving the nation, so one said, the education that it lacked —though one automatically felt that one did not oneself share this lack, and that Germany was at the same time the most perfect nation in the world.

This persistent interference on the part of the Prussian State mechanism soon began to have an unfortunate effect on the life and manners of the people. The conversational tone became loud and brusque; arrogance and ostentation were to be met with everywhere. Life took on the blaring pomposity of a military march. This overbearing self-satisfaction was mistaken for a sign of Germany's cultural superiority, and every chance was seized to point out the greatness of Germany's achievements—which were indeed undeniable enough. One considered oneself the pick of creation and a model of good breeding, whereas in reality one was thoroughly clumsy and ill-bred.

All this striving energy and arrivism made Germany appear 'young' and inexperienced to the other nations, and at the same time mechanical and automatic in its nature. This irritated the German, for he considered himself more cultured than the other peoples, and was always able, moreover, to prove statistically that this was the case. But in reality he had surrendered his birthright;

he had turned from the living ideas of Germany's great period of spiritual growth to the deadness of mechanization, turned from the inner self to outward display. The traditional German failing of neglecting the human aspect of things developed more and more into a conscious attitude of cold contempt, which was held to be a sign of strength and manliness. The social manners of the time were often somewhat offensive, tasteless, and 'Berlinish' in character; and the brusqueness and arrogance and tactlessness, the 'Sedan smile,' were considered effective even in the sphere of foreign policy. All forms of patriotism which were not based on the desire for power, such as the simple love of one's homeland, were looked upon with suspicion. But in spite of all this the nation had not really become any more sure of itself; it was still haunted by the secret wish to equal or even excel the English in their so deeply envied sense of style.

For the incredible speed of Germany's progress—'prosperous Germany' had become a catch-word in England—seemed to open the door to every possibility. The Reich was a rich garden mould of efficiency, over which the reddest of apples gleamed down from the well-tended fruit trees. The brilliance of Imperial Germany shed its lustre on everything, even on the fly-wheels of the immense industrial machine. The signals were down for the colossal engine of German efficiency, and the standard of living rose ever higher as a result of this efficiency of man and machine—the latter had not yet fully revealed its more sinister aspects—and as a result of customs unions, military prestige and the milliards of the French indemnity. Unless one was a member of the proletariat—which in any case was strongly to be reprobated—everything lay to one's hand: food and drink, clothes and travel, house and factory. At length the German was in a position to enjoy a life of luxury, if he so wished. It was the best of all possible worlds, in which the hum of industry was never silent, splendid regiments

marched the streets, the German flag was seen on every sea, and energetic consuls defended the interests of Germany in every quarter of the globe. Even the *petit bourgeois* partook of this splendour, a splendour which clothed the old *Gemütlichkeit* in new colours, without destroying it. Resplendent restaurants and beer saloons afforded him martial music, plush seats, marble pillars and every sort of comestible—caviare as well as sausages—at moderate cost. One smoked one's cigar and drank one's beer, and felt oneself to be German to the core. Optimism shone on the German countenance; the skin grew soft and smooth under the increasing fullness of physical well-being.

Criticism from within and without was drowned in this flood of prosperity. The pessimist was given short shrift. The people hardly realized themselves how powerful they were, and the fleet seemed to grow under one's very eyes. Phases of development which had cost other nations centuries of effort were to us a mere matter of decades. Even Bavaria was carried along in the stream of progress. The Prussian flag fluttered in the wind alongside the Bavarian colours, and a cast of the Niederwald monument of Germania loomed gigantic over the Bavarian vineyards.

The mighty Trinity, Army-Administration-Industry, set the tone of the age amid the applause and rejoicings of the bourgeoisie. At the head of his regiment of hussars the Kaiser rode into the textile town of Crefeld, through the gaily decorated streets, fluttering with the brilliant cloths and carpets of its flourishing factories. Even the dingy side streets were bright with colour, so that there should be no chance of the general effect being spoilt. The splendour of Imperial magnificence must not be dimmed by the sight of those grey quarters where the 'comrades without a fatherland' led their miserable existence.

It was undeniable that poverty existed here and there, but little anxiety was felt on that score; though it is true

that officers and industrialists were wont to wax indignant over the immorality of socialism. For industry, too, had become a patriotic affair—especially if it was a question of the manufacture of armaments and munitions—and people felt it to be only right and proper that the discussion of social questions should be conducted in the tone of the parade ground. After all, the non-proletarian section of the nation had all the power in its hands, and the fat of the German body politic was surely sufficient to nourish the poor as well. The sense of security which lulled the bosom of the bourgeoisie must surely extend to that of the workers too. And then in the last resort there was always the army to fall back upon.

Moreover, the authorities were busily at work with the solution of the social problem. A stupendous bureaucratic organization had been built up for the express purpose of dealing with the dangers that seemed to threaten from the proletarian section of the people. With the aid of laws and regulations (which were claimed to be an example to the rest of the world of what such things should be) and all the trappings of officialdom, it was laid down exactly what conditions entitled a man to seek relief from poverty and starvation. But this brought no feeling of release or salvation to the working masses; it only barred their prison gates more firmly. The real object of such measures was to prevent the increasing splendour of the Reich from suffering any check.

But in spite of the obvious growth of materialism (which it was the fashion to decry, and which was denounced even in higher quarters as soon as it appeared to be threatening that pillar of the State, the Evangelical Church, in the form of Darwinism or Monism) the Germans were by no means forgetful of their spiritual heritage. Germany's real spiritual epoch, the classical-humanistic period, had come to a close round about 1850. But the universities and academies were still active with the energy set going by that time of activity and achievement, and German

assiduity saw to it that there should be no neglect of the scientific and intellectual inheritance, as far, anyway, as outward appearances, research institutes, and monuments of scholarship were concerned. True, one heard complaints about the lack of really great creative artists, but then one could point to all the professors who spoke and wrote so voluminously about Goethe and the rest. And yet in spite of all this outward intellectual display there was a real want of that secret human power, by virtue of which the great minds of a nation are enabled to work together like a band of noble conspirators, and which sheds its light on all, even though many may be quite unconscious of it. The mechanized unity of the new Reich had been so brilliantly successful that the great minds of the age were hardly conscious of the lack of that inner unity which had been lost. For even in the spiritual sphere the influence of this mechanization and outward display was to be felt. Nevertheless the Germans were able to boast that their 'Kultur' was the finest in the world, and to demonstrate the truth of this claim by a thousand instances in the spheres of music, art, science, and philosophy. One had more and better concerts than anyone else, more Nobel prizes, more Shakespeare performances—as one took good care to remind the English on every possible occasion. And yet it must be admitted that in the midst of all this, much true idealism was to be found.

In accordance with a welcome tradition handed down from the Hegel period, the scholars and intellectuals in all departments of knowledge were wont to consider themselves first and foremost to be officials of the State, 'the intellectual bodyguard of the Hohenzollerns,' and they drifted in ever larger numbers into the camp of Prussian mechanization. For them intellect became the servant of Might and the soul the incense of the State. They grew obsequious and condescending at the same time, and the will to the ideal was nothing but a phrase. Orders and

decorations were their prime concern, and if their scholarly consciences grew restive, they had only to think of the march of culture on every side. It was such an atmosphere as this that gave rise to those books of the war period which undertook to show the spiritual connection between Goethe and the lance-corporal, between the Röntgen ray and the superior humanity of the Germans; which based their predictions of England's defeat on a list of the English vices, and Germany's victory on her scientific pre-eminence and gift for organization.

One got into the way of regarding this modern German Reich with its medieval background as something that had always been there. It was only after its collapse that it was possible to realize the forced and unnatural way it was held together. It was anything but a spontaneous growth. It was, indeed, a brilliant but tragic attempt to bring coherence and unity to German life after the centuries of confusion that had preceded it; but the time chosen for this attempt was, unfortunately, one of fundamental shift and change. For this nineteenth century was a period of flux and crisis even for the more stable nations of Europe; only the tendencies of the time were more marked in Germany than elsewhere. The new Reich was a misfortune, and yet at the same time a necessity; it was the beginning, not the end of a process; the entrance portal to the great testing that lay before Germany.

It has solved neither the Bavarian nor the Prussian problem. People failed to see that for all its pomp and show it was Prussia rather than Bavaria that had entered on its decline. For Bavaria derived its strength from its soil, its landscape, Prussia from an abstract idea. But the idea of Imperial unity acted like a talisman, which spread its magic over the intricate network of states and kingdoms, over Lorraine and Poland and the Little Belt, which set the stern stamp of the Imperial Eagle on the mellow background of romantic castles and Baroque

palaces, and the figure of Germania on the postage stamps of all Germany except Bavaria.

One must not forget how much it meant to that generation to see a strong, united and victorious Germany again after the centuries of obscurity and strife that lay behind. Inspired by the best intentions, many of the finest men of the time devoted all their powers to the service of the new Reich and its ideals.

This leap from the old baroque and medieval Germany into the splendour and feverish energy of the modern Reich was like some heroic legend of the past. There was something saga-like about the old Kaiser Wilhelm and his paladins, in spite of the roar of modern industry and the growth of bureaucracy. The stolid bourgeois felt himself transfigured into a sort of Siegfried when he joined the Navy League. Germany was like a child in the warmth of its enthusiasm and its romantic intoxication, like a child, too, in its immaturity and malleability. It was this malleability that accounts for the extraordinary transformation of the German about this time, and the growth of that type which took Kaiser Wilhelm the Second for its model—although, conversely, the Kaiser himself seemed to model himself on what Germany then was.

With all this strength and energy there was much that was amateurish about this new Germany. Even the business world lacked the hard, consistent character of American business, though it certainly became the fashion to adopt a somewhat brusque manner in conducting business affairs. As always, Germany wanted too many things at once. It wanted romanticism and machinery, militarism and *Gemütlichkeit*, obsequiousness and insolent display, all at the same time. It felt itself to be fundamentally harmless, and could not understand why the other nations looked upon Prussia as a sort of monster. Surely there was nothing wrong in uttering the obvious truth that the Prussian spirit was doomed to decay unless it went on increasing its strength and range of activity.

What did it matter that one acted in politics, as in life, both tactlessly and irresolutely? What did it matter that German braggadocio spread apprehension through the Foreign Offices of Europe? We had the army and we had the fleet to keep things quiet, if those who 'envied' us showed signs of nerves. And behind this lay the possibility—in part a fear, but more a hope—that war, though certainly not courted, might yet be forced upon us, and that through our victory a still more glorious Germany would secure the 'place in the sun' that was her due. People had a vision of a colossal repetition of 1871, of the Kaiser mounted on a white charger leading his victorious army down Unter den Linden. The court painters of the period painted pictures reminiscent of the proclamation of the old Kaiser in Versailles: Kaiser Wilhelm surrounded by Bethmann Hollweg, the younger Moltke and the applauding deputies. And when the news of the first victories arrived, people hurried into Unter den Linden to choose out suitable window seats from which to watch the triumphal procession.

The Disaster.

The army that was hurled against the enemy was a thing of incomparable splendour, with its model equipment, its cavalry and its aeroplanes, and the romance of heroism that surrounded it. It performed brilliant feats, and won here and there no inconsiderable victories. In the first months the traditional atmosphere of war—bivouacs and trumpets and decampments, etc.—engrossed the attention. One marked the places taken with little flags on the map, and the names of our generals were on everyone's lips.

Gradually it became clear that the pre-war conception of industry as something outside the political sphere no longer held good. Before the war these new forces had gradually accumulated; now they suddenly came into action as a vital part of the process of destruction—the human

masses, the machines, factories, explosives, the staffs of officials, the capital invested—and all at once the dæmon of impersonal machine-driven organizations showed up in its true colours. An historical dividing line of supreme significance runs through the middle of the war itself, coinciding more or less with the beginning of stalemate trench warfare: the energy and power of the machine swallows up the energy and power of man; in the middle of the war, the age gave birth to quite a new war. Field-marshal and common soldier alike were stifled in the mass; factory and machinery, the weight of the hydraulic press, the construction of tanks, and indeed the very tapping of the typewriter, became of more significance than the soldier; the food card became more important than strategy, and the physical condition of the nerves more fateful than the taking of this or that line of trenches. Machine, mass, capital were the weapons of Mars; the job of most soldiers was just to await annihilation.

Gone was the human scale of things, the measure according to which Leonidas and his three hundred fought and died. Now the millions met their death under a never-ceasing hail of shells, amid the careful calculation of rations and equipment, in thousands of kilometres of stinking trenches. Four times winter covered the scene of war with its mantle of white, and hunger yawned greyly over the German land.

By the time the machines had come to a standstill and the masses returned home, the nation had given the utmost proof of its strength, its power of resistance, its self-sacrifice and its endurance. But it had also shown in the moment of collapse that Germany, considered as a nation, as a people, as a community, was without any real political foundation, that it had been held together during the war by no ideal deeper than that of victory or at least of holding its own in the face of the enemy. The Revolution could not at one stroke fashion the new German type, for the fanfares of the collapse had proclaimed in strident

tones the advent of the machine age. The old standards could not be maintained any longer, but to build up the new would require decades, and perhaps centuries.

The months between the Armistice and the signing of the Peace Treaty were like a sort of magic farewell to the past. To be out of the trenches was itself ground enough for happiness, and people's incomes were still untouched, and their homes still intact. The officers lived in the proud consciousness of a well-fought fight, and the nation at large built its hopes on the idealism of the American President. The presence of the troops imparted a feeling of security, and over and again the fires of revolution were speedily quelled. One found oneself once more among the circle of one's old acquaintances, and refreshed the memory amid the shootings and alarums with the music and drama and poetry of the age that was past. It was all there, before one's eyes and ears, even if at times it seemed a little strange and out of place.

But a second deluge was already on its way. The account was not yet settled. The stupendous burden of debt must be cleared off, voluntarily or involuntarily, sooner or later. While the terms of the Peace Treaty slunk ever nearer, the figures mounted up and up, and went on mounting up long after the treaty had been signed. The landslide began; panic-stricken crowds were sucked into the vortex of speculation; paper values and artificial prices swelled only to explode. The higher money rose in the economic scales, the lower sank tangible property: machines and railways, iron and coal, whirled about in a sort of modern industrial *danse macabre*, presided over by the spirit of Economics as though by some heathen god. In the panic everyone tried to exchange money for goods; and while money plunged into the yawning gulf, the whole of Germany seemed to hang by a thread over the abyss.

Germany after the Collapse.

And then one morning Germany woke up to find that the mark had been stabilized, and that the deluge of paper billions had come to an end at last, with only the ledgers and ruined nervous systems to tell the tale of what had been. At length the fever of speculation was stayed, hedged round by a legion of rapidly designed paragraphs and regulations, as if by a circle of bayonets. Uncanny, unaccountable, the new Germany, a Germany still in scaffolding, arises from the blood-spattered ruins of war, a piece of solid rock out of the morass of the inflation.

Grey and uncertain it lies before us, that land over which the purple once so proudly waved. But there is comfort for our soul's distress; still the cities stand intact about us, still the trees are green, the fields rich with grass and corn. Still the chimes ring out over the cathedrals and the railway cuts its way across the plain. Is not Munich still redolent of malt, as the forest is redolent of wood and snow, and the warm stable of living cattle? Are not the things that remain eternally the same carried over into the world of tomorrow?

No. For the land has been robbed of the windows through which it looked out upon the European scene, robbed of the doors through which its people were free to wander into every quarter of the globe. On its battlements the soldiers of the alien, white and black, keep watch with bayonets drawn. Now they advance ever further into German territory, interfere in the working of the infinitely complex organism of German industry. They shoot on those who overstep the new and unfamiliar frontiers and restrictions of this narrow and congested corner of Europe. Harmless citizens find themselves prisoners in their own land.

The lost territories, once sources of strength to Germany, are now pregnant with peril for the future. Out of their borders stream millions of Germans into what is left of Germany, a trunk shorn of its limbs. Life is difficult in

their new homes; strangers crowded into an already congested and poverty-stricken population, their lot is indeed a hard one. Poorly fed and poorly clad, they swarm into the houses and factories and railways of this teeming land.

For Germany suddenly finds itself most seriously restricted for space with its sixty million inhabitants. In this distracted land it is difficult to know whether it is worth while to keep the factories going, whether one can do so without losing the remainder of the fortune that one has somehow managed to scrape together. For every penny that is not needed for one's absolutely immediate wants must be delivered over to the tax-collector. The fiscal authorities are indeed like a huge band of mowers who search even the rubble screes, lest they find perchance a single blade or two among the stones. All around the land is littered with the products of the fever of inflation, débris of the dreams of inflation visionaries, whom the people looked upon as geniuses for the space of three long years: engines and motor-cars of inferior metal, artificial leather, leaking motor-boats, clothes made half of paper, semi-poisonous food substitutes. In the midst of their hunger and distress the masses stream into the universities and technical schools in the pathetic hope that the lecture room will enable them both to master the chaos that surrounds them and to earn money for themselves. Once again the shop windows are bright with light and the opera plays to crowded audiences. But on all sides people are sinking into the mire of poverty. Respectable ladies, accustomed to comfort and culture and travel, find themselves forced, in order to avoid literal starvation, to rise betimes in the mornings to search for work at the factories, exposing themselves to the scorn of the regular workers, or else to tout round wares from door to door in the more unsavoury quarters of the town on behalf of some firm or other.

That newspaper headline, which read like a triumph

and a victory, had sealed the fate of millions, had destroyed the mainstay of Germany, her middle class. Fear and anxiety brood over the land. Never before had the world witnessed such a scene of legally enforced distress.

All the feelers with which Germany had formerly sought out its sustenance over the face of the planet were now cut off: all its cables, steamship lines, consulates, harbours and business connections. Vast quantities of its pasture land, cattle, corn and mineral wealth had been taken from it. Thousands of ships and railway carriages fell into alien hands. And as for what was left still—the fields and factories and mines—it was difficult in the extreme to know what to do with them, how to get them into working order again. And to make matters worse, the millions to whom this vast industrial organization should give work and sustenance were ready at any moment to turn against it, crying out, as they did, not only for bread, but also for the millennium of power and splendour, the Marxian dream to which they had clung for seventy-five long years, and which in the midst of all this distress must be realized now or never.

But in spite of all these difficulties life still went on. One went back to one's work bench because there was nothing else to turn to; the tramways transported their passengers to and fro; the goods truck rattled across the land. Things settled down into the new ways, hesitatingly, but surely. But before these new ways can be understood, it must be borne in mind that since the war the full force of the age of technical science had broken over mankind.

CHAPTER II

The New Age

The Triumph of the Machine.

We all know and are never tired of repeating the fact that we stand on the threshold of a new era. It is true that everywhere, and especially in defeated Germany, people attribute much of the change and transformation going on around us to the agency of the war. But it is not really the war that has given birth to the new age; it is the triumph of the machine. For the really significant thing about the war was that for the first time machinery and chemistry played the decisive rôle they did. The machine, not the war as such, is the true source of the present revolution of values. And the reason why our age presents a picture of such extraordinary confusion is just because the effects of mechanization are hindered in their free expression by the political and economic consequences of the war.

It is nevertheless a singular fact that the atmosphere of the age is so completely dominated by the machine. After all, even before the war we possessed a highly developed industrial system; large portions of our landscape had already become 'industrial landscape.' But many factors are at work to give our age this peculiarly mechanistic stamp. Most important of all is the fact that for the first time the machine—in the shape of the motor-car and radio, and soon perhaps the aeroplane and television apparatus—has come within the reach of all and sundry. And this means that power and speed and the elimination of time and space are open to all.

Formerly the only people who had any direct relationship with the machine were special sections of the middle

and working classes in particular professions. Now this relationship is forced willy-nilly upon each one of us, and hence the former indifference or resistance, which enabled the old culture to exist side by side with the mechanistic world, is no longer possible. Nowadays we are all, practically and intellectually, under the spell of the machine, and thus it is that the world seems to us so strangely different from what it used to be.

Whereas formerly the smoke of the railway engine penetrated only as far as the station waiting room and the clatter of the tram-car into the hotel lounge, today even the solitary rose bush in the ancient graveyard is surrounded by mechanical noises both on every side and in the air above. Our very feeling for landscape is undergoing a transformation, since every point of the globe can apparently be reached at any moment. Mighty lakes and Himalayan peaks seem visibly to shrink in face of this universal accessibility; the romance of landscape begins to lose its power. And since the victors in war always become the unconscious ideal and model of the conquered, America, which has conquered the whole world, has stamped its childish version of the mechanistic style on our age, although it was Europe, and not America, which originally gave birth to the modern industrial era.

The old age is gone, and mankind in the mass has been drawn into the mechanistic vortex. This betokens not only a stupendous increase in the amount of goods produced, but also an immense acceleration of the process of manufacture, owing to the elimination of all the difficulties of distance and transport. Space has been conquered, and technical science is providing ever new and intricately connected fields of labour for mankind. It is altering the balance of man's activities in a way that baffles speculation as to the probable consequences of this process.

Force is the slogan of the day, the ideal of the human masses that help to produce it. Now force varies with

the amount that a given mass moves in a given time. Thus the greater the force and mass that operate in that time, the more effective it will be from an economic point of view, if by mass we understand the number of people or goods transported, or the amount of news and information transmitted, from one place to another. Every machine produces movement, force and mass of some kind (even the railway engine produces moving masses through force). Time is one of the elements in every formula of mechanics. All horse-power feeds on nature's time and produces in its place a kind of 'condensed' time, in which we must ourselves move like machines in order not to be out of tune with this mechanized epoch.

It is now clear why the best-known formulas of physics form the scaffolding of our age—the formulas: force multiplied by distance equals power; force equals mass multiplied by acceleration; acceleration equals the amount of the increase of velocity. Mass, the tide of people and things, passes from machine to hand, from hand to brain, from brain back to hand and thence again to machine, through a network which covers the whole globe and which resembles nothing so much as an unimaginably huge and complex telephone system. So we produce more power, cover more distance, demand more work, go faster and faster, and concentrate as much as possible into a unit of time.

Certain Effects of Mechanization.

Since the triumph of the machine the tempo of German life has patently increased in every sphere, intellectual, commercial and political. Merian's engravings of German towns and landscapes in the seventeenth century give one a good idea of how the German of that period envisaged his country. They reproduce the tempo of the wanderer on foot and horseback, the tempo of the peasant bound to his plot, of the burgher hemmed in by his town walls.

This is, to be sure, a very different vision from what

we see from the window of our express train, where the speed at which we are travelling compresses the landscape into all manner of new and fascinating forms and combinations, which go far to compensate us for the loss of the old detail and intimacy. To take the train from Ruhr to Rhine is to pass in what seems a few minutes from a nightmare of coal and iron, factories and towns, into a land of smiling vineyards. To travel from Essen to Hamburg via Münster is to trace, as if in a flash, the progress of the rolled steel plates of Essen from factory to dockyard. The face of Berlin, in particular, is being profoundly altered by the effects of mechanization. Halle, with its network of railway lines, that compound of industry and communism, of science and an ancient core of pietism, is dependent in its development on Prussia's railway policy towards Saxony. And Munich, once so hopelessly stranded in space, now lies in the centre of the railway complex of the Bavarian plateau, to which it owes a great part of its prosperity.

When we race along in our high-speed cars, we are travelling often on age-old roads which have developed, maybe, out of paths connecting one farm with another, out of ridges between fields, out of Roman roads or ancient trade routes. The road curves here and slopes there because of some ancestral quarrel or change of property, or because it was once the site of some swamp long since drained away. And in this way the motor-car blends the old world and the new. In America, on the other hand, the road appeared on the scene after the railway, often indeed as a direct result of the introduction of the motor-car. Thus in America the country-side has been vanquished by mechanization, whereas with us the old atmosphere has been transmogrified, but not completely lost. This is true even of the dialects, which are slowly but surely undergoing a change. The way is being prepared, one might almost say, for a new sound-shifting process in the wake of the machine.

But perhaps the most startling result of the triumph of mechanization has been the introduction of air travel. From this fresh angle of vision everything looks new and strange: the mountains are flattened out, and all the intimate details of the country-side are obliterated. Scenes come suddenly into view as on the photographic plate in the developer. The whole landscape is spread out before one, but one remains oneself loftily remote from it all. In these days, where time is the real factor, places connected by air lines are no longer remote. It is the series of intricate barriers with which the surface of the earth is strewn that creates distance. Under the influence of the aeroplane the whole of Germany may well become some day one gigantic switchboard, so to speak, of commercial connections and communications.

The Modern Super-State.

The triumph of the machine has brought with it a new stratum of life, a kind of Fourth Dimension, which we will call the Super-State, into which all the nations, both victors and vanquished, are ruthlessly drawn. To think in terms of the old frontiers and national barriers is to shut one's eyes to the real position of things in the world today, for they were the product of conditions that now no longer exist. We must think in four-dimensional terms, as members of the Super-State, to which we all belong, whether we like it or not. Here, then, is an attempt to give a sketch of this modern Super-State:

Ships of every size and shape pass in and out of the harbours to the sound of screaming sirens, or lie berthed alongside the quays, yawning gullets waiting to be filled with their tens of thousands of tons of cargo. The cranes swing up and down with their bales and boxes and sacks of goods. The porters push their way between the railway lines, the sheds and engines, in the heat of the tropics, the snow and slush of the North, the dust of the Levant. They all know the value of Gillette blades and Ford cars,

of chewing gum and bananas, of the right of self-determination and the parliamentary system. The same advertisement lights up the oily waters of the seething ports, in Hamburg and Singapore, in Esbjerg and Cape Town. And inland from these ports the country is like one gigantic factory, in which the produce of the five continents is inextricably interwoven, and at the back of which stands capital drawn from every quarter of the globe.

Energy in one form or other is the slogan of the day. It looms before men's imagination like some giant horse of mountainous dimensions, like the upraised arms of millions of slaves. It creates 'economic laws' which pass our understanding, and which have to be investigated, just as we investigate natural laws. The human mass lives in a state of perpetual motion, on trains and cars and ships and aeroplanes, part and parcel of the ceaseless pursuit of wealth. The population, fostered by every device of modern hygiene, grows apace on every side; the birth rate falls, it is true, but not so fast as the death rate. Giant cities spring up in all directions, monstrous abodes of teeming human masses, masses whose life is regulated by the factory clock, the howling of the siren, the Riot Act and the scale of wages. Ever greater grow these masses, ever more numerous the factories, offices, capital, machines their existence calls forth.

In every colour and size and quality the goods pour forth from the factories; the stamp of mechanization lies over furniture, boots, crystal, cheese, motor-cars, travel agencies and concert tickets alike. Mankind has succumbed, who knows for how long, to the magic of the material world, a world which has no room for the idealistic spirit of the inventors to which it owes its birth. The showrooms of the universal city, which the world grows daily more and more to resemble, are tantalizing in the wealth and splendour of luxury they display. On all sides we are exposed to the allurements of the goddess

of mechanization. Through the agency of impeccable clothing and the cheque book, through soap and water, powder and perfume, we have succeeded in ridding man of the last trace of his kinship with the brute creation. But we have not cast off this earthiness to strive towards the heavens; rather, in his slick polish, man grows ever more like the machine that serves him. Mankind falls into two halves: those who are always in a state of perspiration, the proletariat, and those who only perspire on the football field or tennis court, and then get rid of it quickly enough under the cold douche.

But this machine age is not only more luxurious, more sliek and polished than the old world; it is also more feverishly active, more frantically bent on success. It is a sterner age, stern with the implacability of the machine. The machine destroys the free spontaneity of human nature, so that man is driven in self-defence to despise human nature itself. Everything outside the sphere of machinery and organization is in a state of trembling uncertainty; mind, soul, religion and politics are all alike erushed by the fearful rhythms of the new age. Money is all and everything, fugitive though it be as a wreath of mist, and hated and cursed by those whose lives are ground down in its service. Mankind is divided into employers and employed, into those who love and those who hate the machines. And round and about the nations of the earth sit and scowl at each other in fear and hatred. We know not if we rise or fall, if we are heading for the abyss or for the most glorious epoch in all history. Never was an age so hopelessly tossed twixt hope and despair.

During the war all the resources of modern scienee were spent in the service of destruction, and with such success that the value of what was destroyed and the cost of the proeess of destruction would have been enough to have banished poverty from the European scene for generations. And yet so great was the vital energy and recuperative

power of modern industry that it was able to keep millions of people in food and clothing and even luxury in the years after the war, in spite of the chaos and dissension, in spite of the endless series of crises which shook, and still shake, Europe to its foundations.

It is true that mechanization has brought the peoples into closer contact with each other, but this contact is itself productive of fear and hatred. It is an explosive mixture of hopes and disappointments, relics of old religions and scraps of new philosophies. Mankind is troubled by a new kind of world anxiety. It is clear that the new world has not yet found its feet. And yet it lies to the credit of this mechanized democracy to have made the first serious effort to substitute arbitration for force. Hitherto it has been taken as axiomatic that great change can only be effected by violence, but now modern science is in process of effecting a transformation so stupendous that it itself is felt as a kind of violence.

We are still influenced by antiquated ideas of nationality. We are unable to measure the forces of a nation and its traditional ideals against the new forces that move mankind, against the forces of the Super-State. The old forces of state and nation are in part obsolete; in part they have found new and disquieting expression. The new forces of capitalistic mechanization cease to have effect at important points, because their strength is external, not internal in nature. Many aspects of modern life transcend all national boundaries; the motor-car, ships, railways, the whole mechanical world, medicine, industry, the culinary art, the world of intellect, are all international in character. The Super-State with its international bureaucracy towers over the individual nations, much like the dynasties which once divided up the interests of Europe between them, fighting now on this side, now on that, using the peoples merely as pawns in their game. The bonds of interests that encircle the globe—intellectual and political, as well as economic—

strain the old frontier lines to breaking point. All the factors that brought the separate states into being and maintained them in existence are ceasing to be operative or else have completely changed their character. Even the professional politician finds it difficult to understand the position of his own land, let alone the position of Europe as a whole. Nationalism feels itself threatened by the international, or rather supernational spirit, and hence in certain countries one finds that the governments are apt to alternate violently between the two extremes.

International capital already plays an important part in German life, though its importance varies in different districts. It is more marked in Berlin, Hamburg and the Ruhr, for instance, than in Upper Bavaria or East Prussia. A mighty rain of credit pours down upon chemical and engineering works, the press and municipal undertakings, pours from the clouds of gold which were wafted into foreign countries by the war, where they now find themselves unable to shed their precious burden. Thus the movements of international capital have done much to stimulate German industry; but though they have brought prosperity to certain districts, to others they have brought desolation. Moreover, these movements are gradually counteracting the evil economic effects of the Peace Treaties. For on a basis of mutual protection divers interests in different countries are tending more and more to combine; it is business, and not the ideal of internationalism, which is bringing about the first approach to world unity. Englishmen buy up German gramophone factories; coal mines and chemical works are controlled by joint boards of Germans and Frenchmen; tens of thousands of American cars glide over German asphalt; the country is dotted everywhere with red and yellow petrol pumps with English and American capital behind them. Conversely, the German artificial silk industry starts a branch in London; Swedish match manufacturers, Germans and Dutchmen combine to work a Chilian mine; German

chemical works amalgamate with Norwegian; the German match industry is controlled by a Swede; German film companies make a contract with the Italian companies; Berlin directs the municipal undertakings of Angora, and four nations combine to build the Persian railway. The 'world market' has long taken the place of the old European commercial system, and yet Europe still goes on murmuring the political formulas of the age of Cromwell.

But since the forces behind this international co-operation are mechanistic in origin, it is necessarily a lifeless and bloodless form of co-operation. The most promising schemes are sacrificed to short-sighted policies and the desire for immediate returns. Industrialists and politicians are ashamed to take idealism seriously; they are ready to surrender it at any moment to the so-called realism and practicality that is the fashion of the day. They are clever in small matters, stupid in great. We live in an age of petty successes and recurrent setbacks, in a state of constant alternation between hope and disappointment.

Meanwhile the flood of the Super-State, checked in its course, surges ever more menacingly about the bays and headlands of the afflicted nations. The half-hearted desire for the Ideal, the whole-hearted desire for profit, the reluctance of the individual nations—none of these are of any avail in diverting the mighty forces of the machine age. Each nation wishes to direct these tides into its own river-bed, for all alike groan under the burden of poverty and distress. Thus we are faced with the possibility of disastrous explosions in the future. The triumph of the machine, which leads to ever more astounding achievements, but does not by any means bring with it the 'automatic' abolition of human poverty, may lead just as easily to new wars as to peace and unity. Mankind is filled with a sense of dire foreboding; mayhap the cauldron, in which the souls of the nations writhe and turn, will one day burst with a stupendous explosion.

CHAPTER III

Germany Sore Beset

The State of Suspense.

It is not enough, if one wants to understand the present position of Germany, merely to consider matters from the Monarchist or Republican or strategic standpoint. For this position only becomes intelligible if one remembers that Germany lost the greatest of all wars and was condemned to military impotence at that moment of history when the Super-State first began to spread its influence over the surface of the globe.

This being so, it is small wonder that everything appears to be in a state of embarrassed tentativeness, a sort of paralyzed waiting on what is to come of it all. There is doubt and hesitation on every side. True, the newspapers try to ascertain by means of questionnaires what is the most important event that has occurred since the end of the war, and their readers plump for the founding of the League of Nations, the recovery of Germany, Locarno, the Kellogg Pact, the Atlantic flight or the Zeppelin, according to taste. But not even the newspapers can point to any event which signifies a real landmark by which the further course of things can be measured; nor could anyone really vouch for the future of our industries, our constitution, or the internal harmony of the nation. It often seems as though we had only advanced in a negative sense: the values of a past epoch have been dissolved in the acid of the new age and we have not yet found a substitute for them. It is our fate to seek refuge from the alarming spectacle of a storm-tossed world in a temporary haven of bourgeois security. True, a similar state of affairs exists in many other countries, where there

is a lack of clear leadership and firm policy. But Germany in particular seems to be exposed to the spectres of death and decay, of insignificance and impotence. True, the nation soothes itself with programmes and petitions, with brilliant congresses and the achievements of its inventors and professors. But in reality we are still entirely in the dark as to how this state of suspense is to be ended and what the future of the country is to be.

If it is the case that our pre-war policy was confusion veiled by power, then our present policy is confusion accompanied by powerlessness in the midst of a world which daily increases in complexity. On all sides we are encompassed by hopes and hopelessnesses, by fragments of distant possibilities, by bitterness and dangerous animosities. Any important decision may bring disaster in its train, for decision without power of any sort behind it is folly. Every action is interpreted as the highest wisdom or the most miserable bungling, according to taste. Thus the ready theorist becomes the hero of the day; the type who succeeds is the lover of clever half-measures, the man who becomes intoxicated with petty successes and trifling legal processes—and is surprised to find that these are not enough to set the whole world alight.

To the foreigner Germany seems like a cauldron seething with menace and danger, a monster which must be kept under by perpetual disarmament and threats! Does it not resemble a caged tiger, a mighty will in chains? or else a beast of burden ready to collapse at the slightest touch of the whip on the wounds that it itself artificially keeps open? On the one hand there is a state of feverish nationalist tension on the eastern frontier—on the tenth anniversary of the Peace of Versailles lines of lighted beacons flamed threateningly into the Polish marches—on the other hand there is the peaceful internationalism of the pacifist centre of Hagen; there are stupendous fighting organizations of all shades of opinion, and a brilliantly disciplined army and navy. Berlin is a hope-

less conglomeration of international commercial connections, practical genius, Russophilism, Francophilism, Anglomania, Americanism, Communism and Fascism. All the things that convulse the world at present are to be found in this axis and pivot of Europe. Every day adds to the charge of incalculabilities with which Germany, like a battery of guns, is loaded.

And thus Central Europe passes onwards into the new age, uncertain as a hypothesis, shapeless as the unmoulded clay.

The Broken Axle of German Trade.

Germany is passing through an economic catastrophe, a catastrophe whose outcome it is impossible to foresee, for many changes must first take place and much suffering be undergone before any sort of stability can be reached.

One must remember that half of the total area of Germany is agricultural or horticultural land, a small sixth thereof is meadow and pasturage, a small fifth is wood and forest; the rest is town, building land, asphalt, railway embankment and waste land. And yet only about one-fourth of the population, who inhabit altogether four-fifths of this total area, work on the land or in the forests.

Within the last five-and-twenty years the towns have drawn away from the land not only the surplus population, but actually two millions in excess of that; and all these people live their lives between the fly-wheels, tramways and telephones. The land of Germany is no longer able to feed its masses.

One would think that agriculture must surely flourish in a country which is unable to produce enough to meet the demands of its over-populated cities. But three-quarters of the total population are entangled in the meshes of mechanization, capital, and the 'Super-State,' and for this reason it is impossible to regulate satisfactorily the relations between town and country. Germany resembles a gigantic city with fields scattered in between,

rather than healthy soil with healthy cities scattered about on top of it. And hence three-quarters of the population is superimposed on the remaining quarter as on a base which looks like being crushed out of existence altogether.

If German agriculture were able to maintain the whole population, then it would be a power indeed; but as it is only able to maintain a part, foreign foodstuffs have to be imported, and thus it is remorselessly drawn into the international financial imbroglio. It oscillates to and fro between the demands of the industrial workers, who must have cheap bread from America so that they can sell the heavily taxed products of their own labour in foreign markets, and the demands of the farmers, who are not able to sell even the inadequate amount that their land does produce, if the Americans can undercut them. Remorselessly the Chicago corn exchange dictates the scale of prices. Gruelling work offers no security against poverty and distress, so long as a superabundant harvest in any part of the earth may force prices down to starvation level. Then German corn and German potatoes lie rotting in shed and barn, and in a fever of anxiety the farmer sells everything at a loss in order to meet a few of his debts.

When the farmer is forced to buy, the source of trouble in the German machinery is at once made manifest. He is simply not in a position to purchase the implements that would enable him to produce on as cheap a scale as America. And thus confusion and distress find their way into the farmyard, and into the forest too. The wireless announces the parlous state of the German pork market in the same tone as it heralds the approaching depression off Iceland. It is true that on the very small farms it is just possible to make both ends meet, but only if no outside labour is employed and by dint of an almost hourly calculation of how much cash is left over for coffee, tools, railway tickets, boots, and above all for the excise officer, who will take one's solitary horse as security if the

tax arrears exceed thirty marks. From time to time the peasants offer active resistance and seize the hostage cattle by force, only to find themselves sooner or later in jail.

And thus the red despair of the factories finds its counterpart in the green despair of the country-side. One day Berlin awoke to find its streets placarded with green posters: 'Join the fight against the soulless cities, which are robbing and pilfering your sons and grandsons! Be prepared to give yourselves for the fight which will be forced upon you who knows how soon! And to those dark forces which are sending the people to their doom, we cry: God have pity on you, destroyers of the people, when the peasant rises in the land!' Townspeople and country people live together in the same nation like two peoples utterly unable to understand one another.

On the big estates things are in no better case. For the castles and manors have to be kept up, and any profit the land or cattle yield must go to pay the stewards and bailiffs. Wages, insurance, party politics weigh like sulphurous fumes over the gables of the manor. Now that the last vestiges of feudalism have been exchanged for mutual suspicion and animosity, the landowner has to be prepared for anything; the labourers will sometimes go on strike just as the harvest is about to begin. The landowner is never free from troubles and anxieties, for he must somehow scrape together enough for wife and children, school and clothing, carriage and horses. He is besieged by importunate officials. Obligations press on every side: the pastor, the local hospital, the swarm of impoverished relatives, old settlements and legacies. From time to time he travels to Berlin, records his vote in favour of customs regulations or credits or moratorium, and confers with all the authorities whose business it is to tax Germany in her affliction.

But what can one expect of the Reich, ruled as it is by town dwellers without understanding of the country

and its problems? True, it does its best to paint over the rift that runs through Germany's economic life with the colours of progress, with statistics and great industrial fairs. By providing small credit it, as it were, makes out cheques drawn on the bank of hope; and it founds an institute for Agricultural Research, to which it appoints twenty-five learned authorities, with whose help it hopes to be able to grow corn that will yield seven times what ordinary corn yields. Will not Chicago itself be moved to buy the patent? Sessions of the interparty committee are held, at which some customs duties and treasury bills are discussed, and next day the newspapers announce that the agrarian crisis has been solved. A year later, however, still more Germans have withdrawn from the soil of East Prussia to give place to the encroaching Poles and the towns have eaten up the decaying country-side still further with their building plots.

The spirit of the nation itself is no longer on the side of the land. For three-quarters of the population it is only of interest as 'capital value.' The cinema and wireless, mass production and balloon tyres, are of more importance than the soil, because in the long run all forms of manufacture receive credit more readily than the fruit of the land. International commerce is far quicker to help the luxury trades out of a crisis than the peasant with his plough. And the burden of taxation weighs more heavily on the honest husbandman than on the cunning merchant. Agriculture is a victim of the circumstance that Germany lacks a well-adjusted economic axle. Town and country, agriculture and industry, are in many respects hopelessly at variance, not only in spirit, but also in their financial interests. If only the factory worker and technician could make good the peasant's losses, then there might be an end of Germany's distress. But in obedience to the American tempo the stupendous fly-wheel of our industry revolves with excessive violence about its broken axle, and while the machine whirrs and

roars to give the people nourishment two million workers are thrown from time to time out of employment.

The farmer supplicates the Government for help, which can only be given at the cost of other members of the community. Others try to help themselves, and organize the sale of cattle and corn and eggs after the model of Danish co-operative methods. And what is going to be the end of it all? A state of affairs without parallel in the history of the world: the triumph of the machine, of organization, of officialdom over the soil and the peasant. More and more machines will rattle over the fields; land values will change and shift in ever more hopeless confusion, will become ever more dependent on the general state of trade and developments of science and traffic. The peasant will somehow have to be fitted into the new world. The economic life of the country will have to be built up anew with infinite care. On every side this new world is beginning to assume shape over Germany. This process is not a decline; it is a painful transitional period, involving political and cultural changes the nature of which it is not yet possible to foresee. Indeed, it is perhaps the birth of a new period of greatness, but that only our children and children's children will know for certain.

Germany's Tribulation.

It is hard to realize that some eighty-five per cent. of the population have to live on an income of eighteen hundred marks per annum, and that only five or six per cent. earn from three thousand six hundred to five thousand marks. One million seven hundred thousand families are without homes of their own, and a fifth of the whole population live in conditions which are very hot-beds of consumption, incest and every kind of vice. In Berlin only sixty-six per cent. of severe tubercular cases have beds of their own to sleep in; the rest have to share their beds with healthy children and adults, who do not remain healthy for long in consequence. And only one

consumptive in a hundred has a bedroom to himself! Every fifth child of the German cities is without a bed of its own; it has to live amid poverty and sickness, immorality, dirt and coarseness. Thus millions of people exist in conditions of utter horror, in half-lit dungeons, where six or eight or even fourteen or more human beings are crowded together amid rats and filth. In many parts of the big towns children who do not suffer from venereal disease are actually the exception. It sometimes happens that children are born in unheated attics only to die of cold there, and in many slum dwellings the walls drip with damp, and everything gets covered with mould and rot. In thousands of cases one small room has to serve as workshop, kitchen, living-room and bedroom for the whole family. Taking it all round, America has quite four times as much housing room for its population as Germany.

Thus the apparent gaiety of German life is played out against a background of the darkest hue. The whole nation is enveloped in distress; official interference is of no avail; the people live in a veritable hell of meanness, oppression and disease. The whole land is buried, as it were, under a monstrous rubbish-heap of crushed hopes, vain labour, and misdirected schemes. But nothing is more worthy of admiration than the patience and industry of this unfortunate people. What might it not achieve if only it were free, if only it got the proper return for its labour, if the demon of mechanization were less a curse than a blessing, and if the nation ceased expending its brains and energy in the creation of ever more official departments!

There is certainly no lack of assiduous zeal; every second Prussian subject is engaged on some professional activity. But there are millions of unemployed, far more than the official statistics show, for they leave out of account all the small peasants and business men, all the doctors and other professions which only earn one-third of what they

did before the war and now have to live in the utmost want, to starve or else run into debt. There are working women in Berlin who earn only forty-eight marks a month; in the Erzgebirge there are mothers of families who toil till late in the night in order to increase their monthly earnings by seven marks. True, the eight-hour day is on the statute book, but it obtains only in those places where rigid supervision is possible.

In between the proletariat and the industrialist, the middle classes with their fixed salaries and the millions with their fixed scale of wages, a class of unsavoury opportunists and speculators has grown up. This class penetrates into every nook and cranny of the land in its search for something to exploit, and its money-grabbing manners have affected ordinary business dealings no less than the relations between landlady and lodger, more especially, perhaps, in Berlin. These are the people who deal in second-hand goods of all kinds, who hawk round patent medicines of doubtful character, who borrow money of their acquaintances for some hare-brained scheme or other. But it is characteristic of the age that even those in high places, the general managers and heads of departments, spend a vast amount of their time in completely profitless labour. There are a hundred failures to every venture that really comes off. Hundreds of thousands of people, doctors, authors, manual labourers, shop-keepers, are always hovering on the brink of disaster; and to keep check of these disasters or hairbreadth escapes, as the case may be, ever more officials and authorities are needed. And the never-failing vampires and vultures of the law are always standing by in readiness to make a living from settling up the bankrupt estates and liquidated companies.

In a country in which it is a great achievement to be able to live like respectable people and educate one's children, most of the children realize full well that they have little to expect from their homes. And so the revolt

against the older generation is particularly marked in Germany. The children are quick to learn self-reliance, quick to follow the ideals of the new age. What does it matter that they become waiters, dancers, film actors, typists, mannequins or adventurers? By so doing they escape from the older generation, which is still brooding over the money it has lost, still gloating over the fact that most other people are in no better case. There is indeed something rather splendid in the way this whole generation has swept aside the social taboos of German society, in the way it manages by its clothes and manner to impart an element of freshness and charm to the picture of Germany's distress, and give one hope that, when the hour is ripe, heart and spirit will come into their own again.

But it is still more splendid to see how the genius of German industry creates miracle upon miracle, how the greatest ships of the world glide from the docks amidst triumphant jubilation. And yet all this exists side by side, and as it were unconnected, with distress and poverty. At neighbouring factories workers are being paid off and the gates closed for the last time. Towns which weave cloth are suddenly left destitute because silk is all the mode, while in the next town a gigantic industrial exhibition wins the admiration and envy of the world.

Foreigners see the brilliance and the show, but they do not see the misery and affliction. They see the giant ships, the great exhibitions, the busy movement and orderliness of the streets, the neatly shingled head. They enjoy the advantages of our trains-de-luxe, our giant floating docks, our wireless stations and antitoxins. They may well wonder whether Germany is not the motor force that moves the world.

Surely the vast sums amassed by German millionaires are a proof of the fundamental prosperity of the land. How can the foreigner know that the crowds who partake of barbaric orgies of enjoyment in Berlin do so to seek

release from the gnawing anxieties that await them on the morrow? Are they not all flourishing business men? Do they not all alike rejoice in Germany's daily increasing prosperity, which is visible to all in the numbers of magnificent automobiles, as yet unpaid for, that throng the streets? Do they not swell with national pride when they are able to provide a buffet at an international women's congress, surpassing in luxury the wildest dreams of their foreign guests? Or when they invite a hundred and fifty guests to a villa in the Tiergarten quarter to two superb dinners in the same night (one at eight, the second at three a.m.) and pride themselves on the fact that the Agent for Reparations does us Germans the honour to appear at both dinners?

Brain Fever.

The intellectual chaos of our age is not really comparable with any of the crises of earlier transitional epochs. For even when the world of antiquity was nearing its close, there was still form and style in art and poetry and some vestiges of a social system.

But our chaos is not only the result of the decay of antiquated institutions and of all social, intellectual and moral forms without any great force behind them (such as that of Christianity in antiquity); for in addition to this we have had simultaneously to contend with the flood of mechanization and the horrors of the greatest of all wars. Thus we are faced with a crisis of birth as well as of death, and in Germany this crisis is felt in its acutest form. If one envisages the extraordinary complexity of German conditions, and remembers how the nation is racked with the educational fever, and that at the same time its intellectual field is richer, more intricate and confused than that of other peoples, and remembers too the prevailing poverty and uncertainty; then one will understand why the intellectual conditions of modern Germany beggar description by their complexity.

Before the war there was a ready market for the intellectual productions of those spiritually hungry, but physically well-fed beings who were so happily unconscious of their intellectual chaos. But today these same people suddenly find themselves crushed, distraught and poverty-stricken; their whole interest is centred on earning enough to live on, and they have no time left for the riches of the mind. And yet in spite of this the educational machinery hums ever more busily; the intellectual apparatus, in the shape of the press, photography and the wireless, grows apace from day to day. Each one of the old problems has split up into hundreds and thousands of new forms; specialization increases at an alarming rate. The mechanization of the mind advances ruthlessly on its narrow path, destroying everything natural and spontaneous and genuine as it goes.

What a prospect! On all sides the petty journeymen of the intellect swarm like locusts, on the stage, in print, in the pulpit, in Parliament. Everlasting chatter and discussion! Handsome young curates deliver addresses to crowded audiences, and with their weighty philosophical terms and atmosphere of 'religious experience' they become the sensation of the hour.

Since the collapse of the old world and its values, every semi-educated aspirant is a butt for the zealous reformer with his panacea; the harem of countless German ideologies, ideals, programmes, has, as it were, broken loose and run out on to the street to press round the fevered lover. Over this Walpurgisnacht the parasites of the great chaos flutter about, theorizing, philosophizing, morphologizing, æstheticizing and politicizing. And since nothing escapes the clutches of these intellectual hyænas, the output of books in the post-war period is so voluminous that the walls of the National Library in Munich, for instance, are already beginning to show signs of collapse!

In the bookshops new books come and go with the

rapidity of a cinema film. Gone is the time when the German bookseller was the representative and heir of a glorious Germanic book world, which was enveloped in an almost epical atmosphere, irradiated in its turn by the confidential and dignified relationship between the highly educated bookseller and his intelligent client. Nowadays he is sharply held to account if he happens to be 'out' of the latest best seller (which, moreover, must cost as good as nothing) or if he exhibits a book in the window which offends the political susceptibilities of one of his customers. The modern bookseller has to change his stock six times more frequently than before, though his purchasers are far fewer. He must rely on some lucky 'hit' to make good his losses, and these sensational successes do indeed occur from time to time. Even well-known and respected authors are not above lending a hand to stoke up the engines of mass production by composing 'puffs' for some series or other in this style:

'A people like our own, poor, cramped and thrown back on itself, is racked by unsatisfied desires and aspirations, by the longing for life's spaciousness, for release from the drabness of everyday life and escape from itself, by the longing for adventures in strange lands and distant epochs.

'How would it be to overwhelm such a people with an abundance of what they most need, to pepper them with a machine-gun fire of bound volumes pregnant with life's dreams?'

All that has real greatness or excellence about it is lost in the feverish stream of modern life. It runs the danger of being considered 'unpractical.' All that is most beautiful in music, poetry or picture comes to us subdued as though through a mist of farewell, unable to find real contact with the spirit of the present. The precious bond between science and the Ideal has been broken; compared with the modern, the old concepts and ideals seem rigid, insignificant, and threadbare. And so the best of us are forced to look on and criticize, as though from islands in

the midst of the swirling torrent. It is folly to think that the old values can ever come into their own again in the national consciousness! It is their ultimate fate to be chattered to death on the wireless and murdered on the screen, while the classics moulder away on the shelves, only to find an occasional resurrection in an advertisement for corn plaster or shoe blacking.

But is it not the case that in the midst of all this chaos people are beginning to turn from the mechanistic and the intellectual to the metaphysical, the magical, the cosmic, the human, the religious? Certainly we hear a lot about it, and one is sometimes tempted to think that the pendulum is swinging too much in the other direction. All the various movements and creeds live in hope of a great reawakening, and to read what they have to write about themselves one would imagine they were already well on the way towards it. But it is difficult to get rid of the feeling that all this endeavour will prove helpless in face of the complexity of modern life, and that such things lie still in the far distant future, that at best we shall only experience the very first steps in this transformation.

The New Youth.

The new youth possesses no values, no generally accepted criteria. Except for party politics it has no outlet for its pugnacious or romantic instincts. It lives amid the universal condition of suspense, without form or rhythm except of the technical mechanical type, without any hand to guide it from youth to age along the natural paths of human destiny. The young man has no youth, for everything is in a state of flux and chaos; all the subtle stages of the soul's development have been destroyed, and all too early he is brought into rude contact with the confused problems of the age.

Many of those who still count as the youth of the nation had in their time to go through the horrors of the war. And after they had experienced hardship and de-

spair and heroic courage and bitter disappointment they returned to find their country in process of disintegration. And yet the universities and colleges went on holding up the culture and ideals of a sinking epoch for their admiration, as though the Fatherland was trying to excuse itself in retrospect, as though it wanted to show how much of cultural value it really had in its possession after all. And meanwhile it became increasingly clear that, apart from leading articles in the party press and at bombastic memorial celebrations, no one was going to bother his head any more about those who had fallen in, or those who had returned from, the war. Indifference seemed the only possible attitude towards the difficulties of life, or else an alternation between childish interest in sport and motor-cars and vague idealistic emotions.

The older generation grumble about 'degeneration,' because the idols of their own youth are tumbled in the dust, and the new youth have not yet had time to fashion the new ideals. But was it not these very people, the older generation, who allowed war and disaster to come upon us? Was it not they who proved unworthy of their day? They who invented the motors and wireless and cannons and aeroplanes and poison gases, and yet stooped to the most miserable depths of political dishonesty and chicanery? Are not they responsible for the chaos in which the younger generation finds itself? They, who lacked both the capacity and the will even to make the first start, which was so bitterly necessary, toward a new faith and a new Fatherland.

The new youth is left to its own resources. No rules and regulations, no programmes or ministerial interventions, will be of assistance there. A world must first be born anew in which the spontaneity of the heart counts for more than the measures of pedantic officials.

Those who are today between thirty and forty still look upon themselves as part of the youth of the nation, as 'war youth.' It is their tragedy that they are wedged

in between the ordinary professional and business men, who are a generation older than themselves, and the newer youth, who know nothing of the war and have a totally different, half-American attitude towards life. It sometimes seems as though our present age was a mixture of these two extremes rather than a product of the war years, and it may be that a generation will arise to which 1914 and what the men of that time went through are of no further significance.

CHAPTER IV

The Period of Transition

The Faith in Modern Science.

Amid the raging storm in which art and faith, morals, family, politics and philosophy are submerged, modern science beckons like a mighty lighthouse to this afflicted generation. It alone is unequivocal and efficacious; it plays no tricks, gives sure results, creates new experiences, and lights up the human horizon with new hopes. It transforms the impossible of yesterday into the accomplished fact of today, thereby offering a marvellous compensation for the decay of the old culture.

To Germany especially, in its cramped and confined condition, the opening possibilities of modern science appear the only hope of salvation. There is no other way of maintaining our hyperartificial economic system than to plunge ever deeper along the path of mechanization. Everything unites to exhort us Germans to surrender to the machine.

We cannot tell whether this complete surrender to mechanization will bring salvation to Germany, for the end of this comedy of modern science in the world in general still lies darkly in the future. But an epoch such as ours is not interested in such questions; it is too preoccupied with the flood of its wishes and ideas. In the rush of its advance the brilliance of its achievements obscures the dangers that it has itself called into being.

We swarm with eager admiration round these incredible machines, press to see and touch these ingenious crankshafts, glittering surfaces, rhythmic fly-wheels and shining metals. We pore over instruments, feel ourselves lords of creation, and never flinch in our faith in 'industry.'

We have no time to pay attention to any other aspects of life, for the production and maintenance of this gigantic technical apparatus itself absorbs our whole energies. To accomplish its task this generation must believe with all its heart and soul in the might and beauty of the machine; the service of the machine must be its own reward.

But a change in the attitude towards the scientific age is already perceptible. The emphasis is shifting 'automatically' from the individual (the attitude characteristic of the great inventors) to the mass. The lord of the machine becomes the slave of the machine. Its very inhumanity and implacability are extolled as virtues. The fact that we belong to the machines and that the rest of the world is swept ruthlessly into their orbit is matter for a grim satisfaction.

Many people become engineers simply so that they may be able to play with every possible sort of machine. The charms of motor travel leave Kant, Hölderlin, Schubert and Goethe in the shade, though the greatest delight of the age is to have the things of the spirit 'reproduced' on the film or the radio or the gramophone or the loud speaker. Indeed, the process of reproduction rather than the content of what is reproduced is what really matters nowadays. So much so, in fact, that modern creative work has to evolve a style for itself which is suitable for this process. And the result of this peculiar attitude is that this whole generation has lost the ability to seek for what is truly noble and great in the depths of their own souls. Hence at every point the mechanical is substituted for the humane.

Germany is in particular danger in this respect, for mechanization is an absolute necessity to her. Now mechanization demands both hard work and method from the individual, and also the capacity for massing great groups of people together in an almost impersonal way. But both these demands correspond to peculiarly

German characteristics, and one is probably right in assuming that the Germans will, as usual, go to the logical extreme in their acceptance of the machine, thus missing that delicate moderation which is the hall-mark of a true culture. We shall impose the mechanistic style on every department of life with the same fervour that we once imposed the professorial or militaristic or bureaucratic.

Apart from the actual world of machinery itself, architecture is the sphere in which the influence of mechanization can be most clearly seen. These straight lines, precise shapes, carefully calculated spaces and modern building materials, are all eloquent of the factory and the workshop. Consider how people with their various activities are brought into relationship with the house they dwell in; how the mass community, which is a result of mechanization and industrialization, is raised to the dignity of a principle, and how this mass community is expressed in the styles of new housing schemes and factories. Similar, too, is that oft-repeated, but by no means original, idea that man needs light and air.

In this connection we hear much about the complete break with the past, for the past is 'romantic' and therefore to be reprobated. Yet the concept 'romanticism' contains an artistic something, in search of which the next generation will assuredly go, when once it has broken loose from the doctrine of functionalism for functionalism's sake.

And even if there is something too cold and elementary about the new buildings, they do at least give one a pleasant shock of surprise; they make one feel as if one had suddenly been transported on to a new planet. And from time to time one sees buildings which are more than a mere application of elementary technical principles, buildings which have soul and life and warmth, because they possess that incalculable non-mechanical element which is man's most quintessentially human quality.

In this way it is easy to see what the future of mechaniza-

tion must be if it is to save its own soul: it must become the *element* of the new age. The intellectual and artistic future of Europe depends on whether people recognize mechanization as such to be the *foundation* of the coming age, or whether they try and force art and intellect 'for their own sake' into the mechanistic path. The next decisive step in our development will be the moment when the further advances of science and the search for intellectual and spiritual expression bring about a disintegration of the mechanistic mass state into a number of smaller individual units. Meanwhile the forms and ideals of the mechanistic mass state hold sway, and the present condition of these in Germany we will now proceed to consider.

The Industrial State.

'Industry' is the cry that goes up from Germany in her hour of need. Machines, Super-State, poverty, the lust for enjoyment, all unite to batter this one idea into every fibre of the brain. Industry pushes its brutal way through the last shy remnants of the old culture. And out of this industry, out of this union between the German worker and the forces of machinery and capital, the recovery of Germany began at some point of time between the end of the inflation period and the present day. Millions of finger-posts point imperiously to the world of industry as to our sole task and duty, and we stare, as if on our destiny, at Rhine and Ruhr, at the metal industry of Berlin, the chemical retorts of Griesheim-Elektron, at everything that beats and throbs and hammers, at everything that can be expressed in terms of figures, movement, mass, and power. Thus Germany rebuilds her social structure along the lines of the new industry; and the old ranks and divisions are hardly visible any longer.

We have no dictators such as Rome and Moscow can boast, nor have we made any definite effort to replace private enterprise by a new economic system, as Russia

has, nor to find a substitute for democracy, as Italy has done. But we do possess a complicated, somewhat makeshift, system, one of the chief characteristics of which is the ease with which the state and industry change places and the extent to which they dovetail into each other. Capitalism and industrialism are still there, apparently more stupendously there than ever, because the difficulties of the time encourage the formation of huge syndicates and trusts. But it is no longer the same old kind of private enterprise. The war, the inflation, reparations, have swallowed up the profits. The uncertainty of the economic situation, the restriction of the German market through the loss of colonies and flourishing provinces, the stealing of patents, customs barriers, foreign subsidies, unsuccessful competition with American mass production and wealth—all this might well seem to be difficulties enough. But there is more to come! For the financial basis for commercial transactions has practically disappeared owing to the involved relations of the various German states to each other, owing to bankruptcies, unsuccessful attempts at reconstruction, and lastly owing to harassing laws and taxes imposed simply for party purposes.

At the same time the state shows an increasing tendency, due partly to political principle, partly to the presence of so many officials, to bring as many industrial concerns as possible under public control. Before the war the state refrained from interfering in private enterprise, but now that is all altered. It began by getting the power into its own hands by imposing severe taxation on industry. Then with the help of the proceeds of this taxation it went on to develop many fields of industry which had formerly been in private ownership. Already much has been accomplished in this direction: the state possesses electricity works, and it has a sort of monopoly in aluminium; it has metal works and nitrogen factories; it manufactures chemicals, textiles, steel and motor-cars.

It owns vast quantities of land. It pours out dividends and is never in want of credit. Mistakes in the conduct of the business it is always able to cover up by taking the appropriate official measures. In addition to all this the municipalities own countless gas, water and electricity undertakings, so that a large part of the nation's industrial life has in fact developed into a kind of state socialism.

On the other hand, we have the great trusts and combinations, which tend more and more to oust the old individual concern. Right and left the old family names disappear from the firms, driven by the difficulties of the times to become absorbed in the larger units. The courage and energy of private enterprise still remains at the service of these vast new undertakings, and it is from this that they derive the strength to carry on in face of the tax-collector, the labour problem, reparations and the general sense of insecurity. And yet how closely they too approximate to the half-socialized middle position in which the state concerns stand! They seem almost to have become detached from the shareholders and to be socializing themselves. They are dependent to a certain extent on public opinion, and they are forced therefore to keep the general good of the community in mind. The mere personal acquisition of wealth is very much in the background nowadays. These giant concerns are like states within the state, and their political importance increases in proportion as the community grows more industrialized and bureaucratic.

It is a characteristic of these vast concerns that they try to lessen the fierceness of competition between different firms and the conflict between employers and employed by arbitration and agreement. They strive to encourage local patriotism, to inculcate loyalty to the concern and a sense of responsibility towards it; the concern has its own school and its own newspaper. Labour is cheap and excellent, and the best forces of the nation swarm into the factories as once into the barracks.

In Germany today the more significant personalities are to be found in industry, and to a lesser extent in banking, rather than in politics or the civil service. The general, the leader, the saviour of the day is the general manager. He is the only person, whether in bank or business, to whom any real prestige attaches. His income is positively princely, and his activities become increasingly political in their scope and significance. He is the only member of the old imperial Trinity, Army-Administration-Capital, which has succeeded in not only maintaining but actually enhancing its position in the new Germany. And he has been enabled to do this because even before the war he was not blinded by romanticism, because he was so much more in touch with the *Zeitgeist* than the others.

The factory is the pivot of the world, and the general manager is the High Priest and Dictator of modern civilization. The masses follow him, because he understands them and they understand him, even if they hate him at the same time. People who live instinctively and spontaneously are suspect to him or else objects of contempt. He takes no notice of them; he has seldom time to waste on them, or indeed on anyone else. He is the monarch of the day, with journalists at his beck and call, and a staff of learned authorities who are ready to undertake anything at all from the most thorough-going rationalization of the works to the direction of a cultural department complete with symphony orchestra. The general manager is the person who figures more prominently than anyone, after the sport and film stars and the President of the Reich, in the newspapers. He it is who has to impose an external control on Germany, to patch up some sort of settlement between the phenomena of the Super-State and the interests of Republicans, Monarchists, Clericals, and People's Party; between his own nationalism and the heavy industries of the former enemy countries. That he becomes increasingly political in the process goes without saying. More and more his career

begins to resemble that of former European princes in its combination of politics, power, internationalism and nationalism. These people are the real ruling caste in this Germany which hovers between decline and recovery, this country without any true political power. They have evolved a certain style of their own, with their offices, machinery, administration, railways and bourse. They are well-informed on all the important matters of the day, political and commercial. They are ubiquitous; apparently in Berlin, Buenos Aires, and their aeroplane all at the same time. Like soldiers they are men of few words, and what words they do use keep recurring in every speech they make: Reich, industry, labour, and, above all, increased production.

Their work table is invaded by the sound of pulsating engines and all the clatter of the factory (in this respect the bank managers have the best of it). In the conference hall, where these solid individuals with hard heads and nerves of iron negotiate on an even larger scale than their predecessors thirty years ago, the bust of the founder stands proudly above the reference book-case, with its companion piece, the old steam-engine model, in close proximity. He, the founder, has something more friendly and intellectual, more monarchical, about him than the new potentates, who are altogether more dictator-like. Only a few of the old guard, with their sons and stepsons, have managed to keep their old position and prestige in the new conditions; at best a place has been found for them on the board of directors.

The partner in this drama of the machine world, the German worker, once the pariah of society and the exploited tool, has become the vital focal point of afflicted Germany. In the machine world, which is our present destiny, the one really moving force is the worker, apart, of course, from the engineer, who, however, seems debarred from the nature of his work from becoming a true leader of men. The German worker, in fact, represents a new

order of society. For the middle classes had tended more and more to substitute the ideal of ' Society ' for that of the true community, but the worker has succeeded in forming a new community in the true sense, a community, moreover, with that religious element about it which ' Society ' would never have been capable of engendering.

But considered in the mass the worker is ever in jeopardy between the Scylla of doctrinaire Marxism and the Charybdis of absorption into the bourgeoisie at a time when the bourgeoisie itself is in a state of hopeless chaos. Nowhere else in Germany do the fires of hatred burn so fiercely as in the extreme sections of the labour movement. More than anywhere else the circle of the worker's life is intersected by numerous other circles, by the bourgeois vanguard, by the Nationalists, by German youth, which surges forth from the bourgeois ranks to meet the new age it sees advancing on every side. The ranks of the working classes are split at many points, but the ground is prepared; it lacks only the leader who shall inscribe on the banner of labour something more inspiring than the one cry of ' higher wages ' and the fight against ' capitalism,' this one phenomenon among so many.

It is implicit in an economic system which forces more and more people out of employment and which reacts with extreme sensitiveness to all political and international developments that the wage struggle should be a peculiarly intense one. In many ways the conditions in the factories are going from bad to worse in this respect; for the fight against impending bankruptcy has worn the nerves of the employers to breaking point, while the worker is embittered by the eternal wage war, the continual threat of unemployment, the fluctuations of the state of trade, and anxiety about provision against old age. Also the rationalization of industry, the systematic organization of every activity, has the effect of confining the worker still more narrowly to his one particular job. The real problem of our age, in fact, is this encroachment

of the machine on man's soul. The problem of 'higher wages' has lost its acuteness; for if the social difficulties of our age were not obscured by the politico-economic, then it would be clear to all that in comparison with the rest of the nation the worker has very much bettered his position.

Though employers and employed are in many respects being brought into closer relationship with each other, in other respects this relationship is subject to a greater strain than ever. And yet the protest against this state of affairs is still a faint one. We are only at the beginning of a revolution, which is a mental rather than a political revolution, a revolution which seeks first to transform the human being and through him the whole existing economic system.

Directors and workers alike feel that it is they who really compose the state in these days. Here, and not in the Parliaments and ex-servicemen's associations, is where the new state is coming into being. One has only to look at the millions of hard, serious, expressive faces in the factories and on the suburban trains and compare them with the effeminate young men and bloated Berlin profiteers.

The Societies and Associations of Post-War Germany.

Germany at the moment is neither a nation nor an organism; it is an organization which seeks to protect itself against the social disturbances of the period of transition by recourse to a sort of card-index system. The 1918 Revolution is a thing of the past; its intensity has been dissipated among the thousand and one bourgeois societies and associations of which German life is so largely made up; and any remnants of the original revolutionary fervour have been effectually damped down by all the little necessities and difficulties of everyday life.

The Germany of today is a synthesis of practical orderliness, political moderation and the bureaucratic spirit;

the inevitable result of the state of suspense and economic distress and increasing rationalization.

The old reserves of capital have been destroyed, and the possibility of being able to create new capital, however modest, through one's shop, through thrift or odd work, has disappeared. And at this point the society, the association, has stepped in to take its place, and to take the place, too, of the increasingly disintegrated family. The monthly contribution, the membership card, was the only hope left. But this new form of thrift excludes all private thrift, and so is political in its effect. For instance, a tram conductor with a monthly salary of a hundred and sixty or eighty marks contributes no less than ten marks of this towards his old age pension. Thrift is a sociological, no longer a purely personal matter.

The contributions of the masses, however small in themselves, amount in the gross to very large capital sums, and out of these sums stupendous insurance offices in the most modern style spring up on every hand. Vast numbers of the German people are insured in some form or other, either through the state or through private companies. So that if one has to be operated upon for appendicitis, it will not mean financial ruin, provided one's insurance policy is in order. Also there is always the romantic hope that one's policy will enable one some day to purchase a home of one's own, and then there is the lure of the excursion to the children's hostel or employees' rest-home on the shores of the Baltic or North Sea. German life is one long succession of filling up forms and waiting in queues; the greater part of the nation stands in front of the counter and the rest sit behind it.

The clubs and societies and associations have an even more bureaucratic air about them than they had before the war. And in consequence of the high price of beer and the fashion for sport, they have less of the atmosphere of the beer table and more that of the conference table. They all have their carefully worked-out constitu-

tions, and they are always drawing up memoranda for parliamentary and official use. They form, in fact, a regular plank-way across the slough of political and economic confusion and uncertainty. They are composed of the sort of people who give modern Germany its essential character and who devote themselves to their semi-political duties with the greatest enthusiasm. These associations are to a certain extent the lightning conductors of Germany's muzzled energies, and out of loyalty to one's association one works with all the more fervour at the particular craft or profession it represents. The number of these associations—parent associations and subsidiary associations—is legion, and the interests they represent are of the most varied nature, ranging from associations of higher officials to associations of ex-convicts.

A characteristic example of modern German mentality is provided by the following document relating to the tombstone industry:

'The state of German tombstone culture today is on an incomparably higher level than it was some thirty years back. In these days one can enter the monumental mason's shop by the cemetery gate in the reasonable expectation of being able to find a good selection of fine stones at a moderate price. But this happy state of things is by no means universal as yet, and so a few years ago a "National Committee for Cemeteries and Tombstones" was formed. It is composed of members of the Head Associations of the tombstone industry, of the monumental masons' trades unions, of the Society of Artists, the Association of the Higher Technical Officials of the German Municipalities, the German Society for the Art of Gardening, the German Labour League, representatives of the committee of management of the Society of German Cemetery Officials, members of the clergy (Catholic, Protestant and Jewish) and many other organizations. And, further, the National Committee works in the closest association with the National League of Art.'

It can be seen from this that this vast complex of societies and associations is intimately and intricately interconnected. Germany, indeed, is becoming the most elaborately organized state in the world. Moreover, the state itself cannot but welcome the existence of these semi-official societies, for after all it itself becomes more and more a sort of Reich League, the parent organization, 'Germania,' so to speak. It is only too glad to allow the private organizations their official pretensions, for it can no longer keep control of its own accord of the incredibly complicated interests of which the Reich is made up.

To make matters worse, Berlin is the seat of the Governments of both Prussia and the Reich, with all their accompanying politicians and officials, of the latter of which the Reich, that entity of whose precise significance no one seems quite certain, has in its employ no less than five hundred thousand. The two Governments not infrequently conflict with each other, and the applicant to the one organization is apt to be sent on to the other with a warning against mentioning the fact of his first application, lest this should cause difficulties.

The Political Parties.

The condition of suspense has prevented Germany from developing any definite political form. It is without a centre of energy; it lacks both leader and ruling caste. People are often extremely vague as to who really is in power at a given moment, as to who are the ministers of the Reich and of the various states. But if one sees their names in print, one recognizes them at once, for they are names which keep on recurring in different contexts, with different titles and offices, in the columns of the daily papers. Many of the deputies are men of proved political and business ability. They often occupy posts in both spheres simultaneously, usually in the lucrative and unexacting capacity of director (an office which bears a considerable resemblance to that of the

tax farmers under the Roman Empire and the French monarchy).

The political parties overlap to an even greater extent than they did before the war, and in some cases it is hard to tell whether they are Monarchist or Republican. Many of them have changed their names, but, as we shall see, they are not really representative of the life of the nation. Nevertheless they make more pother than ever they did: 'Join the ranks of the party, and shun those who shirk the decision and stay without the bounds of our organization!' And so the worthy citizen dons his Sunday suit, and attends the party meeting, applauds and cries 'Hear, hear!' and protests against the Stahlhelm, the Communists, or Versailles, as the case may be. Right and left the same automatism holds sway, the same mechanical reiteration of slogans and formulas, and apart from energetic speech-making and the passing of inconclusive resolutions it all amounts to very little.

The effect of our party politics may be seen in the fact that in certain circles one may talk as loud and long as one likes about Germany's peaceful intentions, but there must be no mention of pacifism; one may talk of the Fatherland, but not of nationalism, of social progress, but not of socialism. There is an end of all plain speaking, for thousands of ears are cocked on every side, ready to take offence at words proceeding from one speaker which they would approve in another speaker whom they surmised to belong to their own party.

This drama of party bitterness and class hatred is played against the background of the war and Revolution, that dreamlike ghost of the past which serves as a veritable mine of glorious memories or a bottomless pit of seditious violence, according to taste, the source of endless recrimination and tendentious reasoning. If anyone ventures honestly to describe the war as he saw it and felt it, he finds himself at once in the position of a cat among a pack of frantic dogs, and it is positively appalling to

witness on the one hand the storm of anger and abuse that breaks over the harmless author, and on the other hand the excesses of adulation to which he is exposed.

After the war and Revolution the nation sprang, as it were, from a diving-board, and during the leap formed itself into different groups from the ordinary parties, groups which stood in a certain relationship, however, to the parties and to the state: groups like the Stahlhelm, the communist League of Front Fighters, the Young German Order, the Kyffhäuser League, the Reichsbanner. All these groups formed a series of new parties in opposition to each other and to the parliamentary parties, with which, however, they became to a certain extent identified; and from time to time one hears rumours to the effect that this or that party has sold itself or is going to sell itself to the Monarchists or Republicans, as the case may be. In spite of this relative dependence on the parties these giant associations form the true party system of these years of transition. They are harder, more vital and manly than the old parties. For with the dissolution of the old army, forces were let loose which found expression in these organizations, and one can see how they strive by means of military exercises, sport and military bands to recreate the lost army spirit. Many are the people one sees in Germany at present wearing the badges of the Stahlhelm or Young Germans or Soviet League, which fact does much to explain the brawls and conflicts that occur every day. It has happened before now that a young man standing harmlessly in the street wearing one of these badges has been suddenly set on and stabbed by a complete stranger.

If all this seems dangerously provocative of civil war, it certainly adds a note of colour, with its bands and flags and festivals, to the greyness of German life. And yet none of the groups feels securely happy, for each feels threatened by the others. Hence the left groups complain of the reactionary attitude of the officials, and consider

all the decisions of the Reich courts to be nationalistic, while the Right feel themselves dispossessed and dishonoured and shoved into the background on all sides by the 'Reds.'

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What is the effect of this peculiarly involved party system of ours on the youth of the country? The Weimar Constitution gave the vote to everyone above the age of twenty, and thus the parties had to endeavour to win the sympathies of quite young people, boys and girls, in order to be sure of their votes when they attained the suffrage age. Hence children, who were often enough in the cruel clutches of poverty, were subjected to the political influences of a period of unparalleled chaos. This state of things has imparted to the clever ones among these young people a remarkably precocious stamp, and one often finds boys of sixteen and seventeen speaking in public with the assurance and phraseology of their parents.

There are two things which make the political Youth Movement specially noteworthy: first, its romantic origin in, and connection with, the Wanderlust, which gives to all its various branches a certain spiritual unity; and secondly, a mental elasticity which often enables its members to gain a clearer insight into the real position of Germany and the other peoples than is vouchsafed to the older politicians. What unites all these young people, be their sympathies right or left, is the violence of their reaction from the old bourgeois world and their realization that what is necessary for salvation is the triumph of the community spirit in some form or other. It is easy to understand that in the present state of confusion in Germany the means they choose to attain their ends are not always the most direct or satisfactory.

The Reichswehr.

It seems that Germany's diminutive army is sufficient to defend her constitution. Though it is a small body, it is a model of efficiency and devotion to duty. It stands rather apart from the rest of the nation and all the political strife, seeking in vain to find any real national consciousness there. To some of the parties the army has something sphinx-like about it, for they cannot get rid of the feeling that some day this picked body of men will play a more important part than they do at present. The people has not lost its fondness for military music and display. Moreover, these grey figures are a continuous reminder of the war, especially when wearing their steel helmets, though these immediately call up political passions.

Nowadays one only sees companies, hardly ever a whole regiment, for the army is strewn thinly over the country, and Germany's military aspect is a thing of the past.

To the old officers the modern army is like the last remains of a dearly loved club, where the old members mingle with the young, not always to their mutual approval. On special occasions, such as the Kaiser's birthday, the old officers collect together in their resplendent uniforms, and refresh themselves behind closed doors with memories of the glorious past. There are some who live in the hope that one day a miracle will happen and that they will once again see Potsdam gay with the splendour of Uhlans and Hussars. Once in a way one sees one of these gaily uniformed old officers in the streets on his way to the funeral of some colleague.

CHAPTER V

What of the Future?

The Valley of the Shadow.

We Germans are still wandering in the valley of the shadow, where we wrestle with the angel of destruction. The way is dangerous, for it holds all the perils of the unknown. Nowhere is there certainty amid the prevailing darkness. It is not only that we are disarmed; we are disarmed in a world equipped with all the resources of mechanization. At any moment we can be blockaded as though by the pressure of a lever; we would be trampled under by tanks and our cities overwhelmed by poison gas before we had even got the first cannon ready. Germany is like a small blob in the middle of the mechanized world, and could be blown into thin air, so to speak, in the space of a few hours. We are wedged between the other nations, who threaten to crush us with their weight; and for that matter the whole of Europe may be pictured as a battle-ground of the future, with the fires of destruction lowering on the horizon.

Our eternal condition of suspense must come to an end some day, but whether the end will mean the complete triumph of mechanization, or whether out of the birth pangs of the modern world a great future awaits us, that we cannot tell. At present the threads of past and future, decline and recovery are too tangled to admit of prophecy.

Many of us live consciously in this valley of the shadow; others, because their businesses prosper, deny that they have ever been in it; others again believe that they are at last beginning to emerge from its depths. The fact is that we are still in the position of a prisoner. It is

true that our chains are not of iron, nor our prison walls of stone, but our lamentations are no more effectual for that reason.

The Laboratory of Europe.

But we are not quite without hope. Germany is like an experimental laboratory, in which the problem to be solved is not only how seventy million people are to exist at all in these new and confined conditions, but also whether they can develop a free and happy national life.

Germany is a land in which everything is to be found, every force, every form of mental and physical activity, every kind of organization, all forms of wisdom and folly; much indeed that is peculiar to Germany and not to be met with in other countries. To be German means to wander in a maze of contradictions without being able to win through to any truly national consciousness.

Germany is the least common denominator, the real victim, of this period of universal experimentation. To avoid disaster, the nation has to exert every morsel of its energy in a life-and-death struggle, that struggle which imparts the element of drab joylessness which Americans, especially, observe in modern German life. The very intensity of this struggle has, however, the advantage that it enables us to gain insight into, and experience of, many spheres of thought and activity which remain closed to the other peoples. We are going through a test so severe that only what is genuine in our economic life, in our intellectual endeavours, in our morals and religious and social ideals, will be able to survive. It may well be that the politics of the future will first take definite shape in this troubled land.

But for the individual who has to act as assistant in this experimental laboratory the times are far from pleasant. There have been periods in which all man's activities were related clearly and definitely to the universal culture of the day. But the present is not such

a period; our age has little room for the quiet happiness of intellectual and social life. We labour, as it were, on waste ground, between rubbish heaps and scrap iron and smelting furnaces, which cast their dangerous glow over the rest of Europe. We have no alternative but to make the best of our fate.

It is characteristic of laboratories that they consume a vast amount of material in men and money and ideas, that they leave the researcher little rest or leisure, and that they offer no guarantee against failure and ridicule. At the same time they are dangerous, they deal in unknown forces, may blow up at any moment, use more money than they bring in, and are unpleasant neighbours, for they arouse envy and distrust and force people to adopt protective measures. As Germany has always been a sort of laboratory, it has always had many enemies. At the moment it is felt to be the explosive mine or the salvation of Europe, according to taste. Which of the two it will really turn out to be depends on the course of the next few years. But before we go further into this question, we must first consider the position of some of the other nations.

The Position of the Other Nations.

As the United States only began its existence as a nation a hundred and fifty years ago, it may be considered coeval with the modern machine world, with the Super-State. America is the most striking example we have of a course of development begun since the period of the great inventors, unhindered by the trammels of an ancient civilization, and carried out under the most favourable conditions.

Even in the pre-mechanistic age, in the heyday of the old European civilization, France, England, Spain, and in many respects Italy and several of the smaller nations too, were peoples with a firm and stable national life. The leading members of these old European nations,

England and France, are distinguished by the nice balance of their civilizations; and for this reason there is an almost instinctive correspondence between the character of the inhabitants and the intellectual, religious, political, and even some of the economic and industrial phenomena of their country, however complex these may be and however difficult it may be to decide whether these phenomena owe their existence to the national character or whether the national character was itself the product of a series of historical processes. In any case this cultural stability far surpasses anything of the sort that Germany can boast. It is all the more noticeable in these countries because the old political ideas still hold complete sway there, and the new political forms to which the world is gradually finding its way have not yet assumed concrete shape. The nations of the West are looked upon as modern, regardless of the fact that their political forms date from the pre-mechanistic period.

The conflict between these old forms and ideas and the new forces of the Super-State is the real problem of our age. But it is difficult to convince the Western nations, and France in particular, that in spite of their victory, the world of today is not the same as the world of yesterday. Thus it is that France is always acting in a way quite out of keeping with the spirit of the age; it has more faith in the lawyer than in the engineer or the geographer. Old Europe behaves still as though the nations lived and had their being beside one another on the surface of the earth. But just as once the plough and weaving loom took possession of mankind, so now machinery and wireless and aeroplanes have fashioned new super-national dimensions. The empyrean itself has become a political factor, and there is scarcely a political concept of former times which will serve as a criterion in these days.

The phenomena of the old world tower up into these new dimensions like blocks of ruinous masonry. When the French marched into the Ruhr with their tanks and

cannons, there were not a few Germans wise enough to smile at this stupendous show of force in face of nothing. It was like a symbol of the future, when the efforts of the militarists and imperialists will resemble in many respects a sort of fighting with thin air. For there is a growing disproportion between the display of force and what has to be destroyed, namely the human being and his modest dwellings. The future is incalculable both from the political and the military point of view, for the nations of Europe are becoming too small for the waging of war.

Thus it is no wonder that the older European nations are hopelessly tossed between their national feelings and the demands of the Super-State, that they make half-hearted and embarrassed attempts to come to terms with this new world, as with a lover to whom they cannot decide to give themselves wholly. But the new conditions permit neither the denial of the national by the super-national nor the neglect of the super-national by the national. All the peoples of the modern world have become increasingly conscious of their own existence, and their nationalism is stirred to feverish anxiety by the very fact that it is still impossible to tell how much of the old world it will be possible to retain and how much will have to be given up. It is a misfortune in this crisis to belong to the old European type, which has not so far shown itself easily capable of adaptation.

America too is haunted by a restless discontent, but in a strangely opposite way from Europe. It is the fate of Europe to wrestle with the Super-State, whereas America becomes more and more involved in the old European civilization. For mechanized America has so far had very little to offer the soul, nor has it much prospect of developing a genuine civilization of its own in the future. Nevertheless its spiritual wants grow daily more pressing, and so it is forced to seek satisfaction for them in the chaos of the old European culture. Thus

America becomes more and more permeated with European influences.

As for Italy it has turned away from the parliamentary forms of the Western nations to seek salvation in an old-fashioned nationalism. But this transformation took place amid the feverish confusion of the years after the war, when it was impossible to gain any clear insight into the fundamental changes which were affecting every quarter of the globe. Hence in spite of tremendous self-assurance Fascism really only represents the swing of the pendulum in one direction, and it will doubtless be succeeded sooner or later by a reaction in the other direction. For the more the other nations are affected by the intellectual and economic forces of the modern world, the more will Italy be subjected to the pull of these same forces.

After the war it looked as though Russia would have little difficulty in effecting a complete transformation of its conditions, as though it would be able to exploit to the full the vastness of its Eurasian territories and the resources of its peasant peoples, peoples who succumb so easily to the lure of the doctrinaire. From the example of Russia we can see that mechanization can gain as firm a hold of comparatively undeveloped peoples as of the more highly developed. The Russian Revolution subscribed with its full political consciousness to the world of mechanization from the moment that Lenin gave utterance to the idea of a super-America, a completely industrialized Russia in which there should be industrialization without the accompanying 'exploitation.' But in order to accomplish this ideal Russia was forced specially to train up a class of people for the purpose. And this adaptation of a class of the population of the new Russia to the science and technology of the Western nations has meant that Russia has contributed almost against its will to bring about the super-national unity of the world.

The nations of the world find themselves, as it were, in a stupendous armed encampment between two ages.

The stir and bustle of departure is in the air; the first pink of dawn glows over the lines of tents. But of all these nations the only one really equipped and ready for the start is Germany; Germany with hardly a tent over its head and living, so to speak, from hand to mouth; Germany which possesses enough of both the old and the new, and yet not so much of either that it is trammelled by the one or the other.

What is to come out of the German Laboratory?

The problem before Germany is how it is to develop a truly national life at a moment when the whole world finds itself in a state of transition.

From our study of the land and its cities, its people, its civilization and its destiny, we have seen that we Germans have never been a nation in the true sense of the word. We have been a people of many aims and tendencies, efficiently administered and united for certain purposes at certain times, but in essence we have always lacked form and shape, and at the moment we are passing through a peculiarly chaotic transitional period.

We saw before us—to make a brief summary of our material—a country divided into three great geographical units and into countless small districts We saw cities in transition, some rising, some falling; one of them, the capital of the Reich, looking away from Germany to a pan-European future.

The people of this country passed before our eyes in all the paradoxical variety of their qualities. We found much that was peculiarly German, but the German himself, the quintessential German, we did not find. Thus in the individual tribes we discovered a rich and stable civilization, but when we attempted to penetrate to the more universally German characteristics we were met by uncertainty and flux, whether in the mental or physical sphere. On the one hand, promising beginnings, a wealth of intellectual energy, all the conditions for a splendid

blossoming of civilization, if only the separate seeds could be got to unite and fructify; and on the other hand, the lack of poise and self-confidence and the resulting violence and nervousness.

Modern Germany reminds one of a geyser which boils and steams under the earth and bursts forth in violent eruption from time to time. It is the most feverishly active country in Europe; the most astonishingly varied and unaccountable. At times the forces of the nation seem worn out, only to surprise one by the swiftness of their recovery. Everywhere the country is strewn, as it were, with buildings in scaffolding. From time to time the energies of the nation manage to unite in one great effort, and then we see the life of the country raised to a slightly higher plane as though by hydraulic pressure.

What is lacking in this torn and troubled land is lightness and charm. Efficiency and great ability are often to be met with in the individual. Indeed, the real problem of Germany is the extraordinary variety of its capacities, the conglomeration of its qualities and achievements. It is at one and the same time reflective and brutally practical, pacific and bellicose, human and mechanistic, united and disintegrated. It is a mixture of eternal crises and efficient administration, nervousness and stolidity, militarism and romanticism, arrogance and humility.

The average educated German seems to alternate between immaturity and incoherent enthusiasms on the one hand and high human endeavour on the other. The German structure is rent at every point by gaping crevices, and this is especially true of the religious life of the country. In short, the total picture of German conditions is like a mosaic, the separate parts of which seldom unite to form a coherent whole. It is a brightly varied and peculiar chaos, upon which a mechanical order, which is little more than the cement that holds together the stones of the mosaic, is imposed.

The pre-war era had succeeded in bringing about a

national unity, but a unity of a purely external nature, which was charaeterized by the atmosphere of victory, militarism and the caste spirit in the administration. The lack of any coherent cultural and national feeling was so eclipsed by the brilliance of the period that the substitution of the eonsciousness of power for the true love of country passed almost unnoticed. The way towards a genuine national consciousness was indeed hindered rather than assisted by this period, and the catastrophe which ended it plunged us into a chaos of transition, into the witches' cauldron of spiritual and political affliction in which we still find ourselves today. Thus modern Germany is a complex of unstable forces which have to deal not only with the prevailing distress, but also with the new conditions which affect the whole planet.

And so we have arrived at that valley of the shadow through which we are now forced to make our painful way. To attempt from this point to determine the details of Germany's future progress would be a futile undertaking, but something of the general tendency it may be possible to divine.

* * * * *

So far Germany has never been able to achieve true national consciousness, and so it is now faced with the problem of achieving this task under conditions which have no parallel in the history of the other nations.

As we have already seen, Germany is neither a nation with a stable civilized tradition like England or France, nor a colonial structure without a civilization like America. It is indeed something entirely peculiar: it is a country with all the European ingredients in the sense of geography, intellectual influences, religions, traditions, and races; but it has never been able to fuse these together into a unity, because the old national ideas were too narrow for the purpose. The growth of Central Europe to national consciousness has been reserved for the moment in which the whole of Europe is approaching a sort of unity.

Thus Germany is enabled to effect the transition to the new era without having first to destroy any firmly established national tradition, and consequently without losing the best of its cultural possessions in the process. By finding in these new conditions what it needs for its own salvation, it might be able to discover what Europe needs for *its* salvation. But in any case 'Germany cannot pursue the path of decayed and worn-out forms, and continue to exist' (Frh. vom Stein, 1806), and one must not be misled by the fact that in these days, when the new world has not yet taken shape, an antiquated patriotism is inspired to convulsive eulogies of the antiquated forms.

In order to become a nation in the true sense of the word, Germany must not only adjust itself to the laws of the new world; it must assimilate these laws and mould them in its own image; it must, in fact, become the most modern of all the nations of the earth. This means that its task is to break the spell which binds Europe, and which the other nations from their very nature are not in a position to break.

The moment of history at which we find ourselves arrived, this adventurous commencement of a completely new era—all this renders it out of the question that we should remain in that phase of development which France and England exemplify. It is our destiny to skip over this phase, which no amount of patchwork has enabled us to imitate adequately, into something completely and disturbingly new and different.

But in spite of this leap over the past Germany has something archaic, almost saga-like, about it; and this, just because it never attained the traditional stability of the Western nations, and so is permeated by a thousand strange variations and incalculabilities. The hills and valleys of the Fatherland are inexhaustible in the richness of their native culture. And for him who has eyes to see it is the preservation of these riches amid the phenomena of the new age that constitutes the peculiar attraction of

Germany's destiny today. We have every right to look upon ourselves as heirs rather than as ancestors, and to see in this great 'change of environment' the hope of a splendid civilization of the future.

Less than ever does the significance of Germany lie in the extent of its territories; more than ever in the size, efficiency and cultural level of its population, and in the peculiar circumstances of its present situation. In the shrunken Germany of today, and perhaps in a greater Germany of the future, it is our task to effect the transition into the new dimensions which mechanization is creating. The whole world, including America, will one day have to learn what we have been the first to learn, for the shrinking and bounding of the dimensions of the planet is the distinguishing mark of the coming epoch. The concept of infinity is shifting more and more into the sphere of industry; the dimensions are being transformed on every hand. A super-national nationalism is taking the place of the old internationalism.

Just because Germany lost the war, just because it continues in a state of chaos, it is, so to speak, the testing ground on which the revolution of modern life finds its most violent expression.

Germany is helped on her way towards a true national consciousness by the encroachments of the Super-State on the old civilizations of England and France. For motor-cars and aeroplanes have transformed the old geography, and our 'tripartition,' like England's insular position, grows less and less important. And the shifting of the population, the stream towards the towns, which we discussed in an earlier passage of this book, helps on the same process by rendering the whole national condition more plastic and malleable. How the future course of events will help or hinder this process we cannot tell. In any case it will certainly extend over a period of several decades.

The New Patriotism.

Patriotism along with all the other phenomena of the age is changing its character. Everywhere the old forms of patriotism are struggling with the first beginnings of the new. Much that is admirable and valuable in itself must appear to all far-seeing people to be unpractical and out-of-date as far as the life of the present day is concerned. At times it seems almost as though certain people would only be happy piloting an aeroplane in medieval armour.

Such concepts as family, clan, tribe, people, nation, originally corresponded to obvious realities. But the more the peoples increase in size and the frontiers change and the nations are transmogrified by the conditions of the new world, the more ambiguous their meaning becomes.

There can be no doubt that in the new world nation and state will tend increasingly to become separate entities, the nation losing its political significance and the state growing more and more identical with the administration. For this reason one feels that many of the older generation of politicians already belong to a vanished epoch. The effect of this tendency will be that the cultural and human significance of the more important nations will be enhanced in proportion as they become aware of and actively concerned in the universal tendencies of the age, irrespective of national boundaries. The apparatus of the state as such can no longer supply the basis of the new patriotism, and the development of Germany seems to be moving towards a condition at which politics and culture, though not entirely identical, will nevertheless coincide at many points.

The fact that we are in need of a new type of patriotism is shown by the confusion which the use of such words as people, nation, state, etc., occasions. The old conceptions, to which the antiquated type of patriotism clings, are no longer appropriate to modern German conditions. The concept 'tribe' was no more inadequate as a description of the Prussian state sixty-five years ago than

is the traditional idea of the Prussian state as a description of what Prussia has since become.

Thus we must learn to adopt a much more generous and vital attitude to the national group to which we belong. We must learn to fuse into one great whole the characteristics of plain and valley and alp, our races and our history, the multiplicity of our feelings and creeds. And this fusion of particular feelings and ideals is the vital style of our epoch, in which for the first time the Germans really have the chance of attaining to a common national consciousness.

In this book we have sought to discover what Germany really is; and many a time it has seemed as though we were standing longingly before a magic portal, to which we gained access by some happy miracle, as it were, and then only into some of the lofty halls, into a few of the spacious gardens. Lofty and spacious, unending—there we have it! Germany and the Germans—that is to say, a people without any satisfactory symbol except their language, without uniformity of race, of habits, of religion, frontiers, civilization, tradition or administration. That is to say, experience, action, weakness, happiness and unhappiness, the sublime and the ridiculous. And this is Germany. It is a restless, eternally changing, boundless process in the midst of Europe. But this, the most complex probably of all the nations upon earth, seems at the moment to be struggling towards a greater unity and uniformity, which means that a completely new German constellation is beginning to climb the international heavens.

It has been our endeavour to present a convincing image of our land. For he who bears such an image in his heart, and brings his work and thought and politics into accord with it, has made the first approach towards the new patriotism. The nations which first manage to act and think in this way and bring up their children in this manner, and who at the same time keep the image of

Europe and of the other nations of the world before their eyes and hearts, these will be the true victors of the future.

How deeply mistaken we were in thinking for so long that the international outlook was incompatible with love for one's country! Are we not learning that the opposite is the case? Is it not true that the movements and conditions of the age are themselves giving birth to a renewed love of homeland and country-side which serves in its turn as the basis for a truer and nobler patriotism? Just because space and time have in some respects been eliminated, just because bounds have been set to the possibilities of territorial expansion, the world and its manifold loveliness have grown a thousand times more precious in our eyes. In man's inmost being there lurks an eternal criterion which is not to be shaken by the fevered activity and new conditions of the age. This revenges itself on the machines and does obeisance to the soul. And the surface of the earth, so wonderfully transmuted under the hand and brain of man, is eternal and knows no master.

The Seeds of the Future.

No doubt many people who have read this book so far will now expect me to make some practical suggestions, to give some indication of the appropriate 'measures' to be adopted. After all this rummaging through the geographical and spiritual territories of Germany one is surely entitled to know at least what party one ought to vote for. Such people may remember having read the following appeal: 'Only by joining a party which is prepared to take an active part in the work of government can the middle classes hope to regain their power and influence.' Or else they have studied some thick tome in which the whole constitution, guiding principles and boundaries of the future Reich are contained in so many sections and paragraphs. That, they say reproachfully, gave one something to hold on to!

But in these days other things are necessary for salvation. Paragraphs and sections and the threadbare armour of the past are of little use to us; what we need is to return to the vital human fundamentals. Our way of thinking has been vitiated by mass values and the narrowly intellectual and mechanistic spirit of the age; it has lost the grasp of the essential and mistaken the unpractical for the practical. The soulless union of intellectual and political mechanisms is not going to bring us a step nearer a worthier future; before the breath of the new-awakening world it would be blown into the air like a heap of dead leaves—and this just because it is not practical.

What, then, is practical ?

Something is practical when it possesses living significance for the human household, for the community, for the soul. The truly practical is that force which originally gave life and being to the things of this world, to the nations with their social systems, to politics and science. And that force is we ourselves with our minds and characters and living hearts—and *not* the complicated arsenal and inventory to whose inhuman and, in the higher sense of the word, unpractical dictates our age bows down. The entire world we have built up, all its forms and mechanisms, may crash to the ground, but its practical point of departure, that is to say ourselves, remains where it was. And thus an external catastrophe may leave the seeds of national life unharmed, whereas a spiritual death will destroy all those forces to which the state and nation owe their very being. It is we, and we alone, with our minds and characters, who provide the creative impulse. And through spiritual forces, and spiritual forces alone, can the nations find salvation, can they rise rejuvenated from their affliction.

It is amazing that in a scientific age such false criteria can be applied to human endeavour. In the case of an accumulator we naturally enquire whether it is charged or not, but too seldom do we enquire in the case of a

human being after the quality of his mind and character. We judge men more mechanically than we judge our machines; and thus one is justified in saying that our age is rightly constructed in the mechanical sphere, but wrongly in the spiritual or moral. We construct all our machines around some 'principle,' electrical, atmospheric or dynamic. Now, the machinery of the nations is constructed around man and his living soul, and it will only work satisfactorily when we recognize this fact as our starting point and fundamental principle instead of carelessly overlooking it. It is cowardice, stupidity and bad taste to subordinate this practical and living reality to a soulless mechanization. But this is what has been happening all over the world until quite lately. Only now are things beginning to change. We are entering on a struggle between the living and the mechanical principle, a struggle in which Germany of all nations is most decisively engaged. The future of the German people depends on the decision.

At many points in this book it became clear that Germany, especially North Germany, was in danger of surrendering its human and spiritual heritage to the mechanical principle, not only in the mechanical sphere itself, but in the administrative, political and intellectual spheres too. And yet we have seen that there are forces in Germany which strive earnestly after the truly practical and which, if they were given the chance, would be able to bring perhaps some measure of harmony into the stupendous disharmony of German life. At any rate it is something to be thankful for that the struggle is a vital one. For the more intolerable life in Germany becomes, the more will the German people be persuaded to venture out into the sea of the living European spirit, into the new-formed realms of experience.

What appeared to be decline and decay will prove perhaps to have been merely a period of fertilization, a 'dying and becoming.' For it is, of course, this very

decline which has given birth to the great problems of the new age, and which has released the energy that must go towards solving them. What we have got to do is to adjust our ideas and emotions to the new international conditions, to lift politics from its narrow trammels, and above all to harness the forces of mechanization, which still work in so many respects against man's true interests, in the service both of the nation and of mankind in general. For the first time an attempt is being made to control the whole international situation, whereas hitherto only particular aspects of this situation have been under our control, and the total sum of social and economic conditions has been left to take care of itself. All this means the beginning of an entirely new epoch, in the spiritual and intellectual as in all other spheres. It is a question of a satisfactory adjustment to a completely new social, political and national climate.

One may ask whether we Germans are not already beginning to take the first steps into this new world. Certainly there are many indications that a new German type is coming into being, a type which is working for the spiritual unity of the German race, and in this endeavour is ready to sacrifice the old confused Germany of the past. 'Everything is striving,' said Nietzsche prophetically, 'towards a synthesis of Europe's past in the highest intellectual types.' And the first step in this direction must be the completion of the German synthesis.

From time to time one finds oneself among small gatherings of people who show no trace of German arrogance, people who are German to the core and yet open to the influences of the whole world around them. Such people are intensely alive intellectually, and look upon knowledge and schooling, not as ends in themselves, but as means towards producing a worthier Germany of the future. In fact, we have here the growth of a type which is governed by sound common sense. The old universities, middle classes, administration and party system are still

the official representatives of German life, but they are all gradually being permeated by the new spirit. Thus what is most significant in science, politics and religion exists side by side with the universities, the creeds and the state, and it remains to be seen whether the new spirit will be strong enough to inform and master these institutions, or whether they will succeed in stifling the new spirit. Already the caste system and narrow specialization are losing ground. A more humane spirit is beginning to stir on every side, and not least in Berlin, whose immaturity makes it perhaps the most fruitful soil for the development of the new tendencies.

Before this new spirit can achieve greatness, it must await the aristocracy of the future. At last the Germans have the opportunity to produce a race of men worthy to rank alongside the English gentleman without in any way trying to imitate him. And are there not indeed already signs of such a race—a type without the military stiffness and dry pedantry of the past, a type which has won free of the trammels of mechanization and specialization, which is able to appreciate human values at their true worth ?

The more the nation means to the individual and the individual to the nation, the more likely is that nation to become a great one. And the more the nation means to the world, to the other nations, the more chance it has of accomplishing the highest that it can be given to a nation to achieve.

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